POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 14 • 1963 20c

ROBERT FROST

How tragedy and disappointment shaped gentle verse

Our backward schools

A special report on American education

Kids want to know:
Do 19th-century teaching methods bar their way?

Spare-parts surgery / Billions wasted in space

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POST

SEPTEMBER 14, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 31

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Last chance for our schools? . . . . . *by Martin Mayer* 24

"We cannot afford another generation as ignorant as we are," says Martin Mayer, education expert and author of the classic survey *The Schools*. Mayer ranged over 32 states to prepare this comprehensive *Post* report. He describes fresh methods and new ideas for the teaching of children in the twentieth century. And he points out the obstacles—stingy financing, bureaucratic stupidity, and obsolete methods of teacher training—that rob our children of the future they deserve.

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The authors. **Stuart Loory**, science editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has covered every major space launching in the U. S. and Canada since 1957. . . . Reporter **Bob Jennings** visited Leslie Caron at her two homes in London and Stratford-on-Avon. "Unlike most movie stars," he says, "she answered her phone like other human beings—without benefit of press agent." . . . New Yorker **Bernard Malamud** teaches at Bennington College, Vermont. . . . Former major-league catcher **Joe Garagiola**, author of *Baseball is a Funny Game*, works a double play with sportswriter **Dave Anderson**. . . . *Harpers* Washington correspondent **Joseph Kraft** tells the story of Averell Harriman's phenomenal comeback in politics. . . . *Post* science editor **Steven Spencer** had to use sterilized pen and paper when covering the kidney-transplant operation he describes. . . . Free-lancer **Jack Iams**, a former TV critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, reports on a TV network's effort to perfect the foolproof quiz program. . . . **Donald Giese**, reporter for the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, had an inside track on the Thompson murder from the day it happened.

The cover photograph by **Burt Glinn** shows nine-year-old chemistry students David Semon and Michael Tocci performing an experiment at the Joseph Estabrook School, Lexington, Massachusetts.

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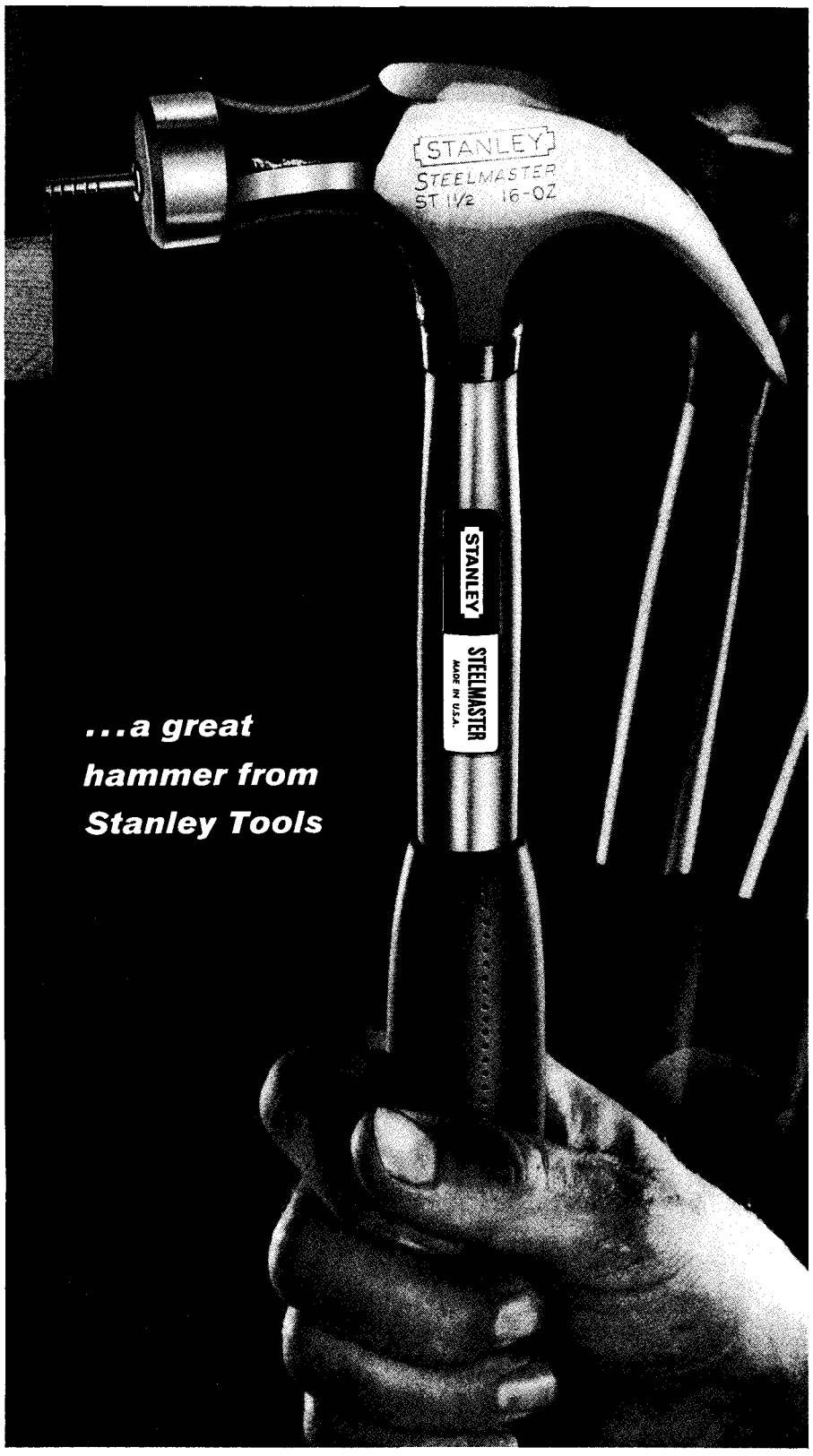

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LETTERS

The soul of a poet

As a teacher for more than 30 years I wish to congratulate you for printing Yevgeny Yevtushenko's fascinating autobiography [Aug. 10-17]. It gives the readers of the West an insight into the intellectual and artistic ferment which may have more significance than many other happenings in the U.S.S.R.

JOSEPH MERSAND
Jamaica, N.Y.

● You have presented to the American public the soul of a poet. He has brought to our attention the responsibility involved in being a member of the human race.

J. DOUGLAS HIGLEY
Wilmore, Ky.

● Yevtushenko is indeed a literary genius. He displays genuine honesty and dedication—qualities not so common in today's world.

ROBERT S. HOCK
Forbes AFB, Kans.

● The public is so captivated by Yevgeny Yevtushenko that they are seeing in his work that which isn't there at all. Yevtushenko talks of freedom, but he states unequivocally that he is passionately dedicated to "faith in the original purity of the revolutionary idea." He is the most dangerous type of Communist, selling Communism under the cloak of liberty. He scorns the West and our democratic ideals. We should not pin our hopes for freedom from fear on the so-called "intellectual revolt" in Russia.

A. G. VAN CAMPEN
Spring Lake, N.J.

● It is works like this that teach us to look at people as individuals who are like ourselves in every avenue of experience. Where communication and understanding can exist on a man-to-man basis, the seeds of war will fall on barren ground and the flowers of peace will flourish.

LUCILE V. McCURTAIN
Seattle, Wash.

To conquer crime

I want to commend you for having the courage to expose organized crime as in Peter Maas's THE MAFIA: THE INSIDE STORY [Aug. 10-17]. It stirs me when I read that "Organized crime is the biggest business in this country." I realize now that to conquer this problem is not just a one-man job but something that takes the concern and support of every American.

WEAVER CREED
Altus, Okla.

Right cross

Jackie Robinson's article [THE G.O.P.: FOR WHITE MEN ONLY? Aug. 10-17] was based on a false image of the radical right. There are some racists on the right. But they neither control it nor symbolize it.

Negroes are frozen out of better jobs by tightly segregated "monopolistic" labor unions. If Mr. Robinson would join us on the right in seeking a free labor market (through passage of right-to-work laws), the capitalists of America would quickly show how Negroes can gain equality through *private* action.

RICHARD P. JENNETT
Sherborn, Mass.

● If Mr. Robinson wants to help his people and his nation, he should urge each one of them to act with more responsibility, working for the rights they demand.

M. J. FREELING
La Habra, Calif.

● There is ultimately to be suffering and tribulation among both Negroes and whites before the Negro can advance to his rightful place. The problem of prejudice cannot be solved overnight. It may never be solved. This we know and accept, but it does not hinder our determination to seek a solution.

MRS. VIRGINIA S. LYTTON
Denver, Colo.

● In reading Mr. Robinson's article I was reminded of the old story about the fellow who had a flat and needed a jack. Unfortunately the only one available was the property of the meanest man in town; and as the prospective borrower walked along, he kept thinking about the miserable time before him. The more he walked, the more upset he became. And when he finally reached his destination, he was so riled up that he shouted, "To hell with your jack! Who needs it?"

JOHN F. ZEA
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Bizarre but beautiful

My first reaction to THE LOST LITTLE RICH GIRL [by Gay Talese, Aug. 10-17] was disgust, then anger, and then sadness that a life could be so useless and empty of real values.

KARL YINGLING
Butler, Pa.

● She ought to be spanked. That is a most effective method of dealing with spoiled children.

MRS. PAUL C. HARTWIGSEN
Kalamazoo, Mich.

● Christina Paolozzi most certainly *is* beautiful. Perhaps she is a young woman who is faintly absurd, one whose main accomplishments to date are posing nude for *Harper's Bazaar* and dancing the cha-cha with Ché Guevara. But she is beautiful, marvelously beautiful, because she is living as she would live, not as others would dictate that she live.

GENE COURSON
Daytona Beach, Fla.

● So her world is hollow, so what?

MRS. HAROLD HAVARD
Waco, Tex.

● A spoiled brat in need of a good spanking. I'd like to have her over my knee just once.

JACQUES LE BF
St. Petersburg, F

P.S. What issue of *Bazaar* was that anyway?

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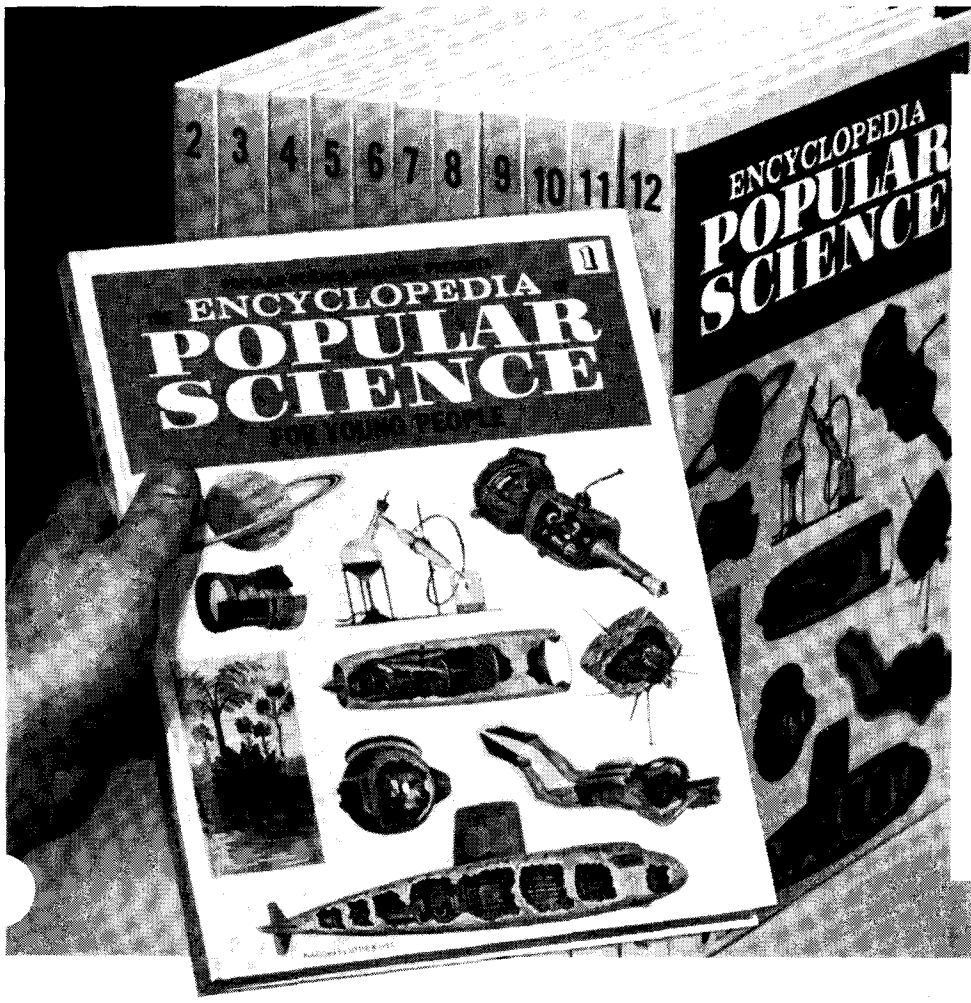

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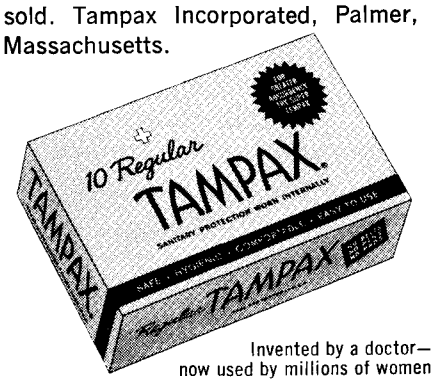

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LETTERS

Just for the record

In John Skow's piece about Stirling Moss [BRAVERY IS NOT ENOUGH, Aug. 10–17] there is an error of fact that should be corrected.

The book *All But My Life* was not written by me "from his [Moss's] tapes"; this suggests that the book was ghost written. The book is based on a series of taped interviews which I did with Moss. None originated with him alone, and much of the book is straight interpretative exposition. Incidentally, the last report I had showed it No. 2 on the British best-seller list.

KEN W. PURDY
Wilton, Conn.

Korean duty

I read with interest Rafael Steinberg's KOREA: THE LONELY LINE OF ARMISTICE [July 27–Aug. 3]. I disagree with him on one point, however. No doubt the GI's in the D.M.Z. [Demilitarized Zone] count their days till they can leave, but many of us in other parts of Korea did not keep track of our time left; and some even extended their tours of duty. After serving in Korea and the States, I'd take Korean duty any day.

W. L. BAUMGARTEN
St. Paul, Minn.

Happy's First Family

A. B. Chandler [HAPPY'S LAST HURRAH by Harold H. Martin, Aug. 10–17] brought to our state two terms of sober, sensible, solvent government. To hundreds of thousands of us, Happy and his family will always be the First Family of Kentucky.

MRS. TOM RAWLINGS
Cynthiana, Ky.

Goose on the loose

Hurrah for Anne Chamberlin! What started to be a gloomy day was sunshine bright after reading her LAST GASP OF THE TIN GOOSE [Aug. 10-17].

MRS. TISH GRAHAM
Portland, Oreg.

● Miss Chamberlin's article was a masterpiece and brought real nostalgic tears to a guy like me who flew many hundreds of hours in an old Ford trimotored plane.

R. E. ROBERTS
Clearwater, Fla.

● Anne Chamberlin's Tin Goose is not considered a useless museum relic here in the Nezperce National Forest. In just the past week I have seen three fires manned by Tin Goose-transported smoke jumpers.

H. PERRY OLSON
Fenn Ranger Station
Kooskia, Idaho

● This was one of the funniest articles I've read in years. Now I feel cheated in having to put up with today's jet planes.

MRS. LORRAINE TOWLEN
Detroit, Mich.

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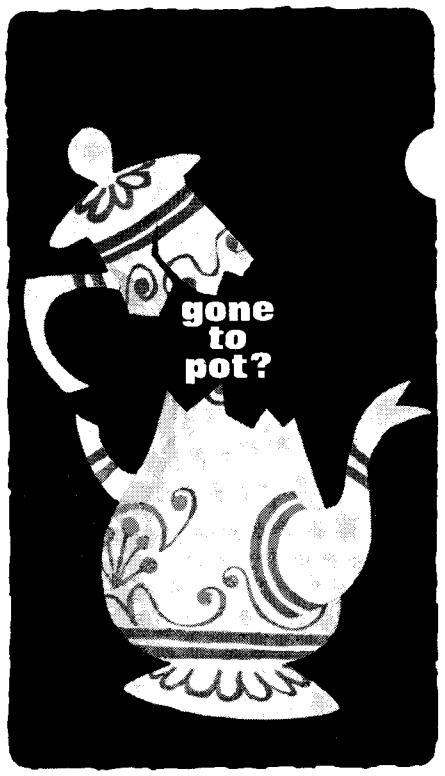

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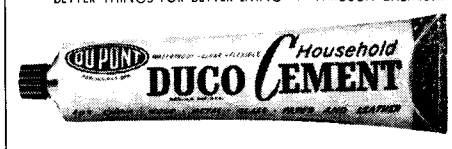

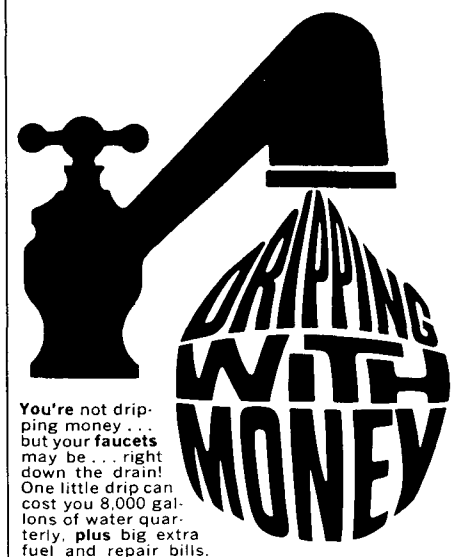

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SPEAKING OUT

By Ellis O. Briggs

LET'S STOP BEING FOOLISH ABOUT DICTATORS

During Ellis O. Briggs's 37 years with the U.S. State Department he served as ambassador to seven countries, including Greece, Brazil, Czechoslovakia and the Dominican Republic. Now retired, he lives in Hanover, New Hampshire, and spends his time writing.

An experienced diplomat takes issue with the idealistic notion that the United States must never deal with tyrants.

Americans hate dictators, but too often this worthy emotion gets in the way of United States foreign policy.

It is easy for the average citizen to form an implacable moral judgment on a tyrannical regime. The duty of the State Department, however, is to promote the national interest, even when the national interest involves maintaining relations with tyrants. For although it may be deplorable that all governments are not freely chosen and incorruptible, until that millennium arrives there will be disreputable regimes with which it may be prudent to deal.

Many years ago, when I was a very junior officer of the State Department, I had an experience that gave me valuable perspective on this matter. It was June of 1930, and I was a member of the section in Washington dealing with Europe. The desk officer for Romania had gone on leave and his responsibilities had been given to me.

King Carol was ruler of Romania in those far-off days, and in Bucharest his coronation was about to take place. On the advice of the State Department, President Herbert Hoover appointed the American minister to Romania to serve as special ambassador during the ceremony. American participation in Carol's coronation was a routine undertaking. Little importance attaches to such representation, whereas failure to participate would be adversely remarked.

An inexperienced officer, I was given the affairs of Romania on the assumption that, with the coronation arranged, nothing untoward was likely to happen. That assumption overlooked the American people, an astonishingly large number of whom took a poor view of the appointment of a special ambassador to honor King Carol. The State Department was deluged with letters and telegrams from outraged voters.

Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson was belabored for having anything to do with Carol, who was variously labeled adulterer, usurper and dictator. Carol had eloped with a mahogany-haired siren, Magda Lupescu, abandoning his wife and his royal career for frolic in Paris. Carol and Magda had returned, unrepentant, to Bucharest where, his son having mounted the throne, Carol promptly threw the boy out and seized the scepter for himself. And now, while Carol prepared to have himself crowned king of Romania, Madame Lupescu was measuring the royal dormitory for curtains. None of which, these volunteer statesmen declared, should be condoned by right-thinking people.

The letters soon found their way to the acting desk officer for Romania, where they were joined by an avalanche of comparable messages addressed to President Hoover. It was my responsibility to prepare replies. The assistant secretary of state for European affairs vetoed my proposal to insert in each envelope a limerick then current on the third floor of the old State War Navy Building:

Declared the redheaded Magda Lupescu
As she came to Romania's rescue:
"It's a wonderful thing
To be under a king.
Can democracy beat it—I ask you?"

The indignation over King Carol, a relatively innocuous reprobate (17 years later he married Magda), led me to speculate about those prickly situations involving a really vicious dictatorship. How should an American ambassador treat such a dictator?

First, an envoy can disparage the dictator in private and skirt the edges of criticism in public, hoping that disapproval may weaken the usurper and encourage his enemies, thus promoting his overthrow. This procedure appeals to many well-intentioned amateurs in foreign affairs. Despotism is evil, they declare, so therefore let us all help extirpate despotism. Ambassadors included.

There are several drawbacks, however. A police state is always well supplied with informers. The conversations of an ambassador criticizing a chief of state do not long remain confidential. They do not enhance the envoy's subsequent effectiveness in dealing with the despot or his government. And as for public criticism, if an ambassador wants to shorten his days in the country of his accreditation, a belittling speech or even a careless public comment can be by all odds the quickest short cut to the nearest point of exit on the frontier.

The case of George Kennan when he was ambassador to Russia over a decade ago is pertinent. Kennan was in Berlin when in response to a question by a newspaper correspondent he said that diplomats in Russia were subjected to a "hate America" campaign. That gave Moscow the peg on which to hang a *persona non grata* demand, and Kennan did not return to the Soviet Union.

There are more recent examples. In 1962 the American ambassador to Peru was withdrawn when it became clear that the military junta which seized power after an inconclusive election was not going to crawl into a Rimac cave and eat spider webs just because the American envoy considered their *coup d'état* immoral. By his show of disapproval, the ambassador forfeited his usefulness.

Another reason why criticism of a dictator is rarely efficacious is that it gives him the opportunity to raise the cry of intervention. The dictator promptly casts himself in the role of defender of the fatherland. Local patriotism is aroused, and the oppressed multitude closes ranks. The dictator is strengthened.

Many of those who speak glibly about the New Diplomacy and the alleged desirability of having the ambassador play a more-positive role abroad are really asking that the envoy take out a license as a busybody-with-all-the-answers. Their fellow dreamers, who would have the ambassador not only disparage dictators but also operate as an accelerator of social evolution in what Washington describes as "underdeveloped countries," ought to examine the record of accelerators that broke down.

The alternate open to a new envoy is to seek to become intimate with the dictator to whom he is accredited. The theory is that he can discover the dictator's better nature and manipulate it in the direction of more decent behavior.

This aspiration often gratifies the dictator, and personal relations soon become cozy. The ambassador and the dictator are photographed dedicating public projects and judging poultry exhibits. At the Jockey Club they share the presidential box, overlooking the races. The dictator's yacht is mobilized, with a discreet intimation that entertainment need not be confined to fishing for marlin.

Before long the ambassador and the dictator are practically on a first-name basis. The ambassador is flattered by being asked all manner of questions about how the local government should operate. He modestly reports this to Washington. He concludes that, notwithstanding some past mistakes and repressions, the chief of state is really a capital fellow, patriotic at heart and with well-conceived plans for liberalizing his regime. Meanwhile the ambassador's subordinates are discouraged from developing contacts with opposition elements.

A fault with the butter-up-the-dictato treatment is that it rarely succeeds i influencing the chief of state in any significant direction. Chances are that the

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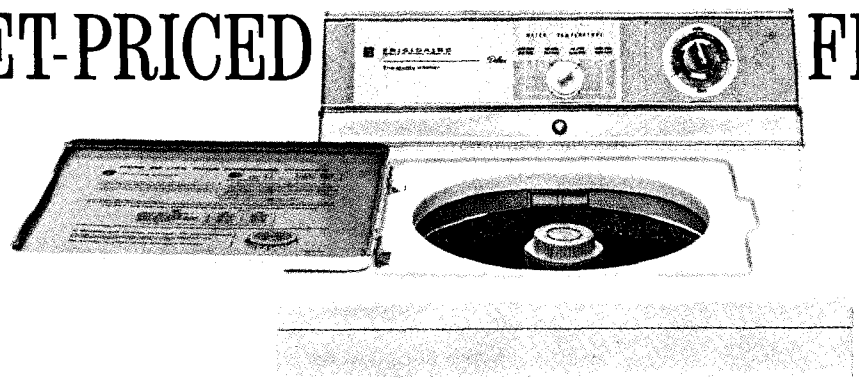

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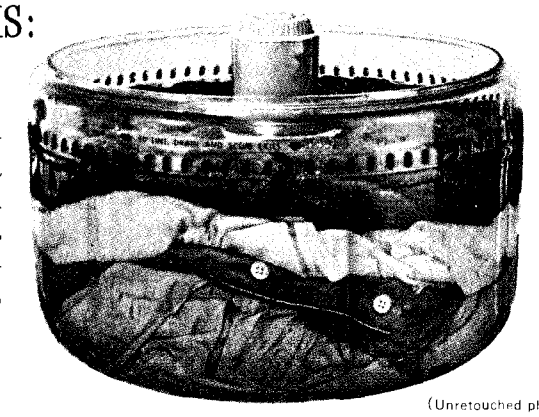
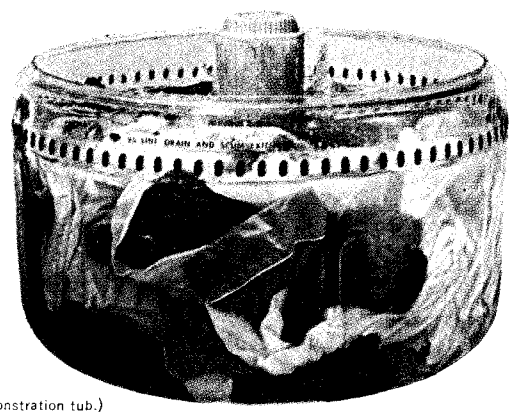


45 SECONDS LATER. See the way the clothes are circulating throughout the tub, under water, where detergent and ACTION ZONE washing help get them really clean.



(Unretouched photographs of a Frigidaire Washer plastic demonstration tub.)

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12-POUND TUB — Budget-Priced, but not Budget-Sized. Big 12-lb. tub is same sturdy porcelain enamel tub as you'll find in the most expensive Frigidaire Washer.

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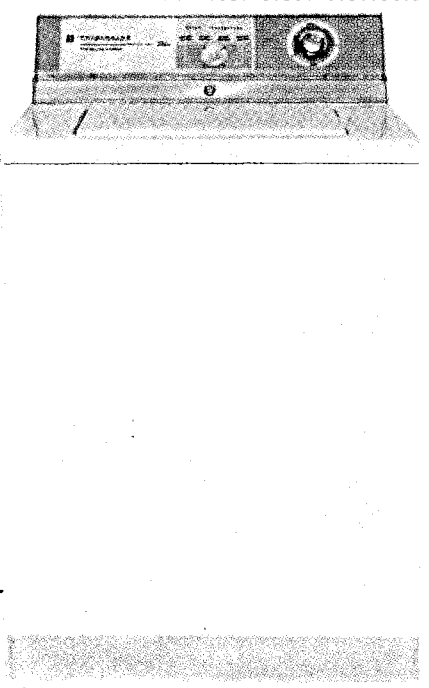

MODEL NO. WDA-64

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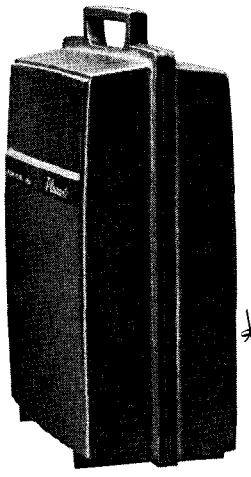

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dictator will succeed in using the ambassador, rather than that the ambassador will temper the character of the dictator.

Moreover, when at last the tyrant is overthrown, people remember the photographs of him and the ambassador having good times together. The victorious revolution may even shout for the ambassador's scalp. The envoy beats an ignominious retreat, citing "impelling personal reasons" for returning to private business.

There remains a third ambassadorial approach to the problem of dealing with dictatorships. A description of this third approach comes, curiously enough, from one of its less ascendant practitioners. To the genuine democracies, Vice President Richard Nixon reported at the end of an unprofitable safari around South America, he gave a warm and brotherly *abrazo*, whereas to dictatorial governments he gave no more than a correct and formal handshake. Oversimplified, but it gives the idea. It implies that the ambassador should not lend himself to the vainglory of the dictator, or become identified personally with the dictator or his projects. In a small way in a small country, I myself pursued such a policy two decades ago in the Dominican Republic.

The dictator was Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, self-proclaimed *Benefactor de la Patria*. His qualities as leader and executive were overshadowed by almost indescribable personal excesses and by incredible vanity. Trujillo's was as vicious a regime as has afflicted the New World.

During the war, the United States undertook to feed the entire Caribbean area. President Trujillo had agreed to sell to the American Government, for distribution to the food-deficient areas, food not required by the Dominican people. The contract stipulated the prices paid by the United States would be published in the Dominican Republic; Washington wanted to make sure the Dominican farmers knew what President Trujillo was receiving. Trujillo, of course, did *not* want the prices to become public. The contract had been signed before my arrival, but no publication of prices had taken place. When that was called to the attention of the Dominican foreign minister, he professed astonishment. "An oversight that will be corrected immediately, *Señor Embajador*. Think nothing of it."

I waited for two weeks and then took the contract to President Trujillo. He too professed astonishment. "Think nothing of it, *Señor Embajador*. An oversight that will be remedied without delay."

When again nothing happened the embassy bought space in the local papers and published the schedule—and the take of the farmers was increased.

While these events were occurring, President Trujillo decided to organize a victory-in-Europe parade. The parade lasted three hours under a broiling midsummer sun. Foreign ambassadors, by request, wore striped trousers, cutaway coats and high hats.

It was definitely a score for the dictator, who managed to convey to foreign countries reached by his heavily subsidized publicity agents the false impressions of popular support for his regime and of international respect for himself. So satisfied was the Benefactor that he shortly cranked up another parade. Contemplating the further advantage that might accrue to the dictator, I sent word to the chief of protocol that the American ambassador would be pleased to attend the celebration in a white suit and a Panama hat or, should that not be suitable, to be represented at the parade by an attaché in uniform.

Since President Trujillo needed the personal presence of the American envoy, the white suit was tolerated—and created a sensation. In the atmosphere of pervasive terror that a truly evil despotism can create, the serfs are so conditioned to leaping when the bell rings that when someone does not leap, the effect is far out of proportion to the circumstances, and the wonder of it runs like a fire before the wind. President Trujillo was not amused. His serfs took note.

It was the brandy incident that I found the most satisfying of my personal tilts with President Trujillo. My predecessor had written me that the Benefactor insisted upon a vituperative Spanish brandy called *Carlos Primero*. It just so happened, wrote my predecessor, that he had on hand half a case, which he would be happy to leave for me.

I was appropriately grateful—until my predecessor billed me for $210 for six bottles of *Carlos Primero* at $35 the bottle. Two hundred and ten dollars represented in 1944 my week's salary. My predecessor also informed me, to my dismay, that President Trujillo, who may have heard of the Borgias, expected wherever he went to have a new bottle of *Carlos Primero* opened in his presence.

A snub for Trujillo

The first time the Benefactor visited the embassy, he accordingly had his unopened bottle. But when the dictator appeared at the embassy for the Fourth of July reception a few weeks later, I signaled the Dominican houseboy. "Roberto," I said, "bring me the President's bottle."

And when Roberto, almost palsied with apprehension, placed the obviously violated *Carlos Primero* on the garden table beside us, I hefted the bottle for Trujillo—and for the other guests—to see. The bottle was still half full, just as the President left it the night of the dinner. "*Vuestra Excelencia*," I told him politely. "Your own bottle. I have been saving it for you."

For these and other reasons, Trujillo had no love for the American ambassador. However, he could hardly expel a foreign envoy over a brandy bottle. He would have had to run the risk of making himself ridiculous.

Do these gestures of independence with suit and bottle sound absurd? In the context of harsh Dominican dictatorship, they were not. The cold treatment had earned the dictator's respect, and respect is the only thing worth receiving from that kind of ruler. It also maintained American self-respect, which is an ingredient no representative should ever surrender.

In considering pernicious regimes, the notion should be discarded that the morals of a government—assuming it has any—control the desirability of transacting business with it. The only intelligent criterion is the interest of the United States, which may sometimes be advanced by dealing with an unprincipled government, or sometimes retarded. Governments do not often perish because other governments disapprove of them.

On the other hand, no American official should cultivate a supple spine before a tyrant. The lesson derived from experience is that the best way to treat dictatorships is at arm's length, so that the reputation and self-respect of the United States is not impaired. THE END

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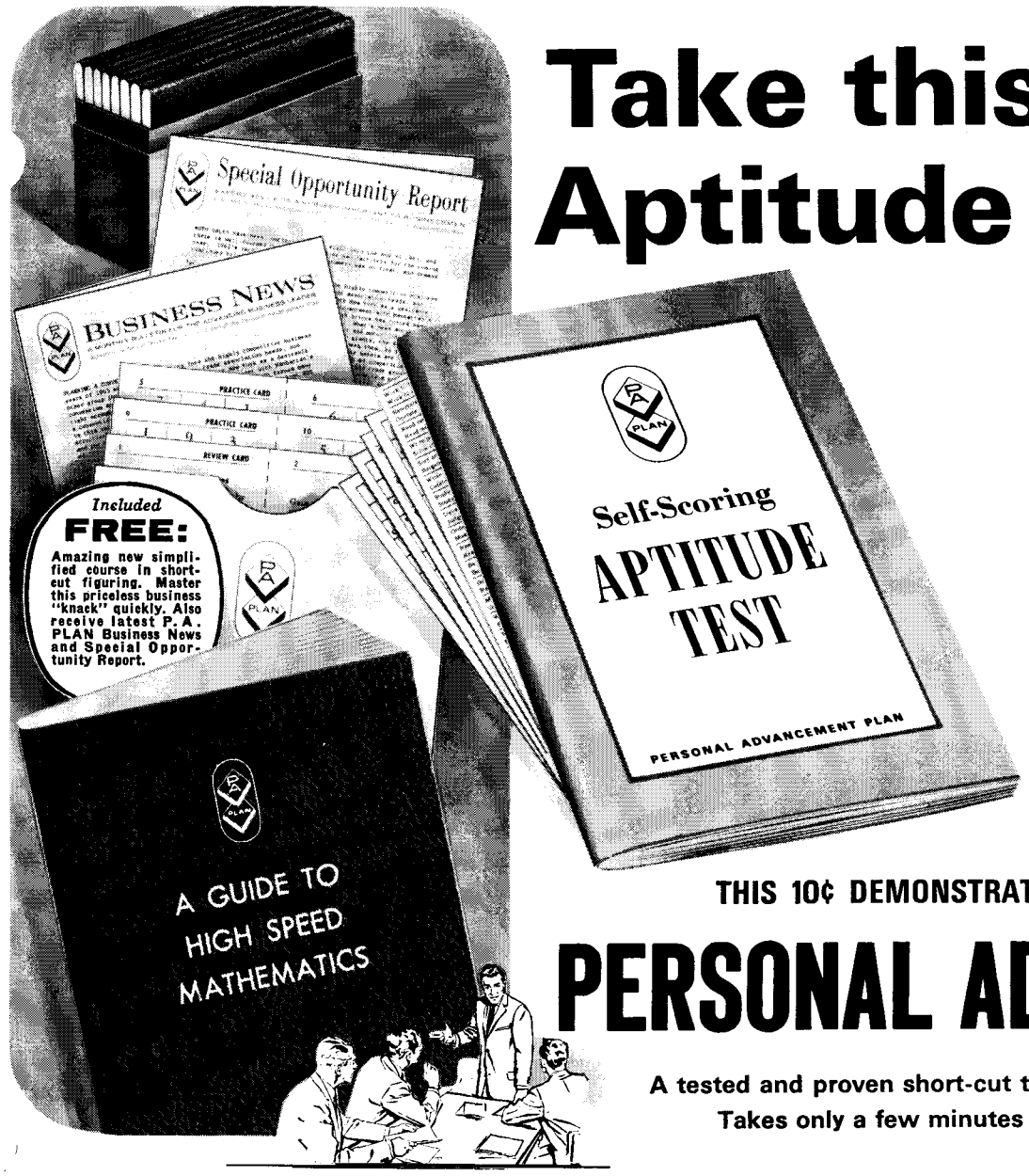
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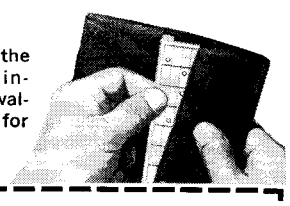

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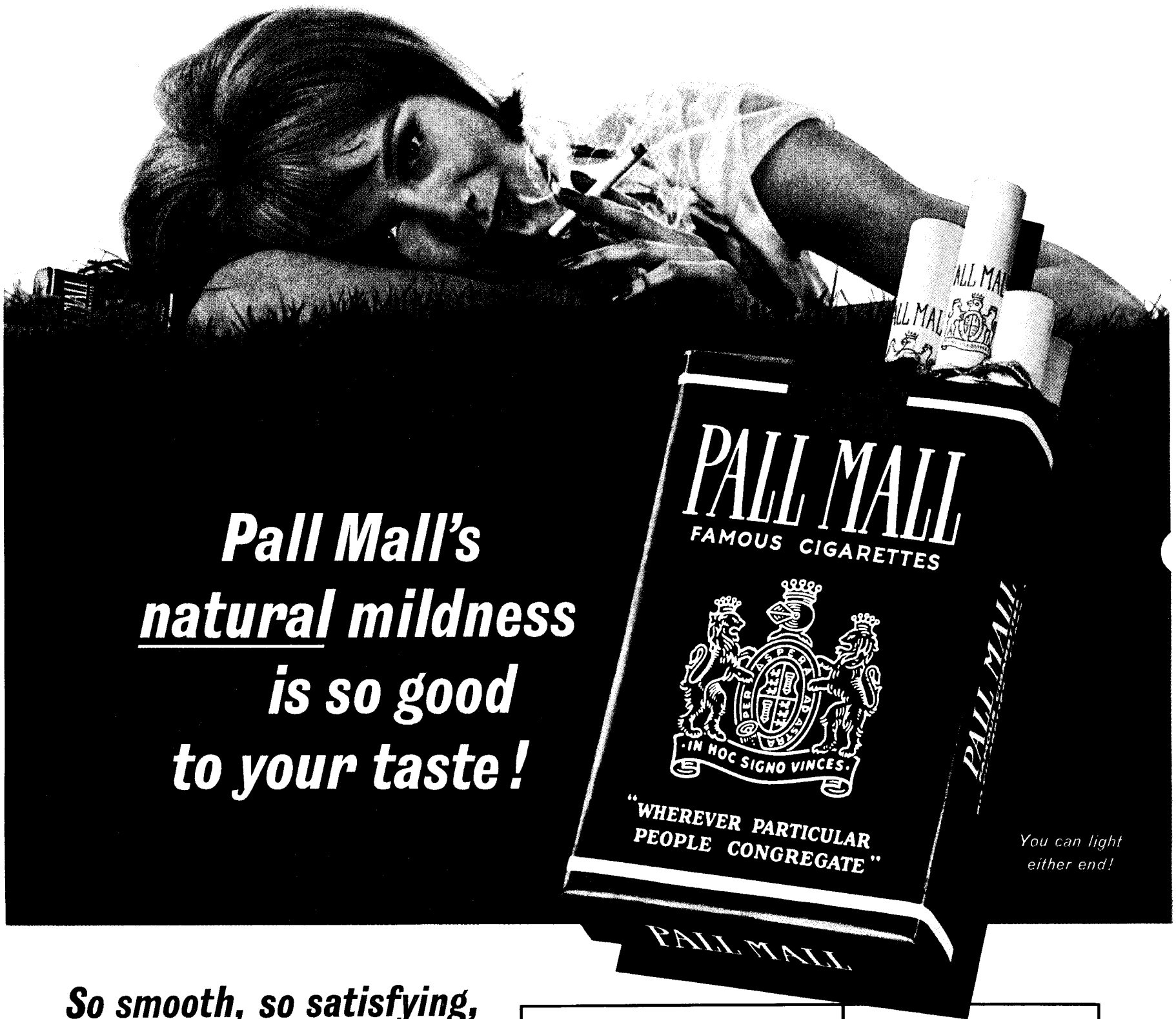

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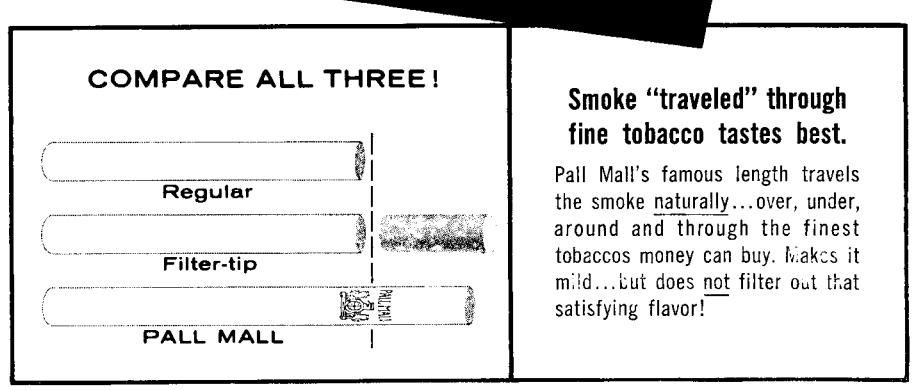

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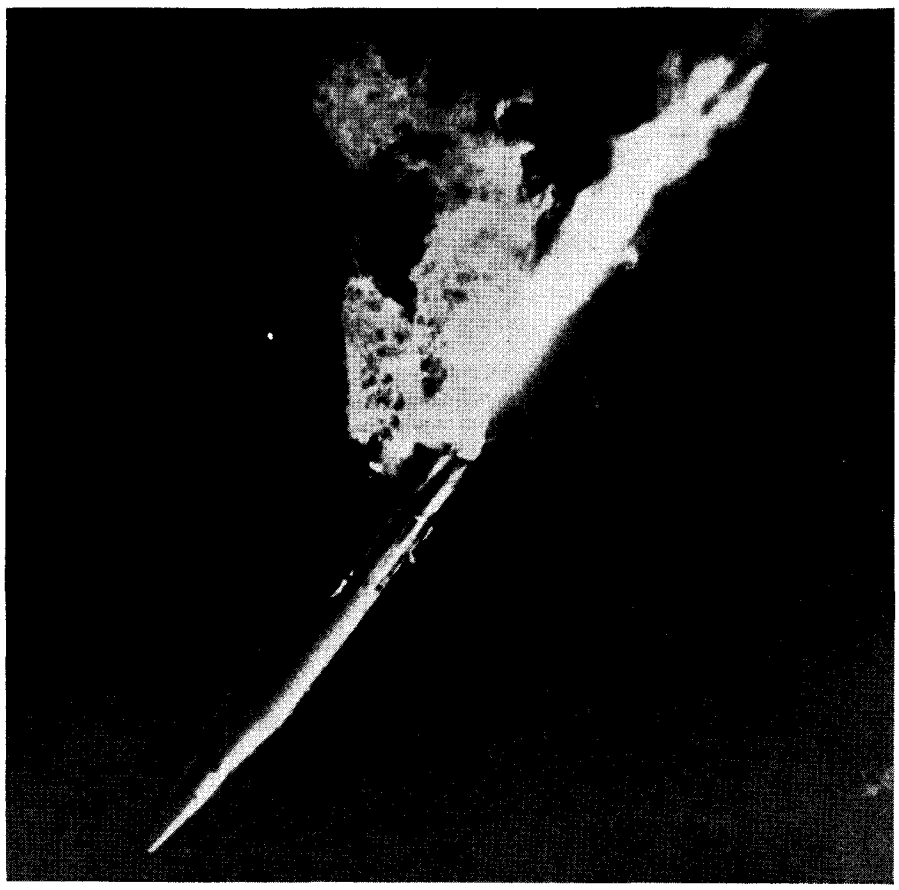
Are we wasting billions in space?

Critics say it's time for a decision on what to shoot for and how fast.



Atlas explodes at Canaveral: Sometimes experts in a hurry make mistakes.

By STUART H. LOORY

Even the midsummer ice floes in Hudson Bay lost their glare for those few moments of total eclipse last July 20 when an Aerobee sounding rocket skittered up and away from Fort Churchill, Canada. Its purpose was to measure quick changes in the upper atmosphere. But after two seconds of flight, the rocket's booster blew up in glittering bits of debris—all the more noticeable because of the dull, unworldly eclipse light.

It was a disappointment for Dr. William G. Fastie of Johns Hopkins University, whose experiment had come to naught. For the American taxpayers, it was another quarter of a million dollars lost in the space race. There was, however, no great public outcry. That small experiment and the money involved just was not worth arguing about these days when scientists build $100 million Saturn V moon rockets to fly once and then throw away as casually as a housewife discards a used paper napkin.

The Aerobee, though, should not have failed. Its defect, a flaw in the packing of the rubbery solid fuel, could have been discovered simply by X-raying the booster before use.

Why didn't they X-ray this one?

"They didn't have time," said Doctor Fastie. "This was a crash program."

What's true at the rocket-research range on the subarctic tundra is also true at Cape Canaveral, Fla.; Vandenberg Air Force Base, Calif.; Wallops Island, Va., and White Sands, N.M. Much of the space effort is a "crash program," a breakneck race to explore and exploit the new medium stretching eternally away from our planet.

Big, blaring, burgeoning in a hundred directions, the space program stands accused today as a monstrous boondoggle—a circus intended just as much to keep American prestige afloat throughout the world as it is to exploit space. However gains in prestige may be measured, there is widespread doubt that they are worth the cost. A formidable list of people in government, industry, education and science have indicted the space program in recent months as a woeful waste of taxpayers' money—and of the nation's most important resource, its skilled manpower.

Former President Eisenhower called the project to land men on the moon a "stunt." Dr. James R. Killian Jr., board chairman of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the former President's first science adviser, said the program may drain talent away from military and industrial projects of great importance. Sen. Joseph S. Clark (D., Pa.) likens the Soviet-American competition in space to a "high-school cross-country race."

Even people with deep professional interest and involvement in space exploration have become critical. Dr. Philip Abelson, geophysicist, editor of the prestigious *Science* magazine and a consultant to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, told the Senate recently that "manned space exploration has limited scientific value and has been accorded an importance which is quite unrealistic." Prof. Polykarp Kusch, Nobel laureate in physics, told the same committee that "the present space program attempts too much too fast."

More than anything else, critics of the space effort attribute its many difficulties to undue haste—to the "crash program" approach that leads to oversights, duplications and ill-advised shortcuts in the normal procedures of scientific research. "Scientific exploration cannot be frenzied and panicky without great waste," says Dr. Simon Ramo, vice chairman of Thompson-Ramo-Wooldridge, Inc., a top aerospace contractor. Doctor Ramo thinks it is "too early" to determine whether NASA's program is "frenzied and panicky." But others are convinced it is high time to start finding out.

The government's space budget has grown from $347.5 million in 1958—the first year after the Soviets launched Sputnik I—to $7.6 billion during the coming year. It is easy to forget the magnitude of these figures unless you equate them with down-to-earth projects. The $22 million NASA obligated last year to build a control center in Houston was more than the U.S. assessment to the United Nations. Local school boards could have built and equipped ten high schools with the money NASA used to buy a sand island near

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In seeking shortcuts, the spacemen sometimes tend to push technology too far.

Cape Canaveral for a moonport site. Just the quarter of a million thrown away on Doctor Fastie's little rocket could have sent at least a dozen scholars through four years at any Ivy League college.

Has the space program gone out of control? If so, why? And if the nation's spacemen are perpetrating the boldest boondoggle since the construction of the pyramids, how do you pull in the reins?

Sen. Clifford P. Case (R., N.J.) explains why these questions are hard to answer. "Like everything else that grows so fast, there probably is waste in the NASA budget," says Case. "Like everything else run by ambitious, driving men, there will be duplication. But all we can do is fuss about it. It takes engineers and scientists to really make the judgments. We [Congress] have the rather unattractive job of providing the forum. The terribly troublesome thing is that when an agency has dough like this to throw around, the criticism is going to be inevitably muted."

Neither NASA nor the Kennedy Administration has tried to conceal the fact that space exploration would be expensive. James E. Webb, the robust 57-year-old lawyer who is NASA administrator, insists that "the most effective way of spending the money is worked over by our own people and then by the Bureau of the Budget," subject to "important influences" from outside scientists and congressional committees. NASA's job, he says, is to bring together people with all kinds of diverse interests and objectives in space and coordinate things in a "balanced" space program.

Yet actual control of the program is far more difficult than it might sound. Space contractors have a way of overselling their capabilities in order to get contracts. Scientists tend to oversell their pet research projects. The expanding bureaucracy of the space agency itself creates confusion and inefficiencies. Objective evaluation of these teeming activities, as Senator Case points out, is muddled by the technical complexity—which makes it hard for laymen to second-guess the scientists—and by the quantities of money involved. In Congress, pork-barreling legislators may overlook—and even encourage—waste as long as they can get fat space contracts for their home states. Informed criticism may be "muted" even on university campuses, where $50 million in annual NASA grants can play hob with academic objectivity.

Each year since World War II, as the nation has demanded more and more from its scientists, it has delegated more and more decision-making authority to them. Congressmen have stood in awe of projects involving buildings as tall as the Washington Monument and half again as large as the Pentagon. When a scientist says he needs a six-foot-thick window to watch radioactive reactions, the lawmaker can't say no. Who is to gainsay the engineer demanding special barges, barge canals and tractors to move his 2,500-ton rockets?

The lawmakers must become familiar with projects bearing such names as OGO, EGO, POGO and OSO (orbiting observatories budgeted this year at $194.4 million); FIRE and Advanced FIRE (to study heating of vehicles coming back to earth from the moon and planets at a cost of $12 million); Tiros and Nimbus (weather-forecasting satellites costing $63.7 million); Kiwi, Nerva, Rift and Rover (various phases of the nuclear-rocket program costing $96.7 million); Centaur, Scout, Delta and Aerobee (launch vehicles costing $127.7 million); Mariner, Ranger and Surveyor (moon- and planet-probing spaceships priced at $282.6 million); and, of course, Apollo and Gemini, the project names for the largest scientific undertaking ever mounted—man's assault on the moon. NASA plans to spend no less than $3.7 *billion* on that project this year alone. And that will be only a small down payment on the $20 billion to $40 billion the project will ultimately cost.

NASA has been joined by the Defense Department, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Weather Bureau and the National Science Foundation in the celestial treasure hunt. The space agency itself has grown from an outfit that builds and launches rockets into one that supports research in diverse fields ranging from the synthesis of life in test tubes to communications between man and other animal species. It has given the University of Manchester in England a grant to study the moon's surface from a station in Japan and it has given the University of Colorado money to study the impact of the space program on the city of Boulder. NASA finances projects only distantly related to space. It made a $92,615 grant to Mississippi State University to study how agrarian states can contribute to the space program and a grant of $400,000 to Columbia University for a study of how to disseminate space news to the public and train science writers. (The latter has since been cancelled.)

Is this trip necessary?

Considering the vast, confusing array of projects, the layman can only ask in his small voice, "Is this trip necessary?"

It is not possible to point to any program in science as an example of abject waste. The scientist always learns, even from his failures. Yet the cost of learning can come high, as illustrated by the case of project Centaur.

In 1958 General Dynamics Astronautics and Pratt & Whitney made a proposal to the Air Force to build a rocket burning liquid hydrogen, a fuel which would give far more energy per pound than anything else our rockets burn. The industrial team estimated it could fly the first vehicle by January, 1961, and then fly one a month after that through June, 1961, to make the rocket operational. The original cost for all six shots was estimated at $59 million.

Troubles plagued the program throughout, however. The first flight did not take place until May 8, 1962, at which time Centaur, now a NASA project, blew up after less than 60 seconds of flight.

A subsequent congressional investigation showed that the Centaur slippage played a strong part in forcing the Defense Department to "reorient" its Advent communication satellite, cutting its size drastically and resulting in the utter waste of tens of millions of dollars. (The exact figure is classified.) Similarly investigators found that NASA had wasted $20 million in designs for the Surveyor program, which had to be thrown away because Centaur could not make its projected weightlifting capability. It also wasted four million dollars in cutting the weight of last year's Mariner spaceship that flew to Venus (on a different rocket).

The investigators found both NASA and the contractors guilty of poor management. They said General Dynamics allowed fundamental design problems to go undetected. General Dynamics explained that it was using a smaller margin of safety than NASA felt desirable, that it had gambled on this margin and lost because, in one case, it could not weld thin sheets of metal into a bulkhead.

Meanwhile Pratt & Whitney ran into quality-control problems at a plant it had built in West Palm Beach, Fla., and moved the hydrogen-engine assembly line back to its East Hartford, Conn., plant. Since the missed operational date, NASA has spent $275 million in a fundamental redesign of the Centaur rocket.

Today Centaur is two years behind schedule; the second test flight still has not taken place. Ironically, its problems illustrate the dangers of unseemly haste. The contractors apparently rushed into the project without adequately assessing their own capacity to handle it—and NASA went along. To save time, NASA pushed other projects dependent on Centaur *concurrently* with Centaur itself. When Centaur failed to meet expectations, the "shortcut" became a detour.

The Ranger program to land instruments on the moon is in similar shape. As far back as 1958 the United States tried to land something on the moon in a keep-up-with-the-Soviets drive. The Army, Air Force and industry ran up a string of eight failures in eight attempts to hit or come close to the moon. Then NASA entered Ranger in the competition in 1961 and 1962 and racked up five failures in five attempts—though only three were real efforts to hit the moon and get information home.

A NASA investigation, the details of which were never released, showed that bad management and insufficient quality control contributed to the Ranger failures. Dr. Homer Newell, head of NASA's Office of Space Sciences, hinted that poor design, sloppy fabrication and insufficient testing all played a role.

Another cause of Ranger's failures shows how scientists, in their haste, sometimes work at cross purposes.

Each Ranger aimed at the moon was sterilized to make certain that the virgin satellite was not contaminated by life from earth before biologists could write the moon's own natural history. But NASA found that the sterilization process, which involved heating, artificially aged the Rangers, contributing to their failures.

Now, future Rangers will not be sterilized (there is probably no life on the moon anyway). Meanwhile, scientists will go back to the laboratory to do research they should already have done before they sterilize any more spacecraft.

Whatever the problems, the designers of the landing vehicles that will take men to the surface of the moon five to seven years hence are pondering their blueprints without the information Ranger was to have provided on the density and regularity of the moon's surface. Scientists have nothing to show for the quarter of a billion Ranger has cost so far.

The problems of Ranger and Centaur could have been avoided if technology were not being pushed to the limit, and if scientists and engineers were paying more attention to time-consuming details. Just as the lack of an X ray co[st] Doctor Fastie his once-in-a-lifetin chance to probe the upper atmosphere during an eclipse, a bumble by a computer programmer cost the American taxpayers $20 million last year. One scientist made a mistake in supplying an Atlas rocket with a set of automatic steering instructions. In effect, he left a punctuation mark out of a sentence and as a result a Mariner bound for Venus roared off course and had to be destroyed. Additional checking of that work by other men would have caught that mistake.

Project Mercury, our pioneering man-in-space effort, is an example of waste engendered by pushing technology beyond its limits. For example, designers found they could not load enough oxygen into the cramped capsule with conventional oxygen bottles, so they had to design smaller bottles and then devise new welding techniques to make them withstand high pressures. That's one of the reasons Mercury ran twice its original cost of $200 million and took twice the estimated time to get a man into orbit.

But more importantly, the men running Mercury paid attention to all the details and solved every last foreseen difficulty before committing any astronauts to space flight. That's why each of the flights has been a success.

The Gemini program to place two men into orbit in a single spaceship and teach them how to rendezvous with another spaceship could be another Ranger or Centaur in the making. Rep. James G. Fulton (R., Pa.), studious member of [t]House Committee on Space and Ast[ro]nautics, and one of the biggest boosters of the space program, does not look kindly on Gemini's progress. "If you

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IS IT TIME TO PUT THE MOON IN PERSPECTIVE?

really want an example of waste, it's Gemini," Fulton says.

The Gemini spacecraft today—a year behind schedule—bears virtually no relationship to the original proposal by the McDonnell Aircraft Corp. While McDonnell was selected on the basis of its experience with the Mercury project, many critics feel that NASA may have moved too precipitously. "They should have had competitive bidding for that contract and then they might have gotten some better designs," says Representative Fulton.

During the last half of 1962 NASA awarded contracts totaling $826 million to industry, and only $42 million—about five percent—worth of these were advertised for open bidding. Another $424 million—51 percent—were awarded after negotiation with one company selected from a small group invited to bid. The rest were awarded to companies without any competition whatsoever.

Besides pressuring NASA to make more use of competitive enterprise—which could produce lower prices as well as better designs—Congress could also tighten up a budget loophole. Ever since it was formed in 1958, NASA has had the authority to "reprogram" huge amounts of money, from budget items already approved by Congress to others that Congress knows nothing about until after NASA has taken action.

The agency claims it submits an austere budget, considered down to the last nickel. Yet it has reprogrammed tens of millions of dollars this year from one line in the five-volume, 14-pound budget to another. Consider the complicated building with the imposing name "Integrated Mission Control Center" now under construction at NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center near the mosquito-infested bayous between Houston and Galveston.

This is the building from which the flights to the moon will be directed in the same way the Mercury flights were directed from the control center at Cape Canaveral. Last year NASA told Congress it planned to refurbish the Mercury center to handle Gemini flights while building the Apollo Center in Houston at a more leisurely pace. Congress provided eight million dollars for preliminary work on the Apollo center. But then NASA changed its mind, decided to move the controllers out of Cape Canaveral and to build a single Gemini-Apollo control center in Houston.

Instead of asking congressional approval for this major change in plans, NASA scraped together $21,956,700 from other parts of the budget to pay for construction of the building and over half the equipment. This year the agency presented Congress with the *fait accompli* and asked for an additional $8,409,000 to buy final odds and ends of equipment.

As the operational programs soar in cost, administrative expenses do not stand still. The budget for operating NASA headquarters in Washington will jump from $48.2 million this year to $65.5 million next year. Much of this increase covers the salaries of a growing layer of executives and administrators whose number has increased from 1,300 in 1962 to 2,300 proposed for this year.

In its zeal to hire experts, NASA engaged, among others, an N.Y.U. professor to advise it on how to better relationships with the universities. But Dr. George P. Simpson, an administrator who was already looking into agency-university relationships, did not know of the professor working downstairs until a reporter called it to his attention. NASA has even had to rush to miniaturize its red tape to make room for it. The budget for microfilming of records has increased from $1,640 to $158,000 in two years.

Up to now, congressmen have tended to play sugar daddies to the space agency, no matter what its demands. But this year the House Committee on Sciences and Astronautics carefully sliced eight percent from NASA's $5.7 billion budget request. The committee listened as NASA paraded its key executives into the hearing room. Each witness was primed with a written statement and supported by colorful charts, models, slides and films. The committeemen posed searching questions and then started picking away at the five yellow volumes.

Laymen can argue too

"Even though we're laymen, maybe we can understand as much as they do," said Rep. Olin E. (Tiger) Teague (D., Tex.), who heads the manned-spaceflight subcommittee. "The budget started over eighteen months ago. It's just an educated guess. Whoever made it up wasn't going to get caught on the short side."

After five years of watching NASA change its mind on various projects, Tiger Teague and his colleagues decided they would argue the issues the same way they argue foreign aid, farm policy and the disposition of rivers and harbors funds. They felt confident enough to cut $259 million from the $3.7 billion manned-spaceflight item alone, including $120 million from Project Apollo.

Rep. Joseph E. Karth (D., Minn.) took a candid look at the space program after helping make the cuts. "If there is waste, some of the fault lies in Congress," he said. "After the Soviets shot Sputnik I, there was a very extreme desire to get into space. At first we felt NASA wasn't going fast enough. We forgot they hadn't time to cure—like a good cheese. We forgot they needed time to develop a good organizational setup.

"But now we are no longer overawed by the sensationalism of the overall space program. We are now much better able to evaluate each of the programs on a line-by-line basis. This year we have removed things we feel are nonessential."

When Jim Webb, long a favorite of Vice President Lyndon Johnson, saw that the House committeemen really were serious about their go-slow commands, he took his case to Johnson's territory on the other side of Capitol Hill—to the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee. After a brief effort to get Webb to suggest cuts in his own budget, the senators settled into a discussion of the pork-barrel features and forgot the high-flown national goals. Sen. Spessard L. Holland (D., Fla.), irked by the $21 million "reprogrammed" into Texas for that mission-control center, spent the better part of a morning extracting a line-by-line explanation of precisely how the agency planned to spend $312,855,000 in Florida.

"I want a clear picture of what you plan to do in Florida next year," he demanded of Webb. A wag at the press table penned a quick sketch of a barrel-shaped satellite circling the earth and labeled ORBITING PORK BARREL.

But the committeemen pushed ahead unabashed. Sen. Kenneth B. Keating (R., N.Y.), for example, made a "formal request for what you plan in New York."

Pork-barreling became intimately associated with NASA operations back in 1961 when the agency picked Houston as the site of the Manned Spacecraft Center. Rep. Albert Thomas of Houston, chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee that considers NASA's budget, reportedly let it be known that the center must be situated where it would benefit his Eighth Congressional District or NASA would get no money for it.

This year, the big pork-barrel issue was the $56 million electronics research center the space agency wants to build in the Boston area. The center was widely viewed as an aid to the President's brother, Sen. Edward M. (Teddy) Kennedy in redeeming his campaign promise to "do more" for Massachusetts.

The House committee took 600 pages of testimony on this and gave it only limited approval. While the space budget debate dissolved into questions of spreading the wealth, Jim Webb worked the telephone and the halls of Senate office buildings. In the end he succeeded in having over half the House cuts restored.

Despite the leadership of the House committee, many lawmakers were still timid when asked to judge big science. Rep. Katharine St. George (R., N.Y.) allowed that none but "very advanced scientists" could understand the budget, which Congressmen must accept "on faith."

Yet the fact is that every voter, like every legislator, has the right and competence to express an opinion about the space program—not only because he is paying for it but because the pace of the program is directly related to national goals. In 1961, after the Soviets had placed the first man in orbit, President Kennedy challenged Russia to a race to the moon. His challenge came after a small group of men in government decided that such a race was one we stood a reasonably good chance of winning and one that would give our national prestige an uplift. Caught up in the emotion of the moment, Congress approved the idea unanimously, paying little attention to the price tag.

Now men inside and outside government are having second thoughts, and these may yet be translated into stiff budget cuts in the days ahead. Rep. Thomas M. Pelly (R., Wash.), a member of the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, took the floor during the debate on the space budget and cited a number of scientists who had questioned the value of the moon project.

Among them was Dr. Polykarp Kusch, who measures the program against such national needs as slum clearance; stopping the pollution of our streams and atmosphere; finding cures and preventatives for mental and physical diseases, and searching out scientific mysteries on our own planet. Against these needs he finds the project to allow two men to bathe in lunar dust somewhat frivolous.

NASA's leaders are befuddled by such criticism. They reply that the money diverted from space would not necessarily go into new housing or a cure for schizophrenia. They do not try to justify their program on purely scientific grounds. They admit they are running a race for space supremacy and that the race is intimately bound up in international politics.

"You should see how much we have to keep attuned to the State Department," declares one NASA official. He says that President Kennedy considers NASA part of a triumvirate with the Pentagon and State which, in some not-quite-tangible way, protects security.

NASA chief Jim Webb believes John Glenn's flight "made the Russians change their mind about Cuba, because we took on the image of a 'can do' nation." The Apollo project, he thinks, will not only help military missile development and produce a lot of scientific information, but will impress the "many, many nations around the world who are so weak they can't afford to be with anyone but a winner and who are looking awfully hard to find a winner."

Surveys abroad by the United States Information Agency reportedly show a tremendous interest in the American space program. Yet many have begun to question the propagandistic value, feeling the world is getting a little bored with space flights. They wonder, too, whether the scientific information and defense byproducts couldn't be purchased more cheaply.

Above all, they do not accept the thesis that the answers to such important policy questions should be accepted "on faith." They feel the American people and their lawmakers should make the decisions, and should decide after a calm, complete debate, not in the heat of the moment with astronauts and cosmonauts whirling overhead. That kind of decision has never really been made. THE END

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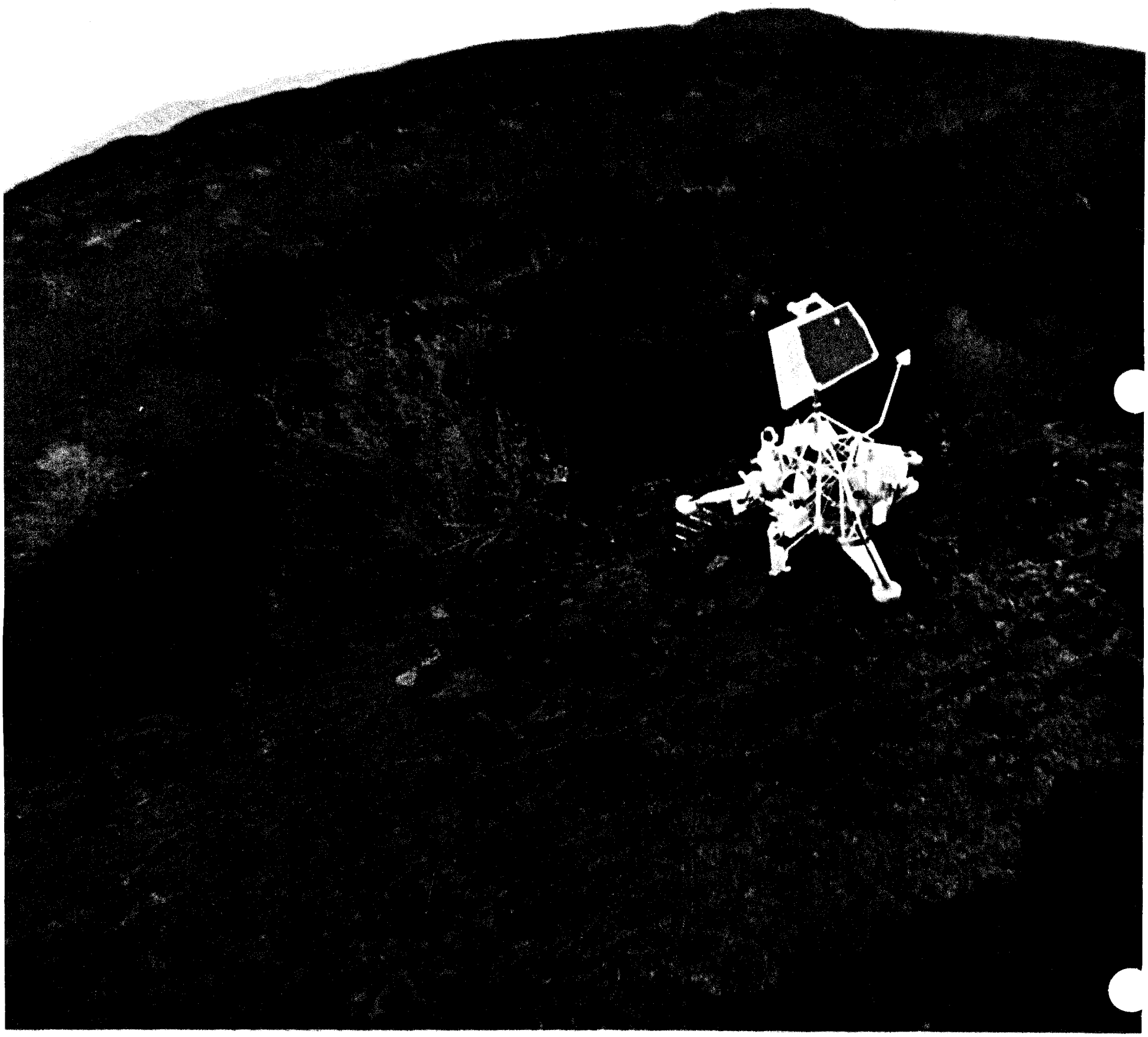

A replica of the Surveyor Moon Bus, an unmanned vehicle that will explore the moon, is shown in Mojave Desert setting. Surveyor may reach moon next year.

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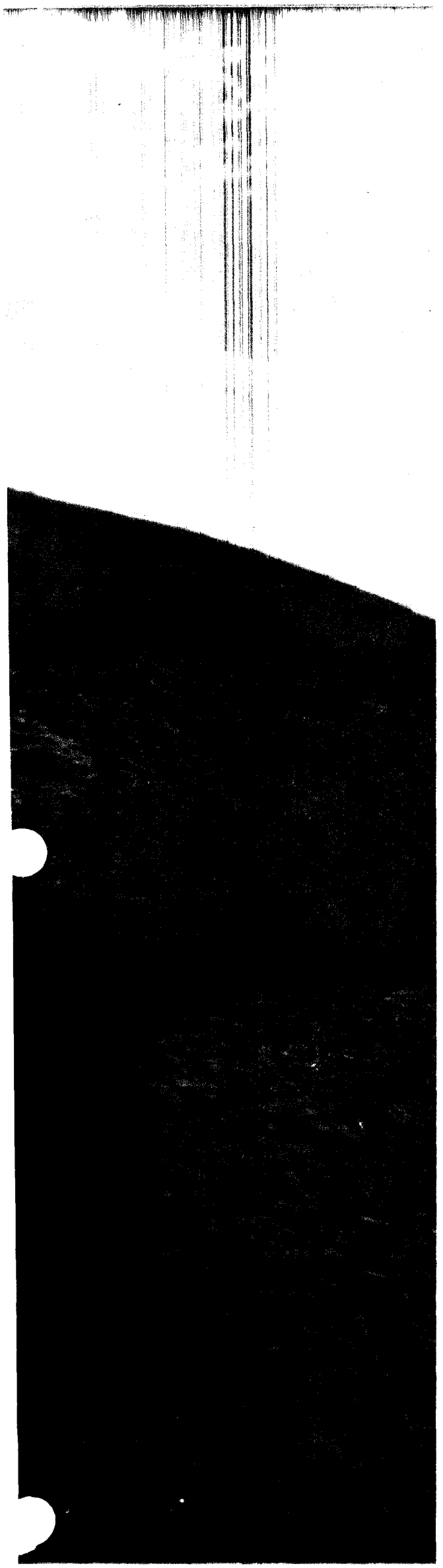
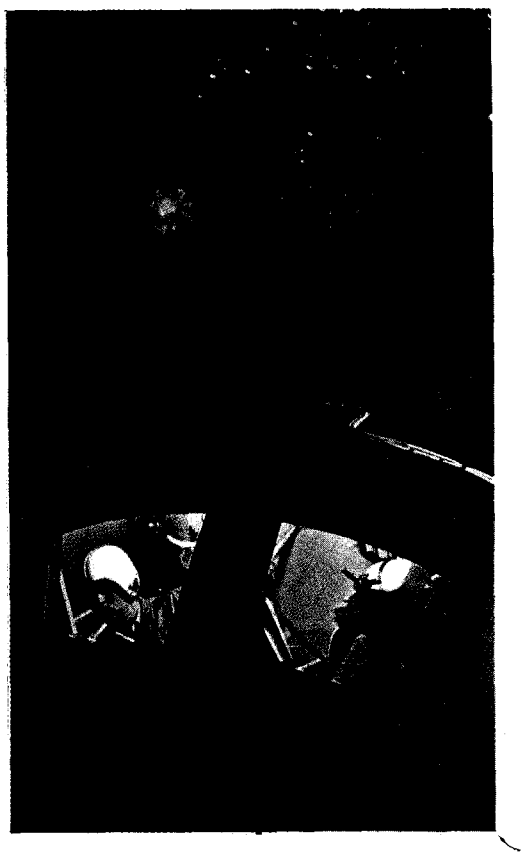


Photos by Lawrence Schiller

Two engineers enact mock voyage of Apollo capsule from earth to moon for future star-filled flight.



STRANGE SHAPES OF THINGS TO FLY

Despite the congressional and scientific controversy over too much money spent and too little value received in our space program, this color essay of outer-space vehicles reflects only serenity and a strange beauty. While some men battle below, others prepare for the awesome flights to the moon and beyond.

For scientists and other earth people the moon remains a silver sphere, a piece of cheese, an unknown. Despite the pioneer flights already made into space, man is still as ignorant about the surface of the moon as he is about anything else he hasn't explored and touched. To solve such space mysteries, he is building flying devices that look like weird creations borrowed from *Batman Flies Again* and *The Return of the Martians*. The purpose of these machines is to enhance man's knowledge of the worlds beyond. Byproducts are strange, frightening and at times beautiful shapes which scientists have devised. To capture this eerie world, photographer Lawrence Schiller spent two months and traveled over 15,000 miles on earth. His assignment: to show what marvelous devices man is creating to pierce and explore the heavens above.

At left, a replica of the Surveyor Moon Bus, like a huge mechanical praying mantis, rests on the bleak Mojave Desert in California, simulating landing on the surface of the moon. Built by Hughes Aircraft for Jet Propulsion Laboratories, an actual unmanned Moon Bus will blast off from Cape Canaveral next summer. Hopefully, its 114 pounds of equipment will view, feel and chew the surface of the moon, and report back to earth.

Above, two engineers use a training device for the Apollo space capsule that will help fly men to the moon by the end of the decade. The capsule will go into moon orbit; landings will be by space ferry. The astronauts will, like Columbus, navigate Apollo by the stars. One difference: the Apollo will travel 240,000 miles at 25,000 miles per hour.

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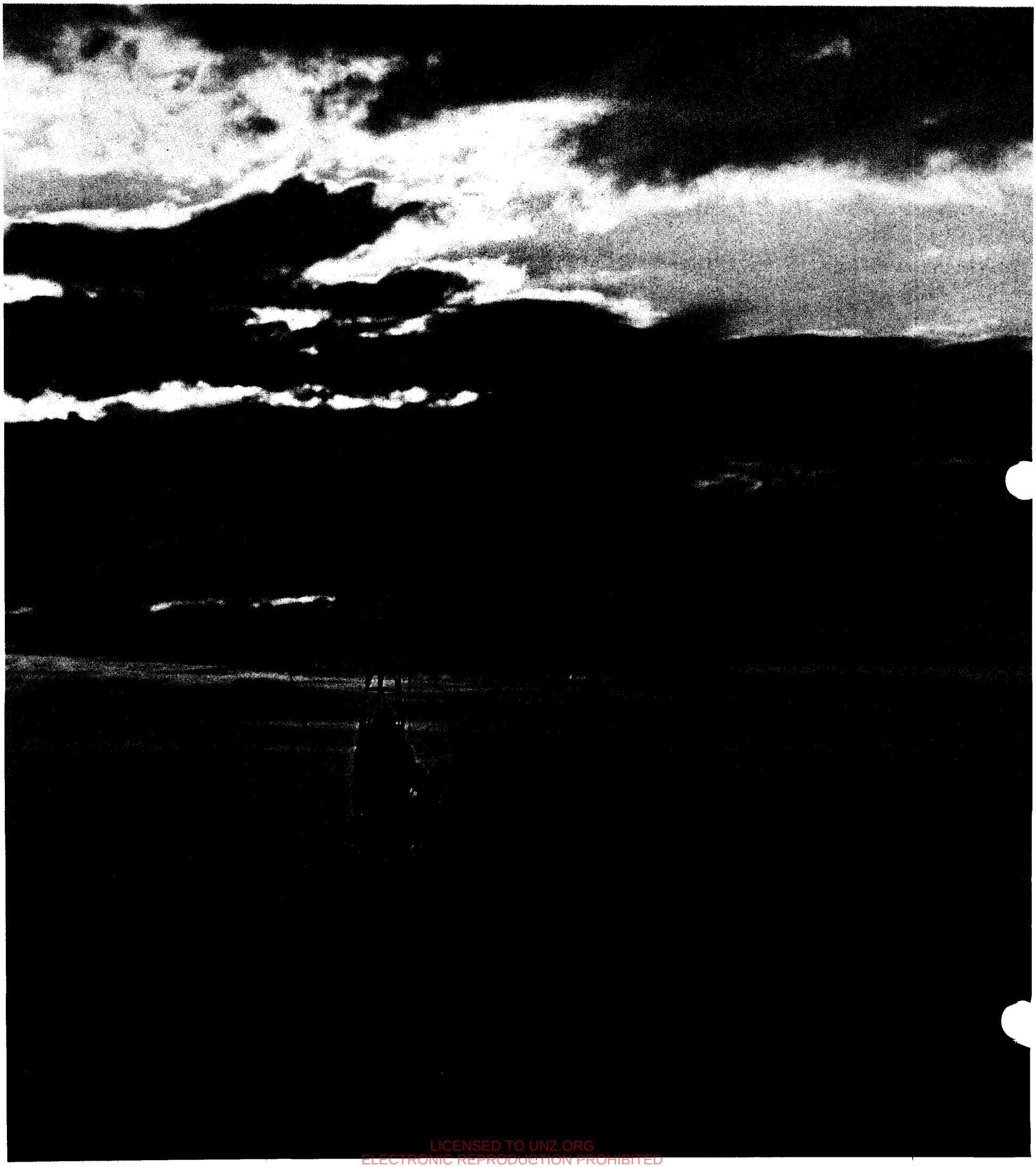
Even a drawing done nearly 500 years ago plays its part in c



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ong reach to the moon.

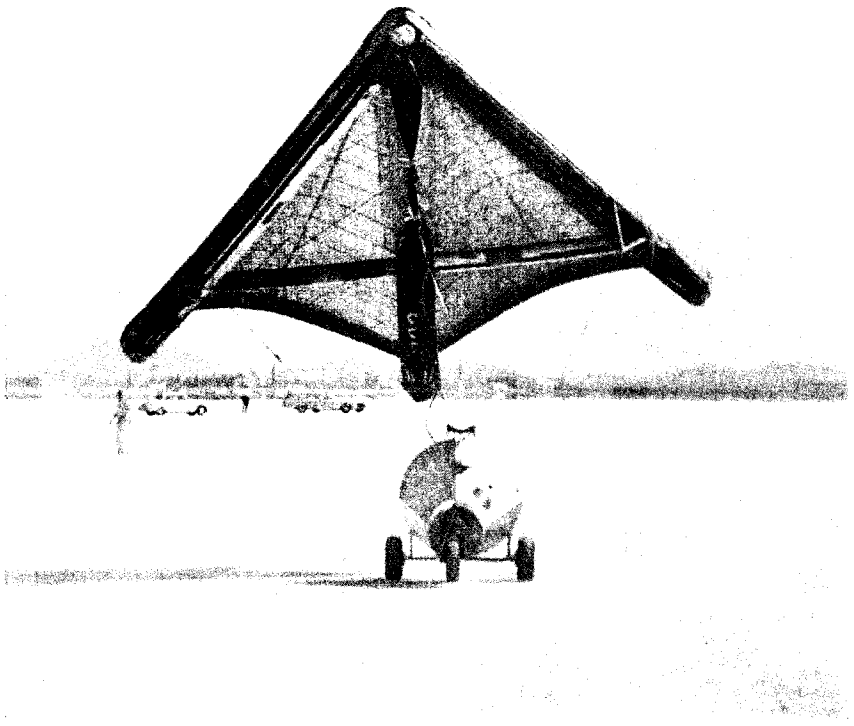
Like bats, the Parasev (left) and the Paraglider (right) wing down out of the skies at Edwards Dry Lake Beds in California. These gliderlike devices which will help in the recovery of spacecraft and boosters were inspired by a Leonardo da Vinci drawing.

The Parasev remains a pure research instrument. With the high price of space exploration, the glider's first year of operation cost a mere $130,000. Said one spectator, "It looks like we've returned to the Wright brothers."

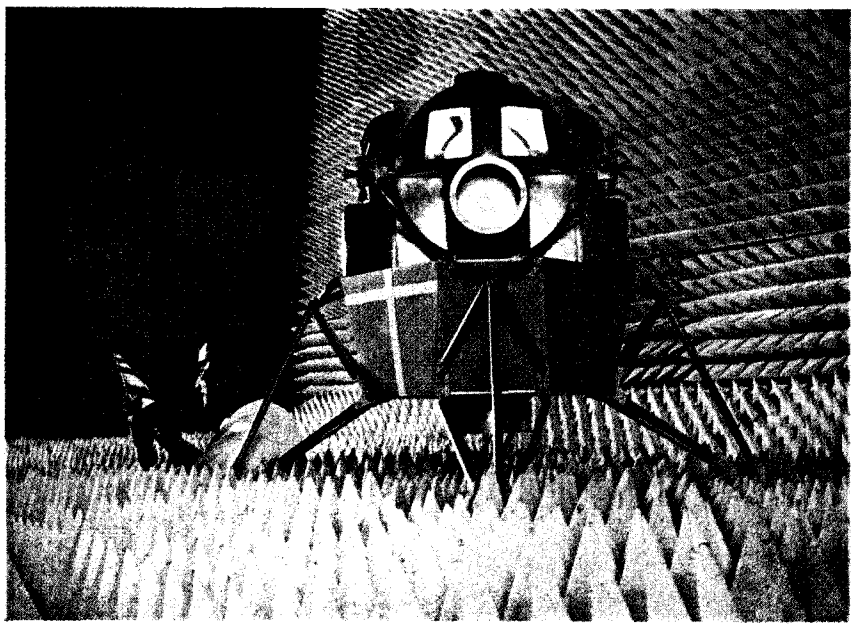
But the Paraglider will be part of the Gemini Program, which is the forthcoming intermediate stage before the final Apollo flight to the moon. When the manned Gemini capsule has returned to the earth's atmosphere after orbit, the Paraglider will automatically shoot out of the forward neck of the capsule. While 40,000 feet above the earth's surface, the Paraglider will then be filled with nitrogen gas, making the wings stiff. Using hand controls, the astronaut will be able to control the Paraglider and in turn guide the Gemini spacecraft down to a preselected spot on land or sea. Just before actual touchdown, the Paraglider can be moved into a final flare-out, or virtual standstill position. The spacecraft will then slow to less than 50 miles per hour.

At lower right and below are two space ferryboats. The lunar "bug" or Lunar Excursion Module (right), seen in Grumman's testing laboratories on Long Island, will accompany the Apollo to the moon. It will automatically detach itself from the spaceship after one moon orbit and then land two astronauts on the moon itself. After two days of exploration the astronauts will blast off in the rocket-propelled lunar "bug" and rendezvous with the mother spaceship, which will be in continual moon orbit.

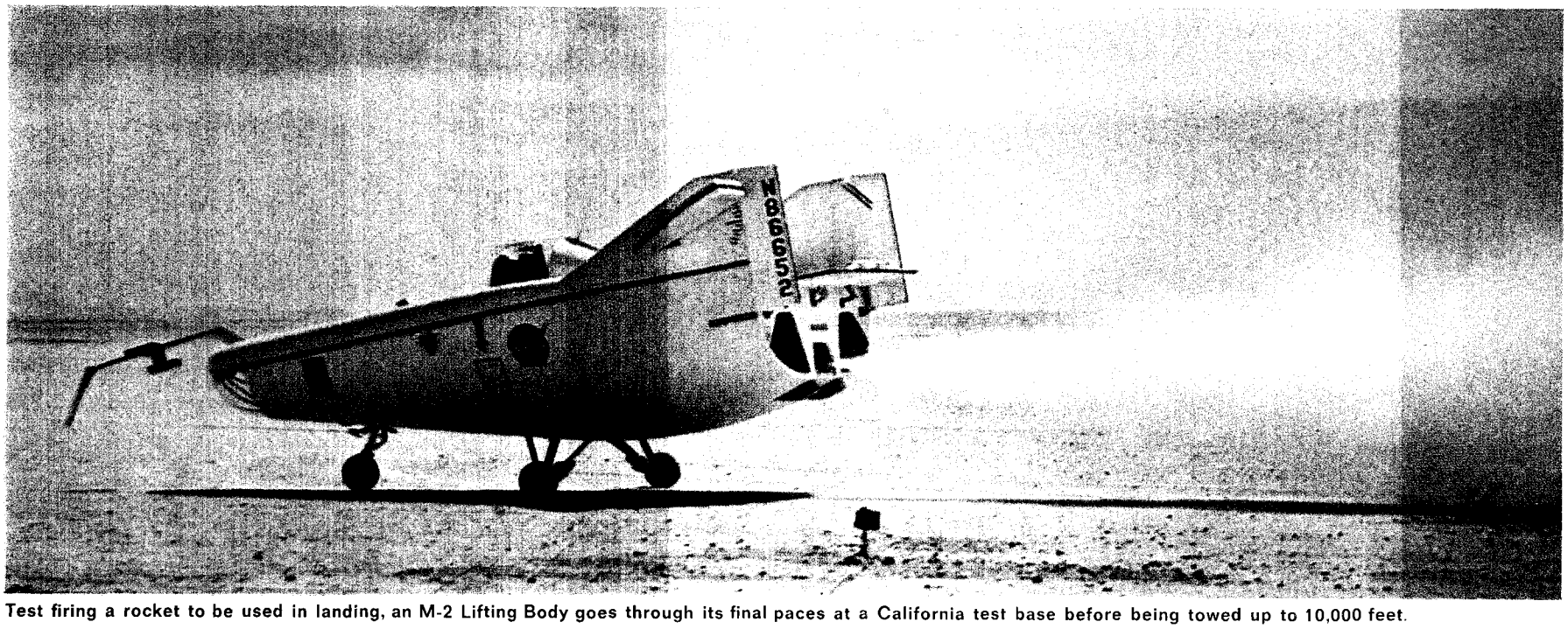
Another possible ferry service is the M-2 Lifting Body (below), which hopefully would bring man from earth to an orbiting space station. This device is currently being tested for NASA at Edwards, California. Launched from the nose of a rocket, the M-2 is highly maneuverable and will be able to carry an extra-heavy payload of six men.



North American's Paraglider proves itself as it safely lands Gemini capsule in a test.



Engineer works on model of space ferry that may land men on the moon by 1970.



Test firing a rocket to be used in landing, an M-2 Lifting Body goes through its final paces at a California test base before being towed up to 10,000 feet.

wed by a helicopter, the Parasev, a space glider, makes an eerie pattern against the dawn sky during tests at NASA's Flight Research Center in Edwards, California.

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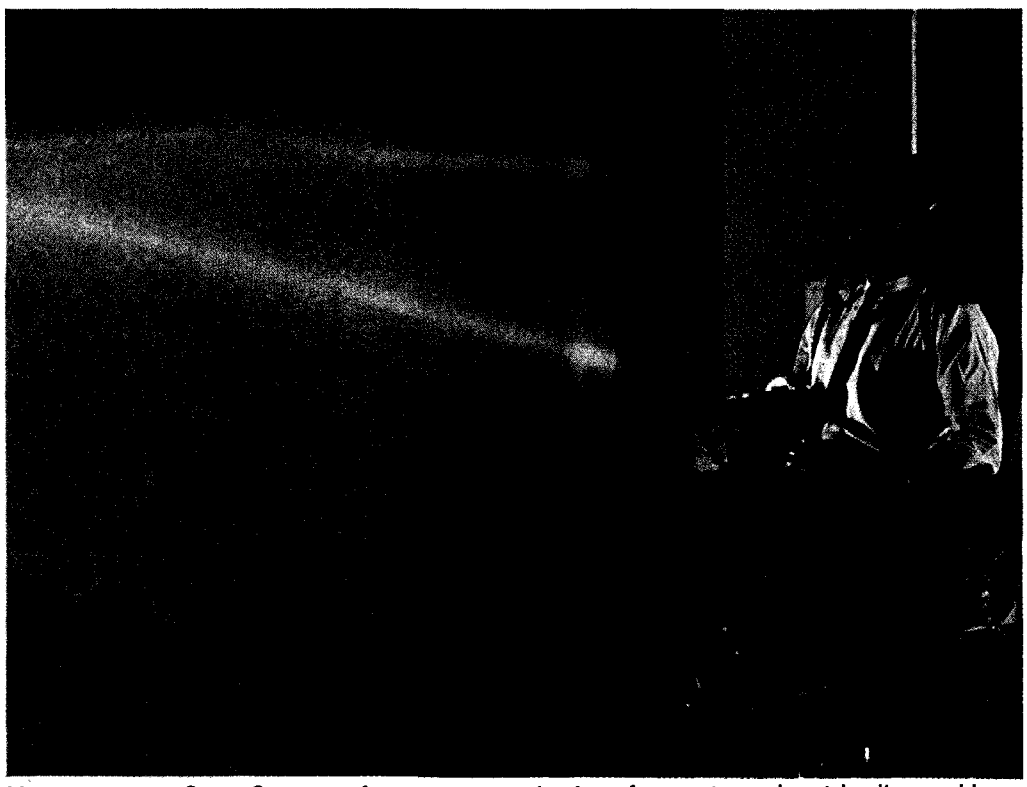
Screens, machines and man reproduce critical lunar landing.



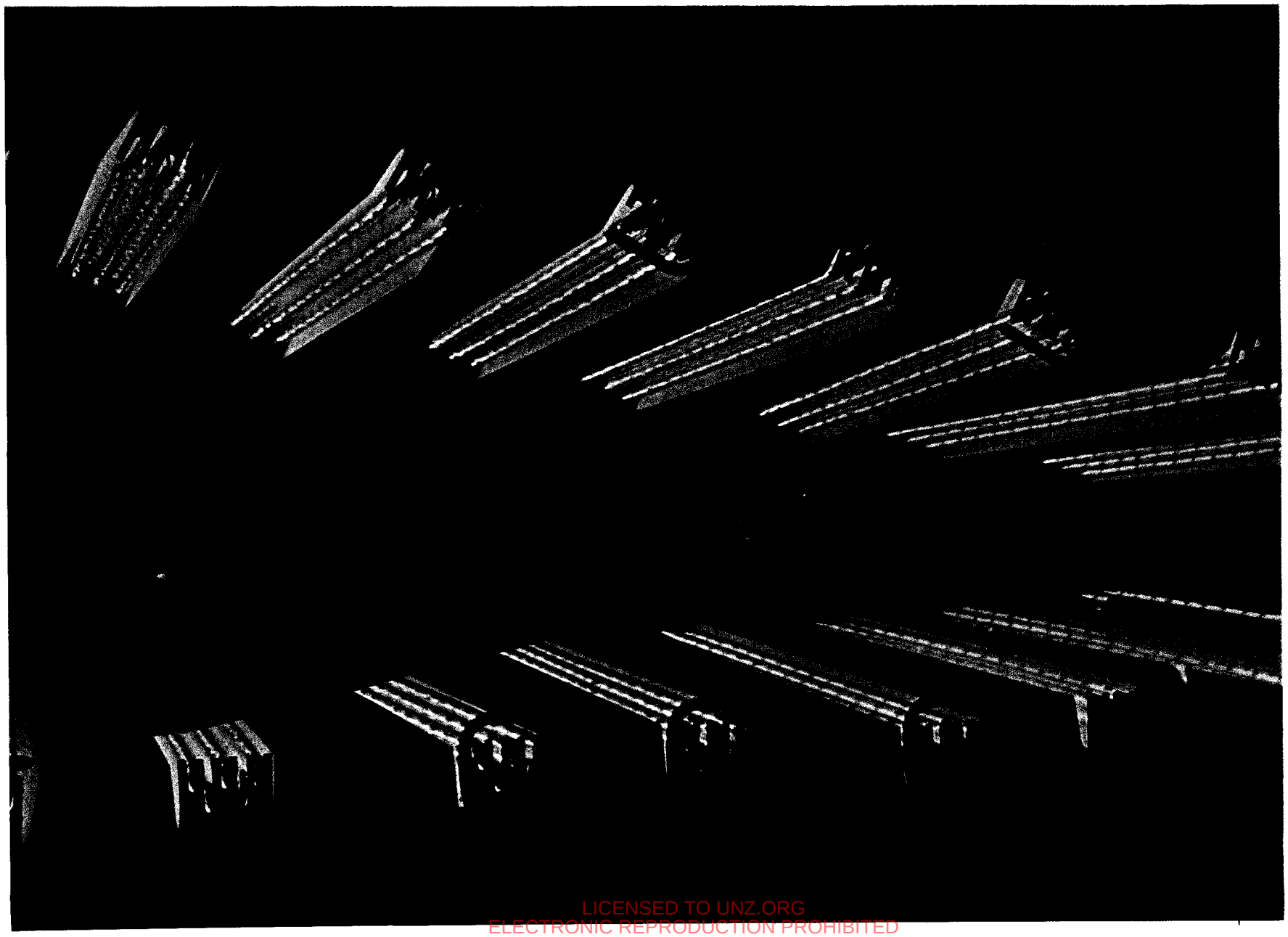
Mercury veteran Scott Carpenter faces screen projection of moon to work out landing problems.

On the right, the X-14A, hovering like a butterfly, gently descends to earth. It is the only flying device in the nation capable of approximating moon landings. With its exhaust section in the exact center of the plane, the X-14A has the ability to ascend and land vertically without using the ordinary controls on the wings and tail. It is used at Ames Research Center in California to train astronauts for the moon landing, which research pilot Fred J. Drinkwater III describes as "one of the most critical first landings in the history of man."

Astronaut Scott Carpenter (left) faces a screen depicting the silvery surface of the moon. As the moon looms larger he tests different landing techniques for the Lunar Excursion Module.

The X-20 Dyna-Soar (below), a spacecraft, is an Air Force vehicle which might be used as a manned orbital bomber or reconnaissance craft. Four Dyna-Soars could keep the whole earth under 24-hour watch. But the temptation to scrap the project and save American taxpayers $300 million could prove too great for the Pentagon. In that case, the Boeing Dyna-Soar, possibly operational in 1966, will never soar.

Glowing at 2,400 degrees Fahrenheit this heat model of the Dyna-Soar goes through test created by quartz lighting in the shape of its reentry corridor.



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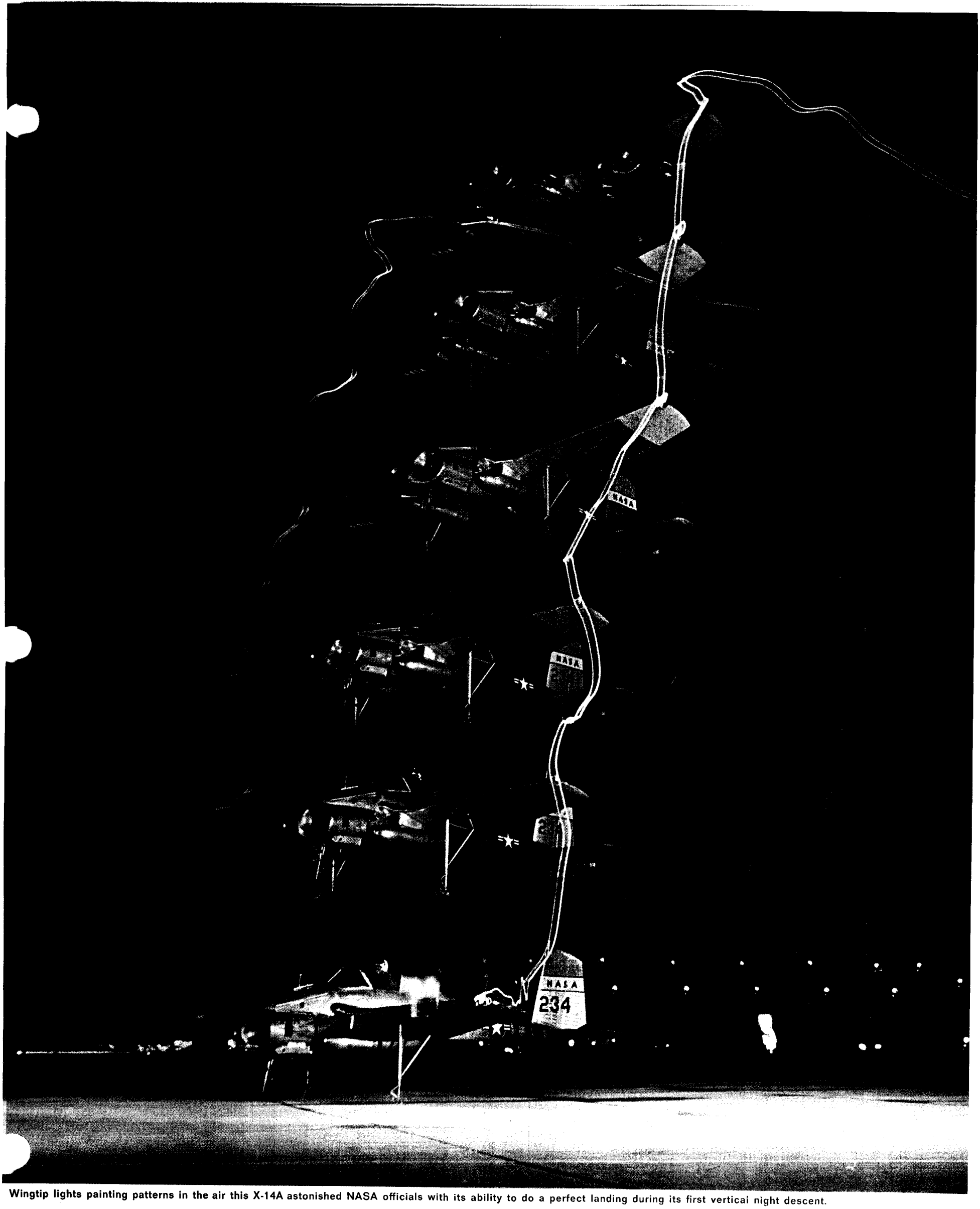

Wingtip lights painting patterns in the air this X-14A astonished NASA officials with its ability to do a perfect landing during its first vertical night descent.

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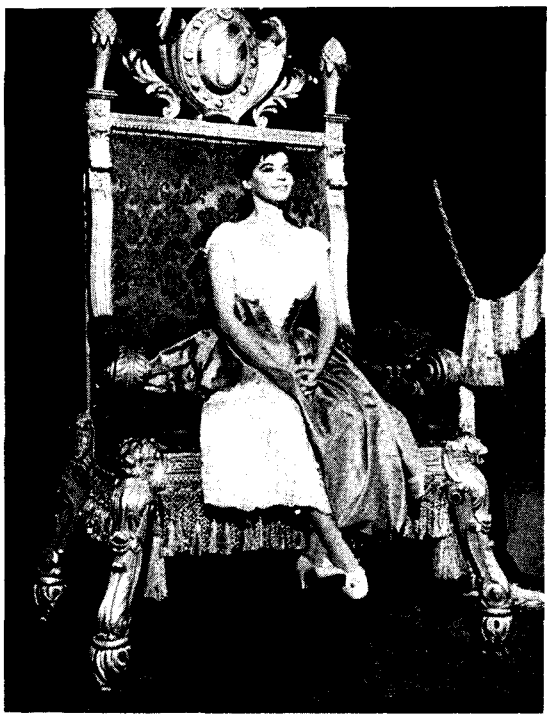

Leslie in "The Glass Slipper."

A WAIF BECOMES A WOMAN

Ex-Hollywood pixie Leslie Caron has emerged as a mature enchantress.

By C. ROBERT JENNINGS

There's sweeter music when she speaks,
Isn't there?
A diff'rent bloom about her cheeks,
Isn't there?
Could I be wrong? Could it be so?
*Oh, where, oh where did Gigi go?**

So went the title song in M-G-M's Oscar-laden version of Colette's imperishable tale of a virtuous courtesan. By hindsight, five years later, it is more than the denouement of a charming musical. It was also curiously prophetic. For Gigi, in the person of Leslie Caron, has climbed out of her elfin skin, consigned her dancing shoes to the attic, swallowed her canary voice and gone dramatic with a vengeance. In a sad, funny, affecting little sleeper out of England called *The L-Shaped Room*, Gigi gets the back of Leslie's quaintly obstinate hand, and for her efforts critics on both sides of the Atlantic are huzzahing. Prince Philip recently handed her Britain's Academy Award for best actress of the year. The once low-key name of Caron is already resounding in Oscar circles, and old friends and fans cheerfully are beginning to pick up the baffled final lament from *Gigi:*

You're not at all that funny, Awkward little girl
I knew,
Oh, no! Overnight there's been a breathless
*change in you.**

Change indeed, wrought in almost equal part by Leslie herself, the consummate support of co-star Tom Bell, and young writer-director Bryan Forbes. In *The L-Shaped Room*, a story of different kinds of loves and their separate lonelinesses, our long-unsullied Gigi lives in a raw, seedy Notting Hill flat with a collection of raffish neighbors and a lover who leaves her when he learns she is pregnant by another man.

"One can be too parochial about actors," says Forbes. "It's a bore. The criterion to go by is whether people are good actors or bad actors. Leslie was typecast by Hollywood in the gamine image, and she suffered for it. All that was exploited was her innocence. I wanted to bring out the other side of this rare coin."

The other side is deceptive at first. In *The L-Shaped Room*, and offscreen now as well, Leslie wears virtually no makeup, her great disconsolate eyes turn inward like a serpent's, her nose climaxes in a tight bulb, there is a double chin, knobby hands, dowdy legs, a luxury of lips, a mole over her right eye and a Birnam wood of eyebrows. The once lithe body has gone frumpy.

*© 1957 (unpub.) and 1958 by Mara-Lane Music Corporation.

But then she speaks, and what comes out is pure light. She moves, and what was gauche, leggy and impish is now all mature grace. What was gawky in Gigi is now magically simple, proud and ultimately moving.

"She's a star, which means nothing," says Tom Bell, "and she's a real woman and fine actress, which means everything. She worked bloody hard to change that image. It was the first time she'd played opposite anyone other than the Louis Jourdan type. I took her to pubs and chatted her up a bit [translation: sweet-talked her]. 'We have to know each other,' I said, and I think we made it. It came off real."

Leslie modestly reduces her fresh triumph to the too-simple fact that "the role is much closer to my real personality. The little French cutesie developed in Hollywood wasn't me at all."

It was a development which began in the most conventional Cinderella fashion. In 1946, when Leslie was barely 16, she danced the leading role in the ballet, *La Rencontre*, in Paris. Gene Kelly attended the red-carpet opening. "Afterwards," Leslie recalls, "he came to my dressing room, but I wasn't there. I'd finished my job, and there was too much gushing and goo and I didn't like it, so I scrubbed my face and went home. But let's face it, I was very good."

So good, in fact, that two years later, when Kelly was casting *An American in Paris* and star-elect Cyd Charisse became pregnant, he remembered that he had been "utterly charmed by this odd, wondrous thing with the pixie face." Kelly flew to Paris to screen-test her. "But if I'd owned the studio, I'd never have bothered with a test."

Leslie went to Hollywood with a cloth suitcase, pitifully few dollars, and her American mother. The studio had reserved a room at the elegant Beverly Wilshire Hotel, but one night and $100 later ("mostly from eating all the food we had not had for years") Leslie took a bus and moved to a small room over a garage near the Culver City studio. Gene Kelly remembers her then as "very shy, removed and puzzled at what we were doing." And Leslie corroborates: "I had never heard jazz before, let alone danced to it. Besides, dancing before a camera instead of an audience was very confusing until I learned to imagine an audience." Though she refused to read the reviews—"I was that arrogant," says Leslie—*An American in Paris* made her a star overnight.

While she indulged herself in Lena Horne records, cheesecake and chocolate cake for breakfast, Leslie was lonely. After such forgettable films as *Glory Alley*, *Story of Three Loves* and *Man With a Cloak*, and one memorable one, *Lili*, the studio allowed her to return to the ballet stage—"only," says an ex-Metroman, "because it thought *Lili* was going to be a terrible failure and there was some doubt even of its release."

Leslie made her Broadway debut in *Les Ballets de Paris* with her idol and mentor, Roland Petit, in whose company she had once been the youngest *petit rat*. "It was quite a disastrous appearance," she remembers. "I was in the last ballet of the evening, and came on about 1:30 in the morning. All the people had left!" She returned to Hollywood for *The Glass Slipper*, *Daddy Long Legs* and *Gaby*, a remake of *Waterloo Bridge*.

But for Leslie, Hollywood was mostly one unrelieved and debilitating fray with studio heads, producers, directors, press agents, hairdressers, makeup men and movie mores. She grew contemptuous of what passes for "taste" in the movie capital. "I was so against their standards that I rented a shack in Laurel Canyon (with her husband, George Hormel II, the meat-packing heir), which wasn't at all fashionable. I was a bluestocking, really, and spent all my time rebelling against swimming-pool values."

Refused to paint "Lili"

Leslie had the toughness to be a successful rebel. And no wonder: She had nearly starved during the Nazi occupation of her beloved Paris; she had triumphed time and again over anemia; and she had known the unconscionable disciplines of the dance since she was eight. These experiences, plus the solidity of a family from the middle class—"with pretentions"—provided her with sinews of steel. She declined to take acting lessons from "an abominable teacher—somebody at the studio's daughter." And during *Lili*, shooting came to an abrupt standstill when she refused to allow the ragamuffin of earlier reels to go glamorous in the end. Each morning after makeup she disappeared "to take the stuff off my face and spit on my hair to straighten it out."

"She was right," says director Charles Walters. "At first she was so ugly it was shocking. But she became absolutely beautiful from inside. That's when I felt she was capable of anything she put that willful, stubborn mind to."

But, says Leslie, "I had to get away from the silly publicity nonsense of Hollywood, appearing at the Mocambo with whomever they chose for you, visiting hospitals just to publicize a film, being photographed with bunnies and being always cute. That's not me. And the agonies of sitting in a chair and having someone curl my hair the wrong way became unbearably painful. They

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Leslie Caron, an Oscar contender as a result of her moving performance in "The L-Shaped Room," displays her newly acquired cosmopolitan glamour in a suit designed by Dior's Marc Bohan.

never even had the decency to let me know what film I was doing next—I had to read about it. Everyone was sheep, but *I* am not sheep."

Recalcitrance resulted in suspensions. Leslie set up a dancing school "to have enough money to refuse scripts I didn't like. I was a rough teacher, but good." Still, the body has a short memory and demands torturous daily workouts. For Leslie teaching meant chronic fatigue, collapse, more anemia, doctors' injections. "Dancing," she says, "is only fun when you can do it without pain. You have to be a Russian horse to stand it." Regretfully she gave it up. In this same period her marriage to Hormel fell apart—"I married wrongly *because* of Hollywood," she maintains, not without bitterness. And finally self-doubt settled in like smog. "I realized that since I was doing movies, perhaps I should have become a really *good* movie star. But I just couldn't take all the mush, the unreal life. I remember Dore Schary calling a conference on 'Movie Star Behavior,' but I just couldn't go. My stay in Hollywood was a long and slow form of nervous breakdown, really. By the time I left, I was a total wreck."

In retrospect, Leslie feels that "many were kind." But she mostly—and defiantly—remembers "contantly fighting Hollywood to let me go back to the stage or try something different. I wanted to solidify my fame." And occasionally she succeeded. Between films she did Renoir's offbeat play *Orvet* in Paris, Anouilh's *The Wild Bird* on British TV, and she met director Peter Hall the day she reported for work in 1956 on the London stage version of *Gigi*. He subsequently guided her through Giraudoux's *Ondine* and into a Marylebone Street marriage court.

Today, at 32, Leslie presides with a tea-garden touch over "Avoncliffe" on Tiddington Road, a lush suzerainty in Stratford-on-Avon, which includes an Aston-Martin auto "for Peter," a Morris shooting brake "for suitcases, dogs, children, flower pots, paint and peat bags"; wedding photo albums by Antony Armstrong-Jones, an English sheepdog named after the Elizabethan clown Simpkin, two gardeners, a cook, a cousin who helps with the housekeeping, a boat-upon-Avon, two storybook children, Jennifer and Christopher John, French gardens which are roughly the size of Versailles, and a cavernous country house. It is chockablock with antiques, as is her London town house "which is even more decadent." Mostly she paints, cooks ("Acting is only half my career; the other half is making cream puffs") and tenderly ministers to her family and her flowers. She has even adjusted to the retirement of her twinkle toes: "To have kept dancing would have left me stale."

For all its sylvan splendors there is a simplicity, too, about this new life. It suits both Leslie and Peter, a moonfaced young man who graduated from penniless son of a railroad worker to brilliant director of the Royal Shakespeare Theater Company. "At first," says Leslie, the English-Gallic charm sharpened by candor, "I felt victimized by my reputation, then greatly envied. The press was very sarcastic about our marriage. I was commercial and Peter was avant-garde—like when Arthur Miller married Monroe. But not so now. Each of our reputations has rubbed off on the other. Peter's had some glamour from me, and I've had some respectability from him."

There is, however, one Hollywood touch. Each day behind Avoncliffe a tourist boat heaves into view, necks go out of joint, and international eyes pop as a guide intones, "And this is the home of the film star, Leslie Caron...." THE END

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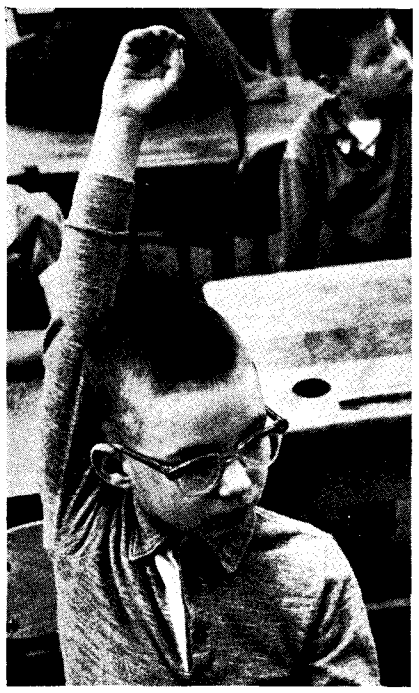


Bright response greets new math method.

Crisis in education

LAST CHANCE FOR OUR SCHOOLS?

Despite pious talk about a revolution in education, the new materials and methods are making slow headway against entrenched ideas that are cheating our children of their right to know.

By MARTIN MAYER

All societies, as someone once observed, must find a way to civilize constantly advancing hordes of barbarians—their own children. In the schools you can discover what the governing adults of a society think children will need to make out in the local world. And then you know something of how the people in this place live and work, build and destroy, learn about each other, achieve their personalities, and die.

As reflected in their schools, the American people are well-meaning, money-conscious and rather old-fashioned. American schools, by and large, are supposed to inculcate nice attitudes toward others; they emphasize at every turn the importance of the kind of jobs people do; and they specialize in the literature and the social and scientific beliefs that were current in the 19th century. Even the educational controversies typically revolve around notions attributed to a man named John Dewey, whose closest contemporary among historically important Americans was Theodore Roosevelt.

America simply has to be better than that. We invented the 20th century. Our schools, for complicated reasons, got left behind. One of the most important and difficult jobs the United States faces as a nation is to yank its schools into the 20th century. Today, thanks to an odd combination of luck and brains, worry about the Russians and young faces in old jobs, we have a chance to do it. But the time is now, and only now; such chances come up only once in a generation.

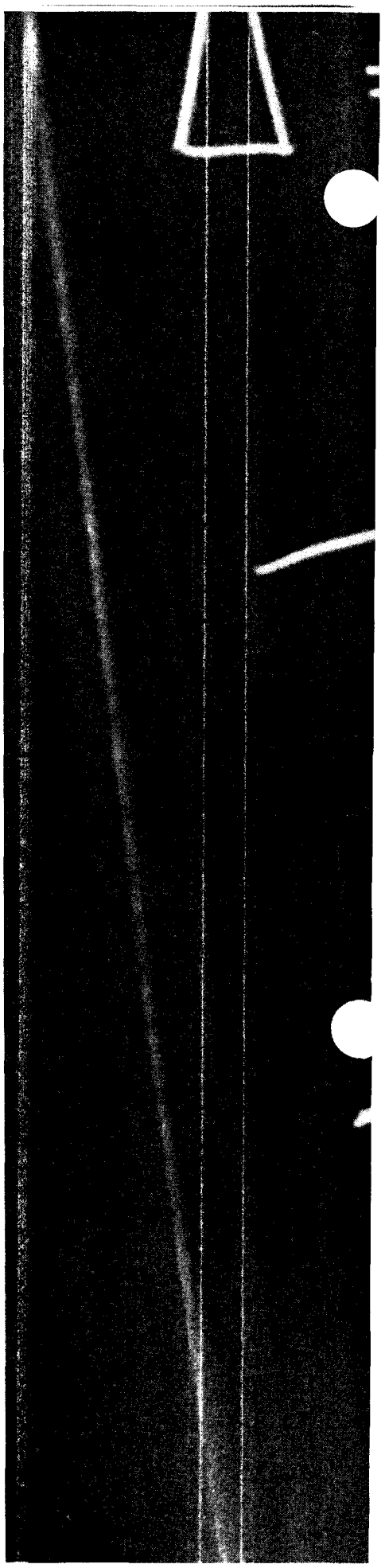
In the six years since Sputnik, new men have been rising to leadership in American education, as in American politics. They don't ache in wet weather with scars from the old wars. And they know something the older generation of educators never even guessed—that they are ignorant, so ignorant they cannot hope to design by themselves the schoolwork that might help prepare American children to live in the 21st century.

While the educators have been learning about their own ignorance, the men and women in the universities have been learning something about education. First a few, then a few more, now a few hundred scholars and scientists have found that they care not only about their professorships, labs and libraries but also about how children make contact with math and music, physics and French, anthropology and economics. Instead of sneering at the "educationists," they have gone and got their hands dirty in the schools. Helped by some remarkably able teachers and by money from the charitable foundations and the Federal Government (especially the National Science Foundation), they have demonstrated how intelligent our children can be, if a teacher gives them something they can use their intelligence on.

Today, thanks to these demonstrations, some American schools are teaching math, science and foreign languages in a form recognizable to mathematicians, scientists and linguists. More schools are giving children real books to read rather than the texts and "readers" which are the original non-book. Some are attempting with older children scholarly material that used to be considered "college work." Education itself is becoming a subject about which intelligent people can take an intelligent interest, and more able youngsters are coming into teaching every year. As the Harvard psychologist Jerome Bruner recently put it, "Education is being brought into the mainstream of national life."

But the ship still has only a skeleton crew. People who talk about the "revolution" in American education are talking about a few hundreds out of tens of thousands of schools, a few tens of thousands out of tens of millions of students. We still have only a handful of scholar-teachers at work in the schools, and they have no organization to push their work ahead or spread it out. Most of them are not Organization Men anyway. They work in small, like-minded groups which maintain little or no contact with each other. They are fiercely individual, and they are working for love, which is not always a permanent emotion. There is no system to reward them or keep them going—the universities won't give credit or promotions even for good college teaching. And their partners among the educators seem much more numerous than they really are, because all the publicity flows their way. In fact, our educational leaders are still mostly the people that the younger professors at Columbia Teachers College call "the Neanderthals," and they are forever looking for a way to go back to their safe, dark caves.

Making changes in the schools is uncomfortable, like making changes in your house. To say that some schools teach mathematics in a form recognizable to mathematicians sounds fine; what it means is that these schools teach math in a form *not* recognizable to administrators or parents—or to the teacher, unless she has had some special preparation first. Most Americans in and out of education pride themselves on their "common sense," but common sense in the modern world is often another name for ignorance. Where common sense sees a magnet only as a piece of iron that picks up needles, the physicist sees an invisible arrangement of ferrite particles; where common sense sees a primitive society only as a howling bunch of half-naked savages, the anthropologist discovers the intricate social order by which these people arrange their lives. The reality with which our children must deal is the arrangement of particles, the alien culture. And we can't teach them about it ourselves; they have to learn it in school.



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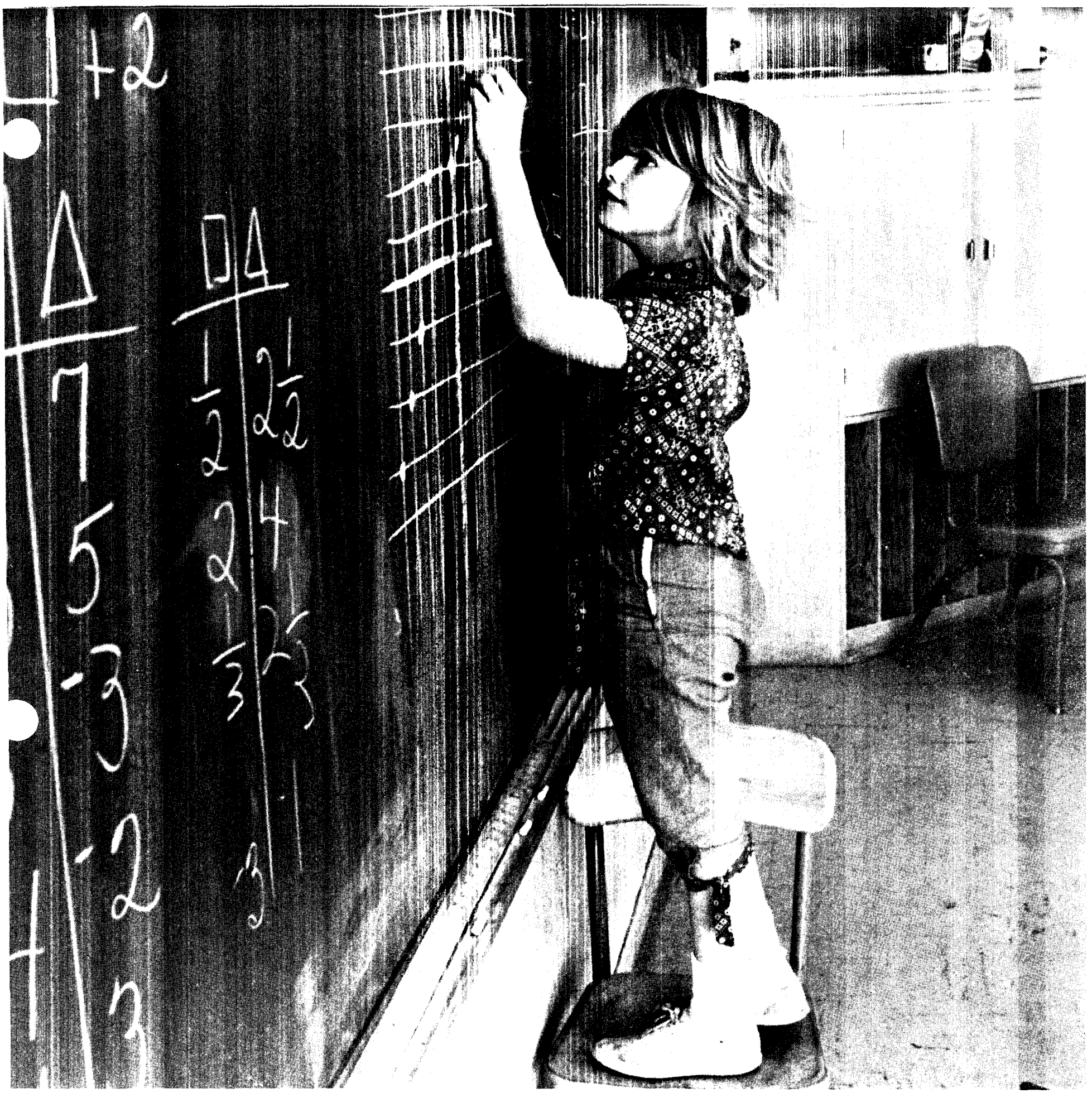

At Weston, Conn., an eager second-grader works abstract mathematical problems at the blackboard. New system, called Madison Project, helps youngsters solve complex problems.

Most of what is written about our schools is about teachers' salaries or juvenile disorder, or dances or football games, or driver training or religion—but what counts most is the intellectual equipment our children take with them from their years in the classroom. Today, by the standards of what they are going to need, more than 95 percent of our kids are emerging from school pretty badly equipped. Everybody says that we live in a changing world, but lots of people in schools and in homes refuse to take the obvious next step and admit that today's children are going to have to know a lot more than their parents ever knew. Most parents, unthinkingly, want their children to be just like them (only "happier," and more successful financially); most schools are perfectly willing to give the public what it wants. Add a pinch of economy and flavor liberally with politicking—and you have a recipe for disaster.

So far, math and physics have given us most of our new ways to teach the 20th century. Though most Americans and most teachers will find it hard to believe, math and physics are very simple subjects. ("Anything at all complicated," the physicist Walter Michels of Bryn Mawr told a conference a few years ago, "we call chemistry.") Humpty Dumpty, the great zero in the mathematical fantasy of *Through the Looking-Glass*, tells Alice that he can make a word mean "just what I choose it to mean. . . . The question is which is to be master—that's all." In spoken languages, unfortunately, such control over meaning is impossible; but in mathematics the teacher and the student, if they know what they are doing, can control the meaning of the symbol.

Not long ago, for example, in the Meramec School in Clayton, Mo., just outside St. Louis, a tall, blond, 18-year-old girl named Ann Etzkorn was working wonders with one of the most elegant and original of the new math programs. She stood loose at the front of the second-grade class. Beside her was a low table and a box of colored sticks, each about an inch in diameter, ranging from one to ten inches in length. Until now the class, which she taught once a week as part of her sophomore-year work at Webster College, had regarded the shortest of the

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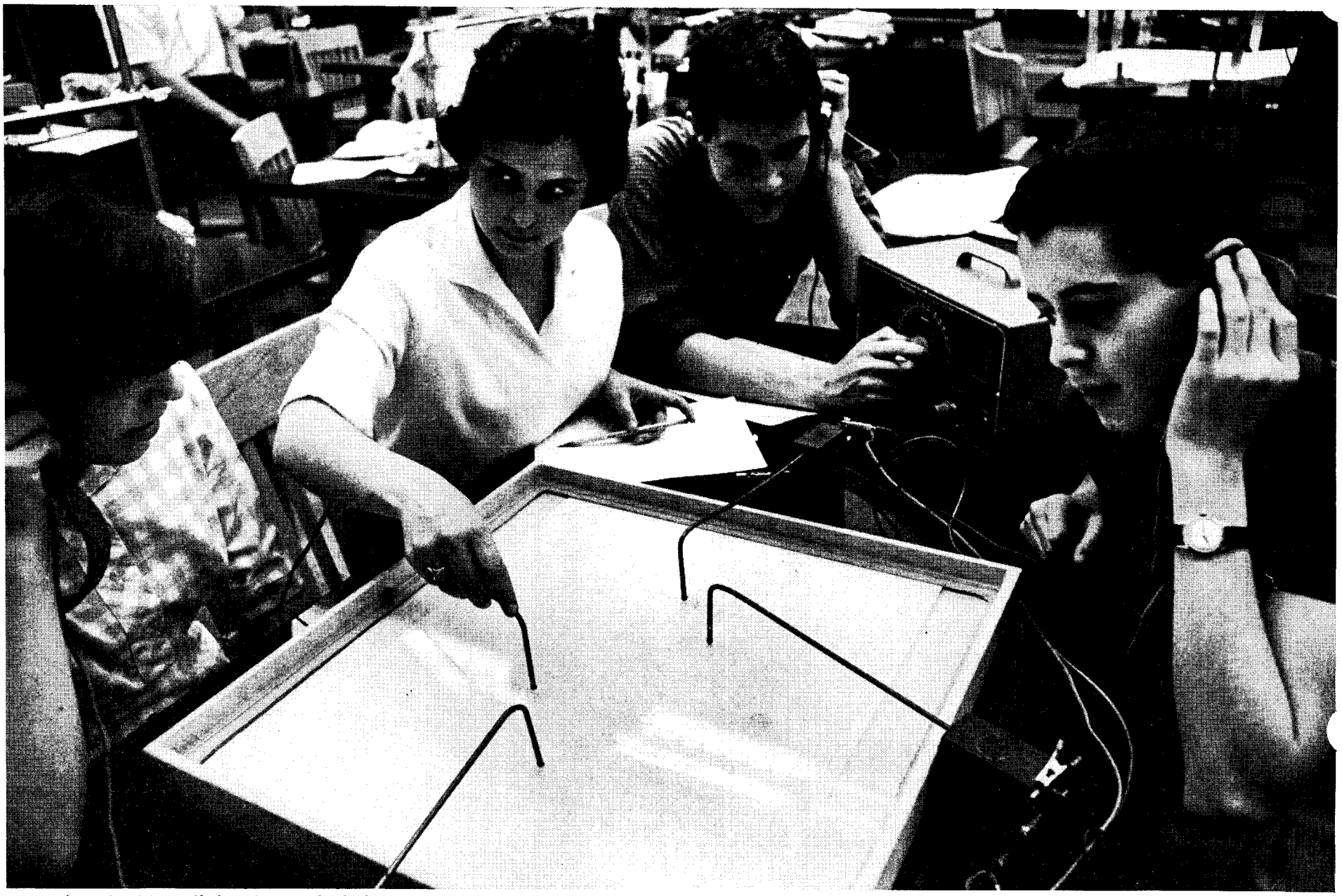

In contrast to pupils learning standard physics, high-school students in Evanston, Ill., work with new electronic gear developed by the Physical Sciences Study Group at M.I.T.

LAST CHANCE?

sticks as "1" and the longest as "10." Today, however, she was taking them into fractions, so the "1" could be anywhere. If she took the usual four-stick as "1," then the usual one-stick became "¼."

"Let's call this '1,'" said Miss Etzkorn, holding up the usual three-stick in her left hand. She took the one-stick in her right hand and said, "Then what's this?"

A girl said, "One half."

"All right. Show it to me."

The little girl flounced to the front of the class, took two of the usual one-sticks and placed them end to end, and found that the three-stick was still longer. She said, "Oh." Then she added a third one-stick, and the lengths were even. She said, "It's one third."

"Well," said the student teacher, "I guess you're right."

This section of the lesson continued for about 15 minutes. Then these seven-year-olds, the less advanced of the two second-grade classes at the school, proceeded to work on "open sentences," like "2+ (2x□) = 8," the problem being to find the number to write in the □ that would "make the sentence true." The class was divided in half to compete in finding true answers to such questions; every time the right side of the room got an answer, the teacher credited it with a "negative one" (—1), and every time the left side came up with an answer it was credited with a "positive one" (+1). "When I add a negative one to a positive two, what do I get?" At no time did Miss Etzkorn say that an answer was right or wrong; the children had to prove their answers for themselves.

Important mathematical and teaching reasons lie behind everything this girl was doing with these children. If a child knows that ¼ + ½ = ¾ because there is some mysterious process called "the lowest common multiple," then every time mathematics must be handled, the child will be at the mercy of knowing or not knowing a mysterious process. If he knows that ¼ + ½ = ¾ is just the same as 1 + 2 = 3, with the four-stick changed for the one-stick, he has taken a major step toward solving all future manipulations involving fractions, decimals, exponents and logarithms. By using "sentences" rather than "equations," he gets a feeling for numbers as ways of saying things which may be true or false, rather than as God-given perfect entities with answers in the back of the book. By growing accustomed to "negative numbers" as well as the usual positive numbers, he learns to regard "0" as a balance point rather than as "nothing," which will be useful later when he has to use mathematics to handle problems in science.

Not one in a thousand experienced second-grade teachers could have handled this material so well as this 18-year-old college sophomore at the front of the class. Our student teacher does so well with it not because she is a genius at math or teaching (though she is obviously an unusually bright and talented girl), but because she is learning her own higher mathematics in much the same way that she teaches children.

Her teacher is Robert Davis, a pale, intolerantly clear-headed young mathematician in horn-rimmed glasses, who runs the "Madison Project" in elementary math. Financed by the U.S. Office of Education, the Madison Project has the long-range goal of a complete, new, tested and workable math program from kindergarten through ninth grade. Davis started it seven years ago when he was a young math instructor at Syracuse University and took time off to work with the teachers and children at the Madison School in a rather poor neighborhood of Syracuse. The project has already produced half a dozen films and several hundred pages of ideas teachers can write on blackboards so children can play with them; and Syracuse still sponsors the work, though Davis has moved on to Webster College

Webster, a stimulating place, is a girls' college run by the Sisters of Loretto, a Catholic teaching order that exists in the western half of the United States. Most Webster girls will go into teaching—public-school teaching, because the local Catholic schools are too broke to pay decent salaries and too overcrowded to permit interesting classroom work. Webster's aim is to prepare future teachers for interesting work.

The driving force at Webster is its vi president, Sister M. Jacqueline, an ar-

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Campbell puts more goodness in ...so she gets more goodness out

See the chicken in that spoon—chunks of real chicken. See the golden real-egg noodles. Taste the rich real-chicken broth. You can have it ready for your child in four minutes—**Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup**

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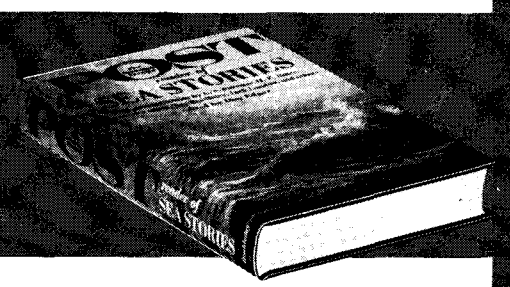

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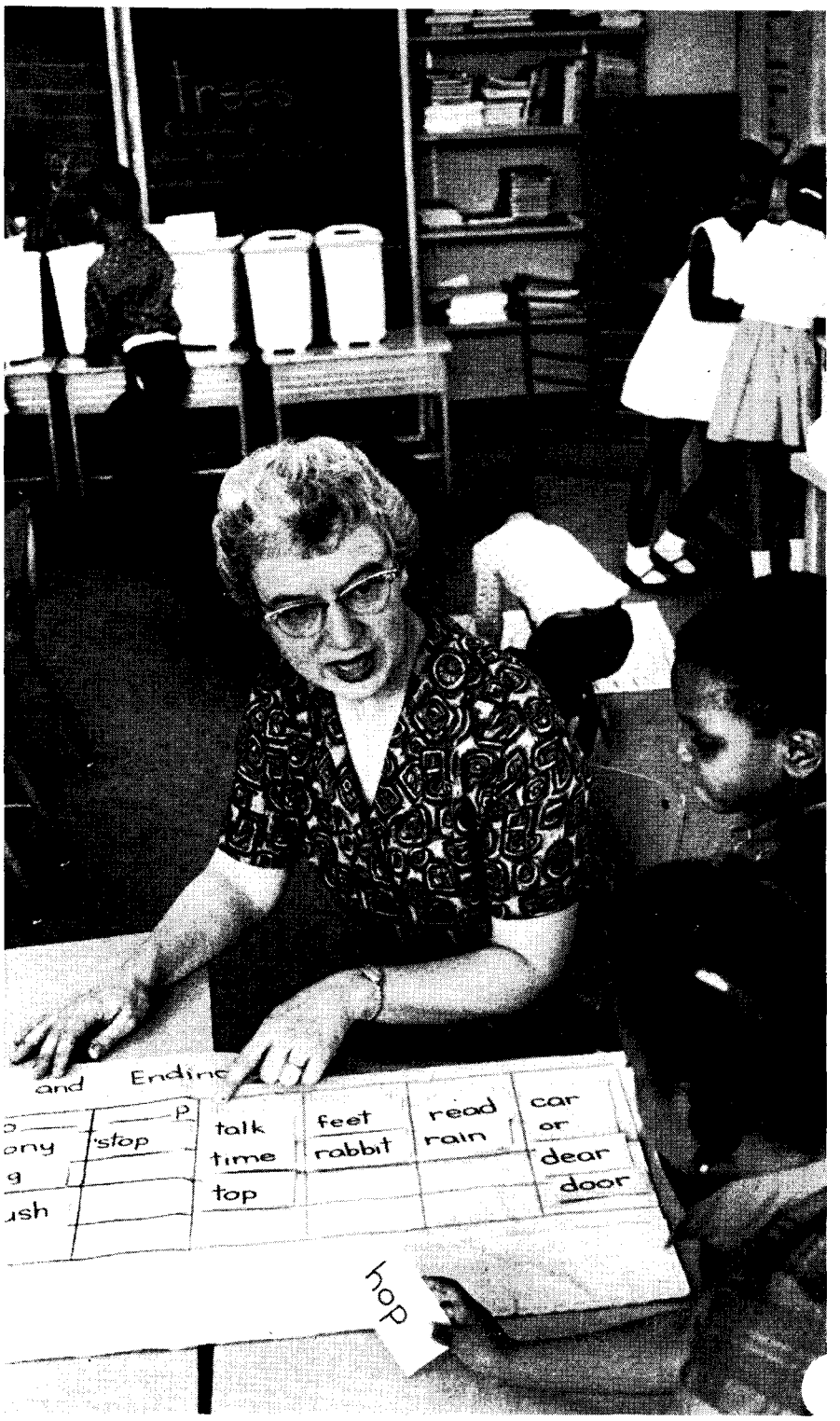
LAST CHANCE?

dent, fiercely intelligent young nun who may be the nation's most accomplished fund raiser—nobody else has ever raised money in the same week for the same purpose from both Conrad Hilton and Jimmy Hoffa. Sister Jacqueline and her Sisters have been rapidly buying land, refurbishing and constructing laboratories, libraries, a music building, a theater, etc. The heart of the work, however, is the recruitment of a faculty that can meet Webster's stiff requirements, and the aggressively intellectual nuns have lured in half a dozen highly unconventional scholars (among them a Japanese biologist who writes funny final exams).

Davis, who heads the Webster math department in addition to designing elementary materials, now has his Madison Project going in Scarsdale, Syracuse, and Weston, Conn., as well as in the St. Louis area. The new materials are taught one day a week—"but," he says, "of course, they infiltrate all the teaching." Correctly handled, Davis's approach is enormously exciting to children, who work themselves up into almost hysterical involvement with the abstract problems they are asked to solve. The sentence "2 + (2 x □) = 8" seems to get at the nature of children's minds. The usual arithmetic problems—"The third grade



At a Chicago slum school, Mabel Hemington proves deprived children can learn well.

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NOT CONTRIBUTED ANYTHING IMPORTANT.

held a picnic; eleven children took ham sandwiches, fourteen took cheese sandwiches," and so on—really look good only to adults.

"The issue of expanding the project," Davis says in his brisk way, "comes down to personnel." So, really, do all issues in education. Webster College, unlike other teacher-training institutions, is honestly committed to the notion that people do not have to be born good teachers; they can be made good teachers through education. If this fantastically difficult job is to be done—as Jerome Wiesner, the President's Science Adviser, once said to Sister Jacqueline—future teachers must work on their own college liberal arts program using the same approaches, the same "modes of inquiry" they want their future students to follow in school. The quality of their college teaching in the important subjects—*not* their "education courses"—becomes the key question. One of the genuinely exciting possibilities in contemporary American schooling is that Sister Jacqueline will win her gamble. Washington University of St. Louis is already seeking ways to work with little Webster. And Sister Jacqueline's most significant moral and intellectual support at this moment arises from M.I.T.

The M.I.T. powerhouse

M.I.T. has been the powerhouse for much of the work to revitalize American schools. This year more than a third of all the high-school students who take physics in the United States will drive through a textbook, films, laboratory experiments and outside reading developed from scratch over the last seven years by the Physical Sciences Study Committee (P.S.S.C.), which is run by M.I.T. professors. About a hundred research physicists worked with an equal number of teachers (and with seven million dollars from the National Science Foundation) to produce the course, which deals with subjects like time and measurement, light and atoms rather than with the traditional ropes-and-pulleys stuff that still passes for physics in too many American high schools.

Other programs in biology, chemistry and math, most of them following the P.S.S.C. model, are already past the tryout stage in hundreds of schools.

And new ways "to get students cooking," as the historian Henry Bragdon of Exeter puts it, are in various stages of work by scholars in other school subjects ranging from reading to anthropology.

At Harvard, the anthropologist Douglas Oliver is working on a sequence of films, laboratory experiments and readings that will teach anthropology and very ancient history (the kind that has been dug out of the earth by archaeologists) from grades one to six.

At Carnegie Tech, a young schoolteacher, Mrs. Lois Josephs, is driving a U.S. Office of Education "Project English" team toward a high-school course hat will present modern taste and modern nterpretation in serious literature—close analysis of what the words really mean from Shakespeare to Scott Fitzgerald—rather than the usual old-nanny approach to warmed-over "classics."

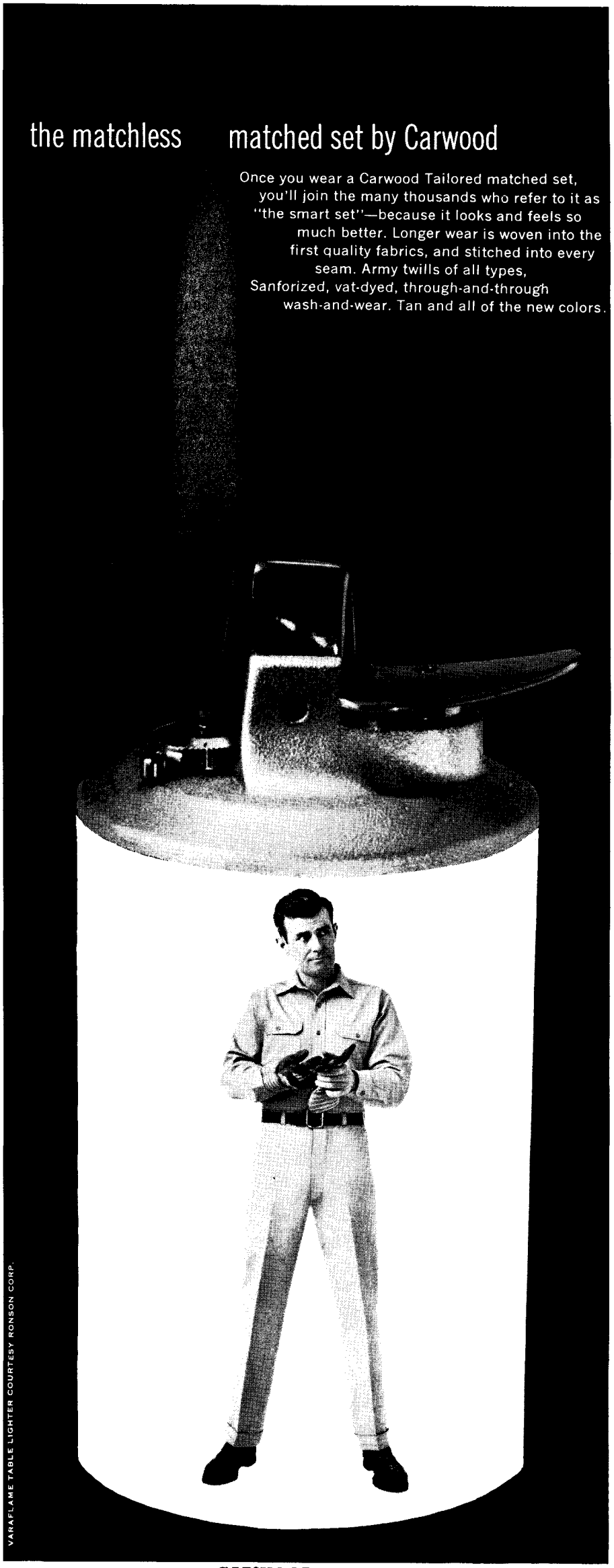
At Michigan, Gerald Else is sweating out the job of bringing to the high schools the best of contemporary work in the study of Latin—and Greek!

At Purdue University and in all the public schools of Elkhart, Ind., Lawrence Senesh is finishing work on a three-year course of study that teaches economics with a capital E (including unemployment, the farm problem and the banking system) to children in first, second and third grades. Within a month or so the first-grade pamphlets for this program will be on sale.

"To me," says Senesh, an amazingly energetic Hungarian refugee with his own private accent in English, "every child I teach is the future chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers." All the reformers share this attitude. "The schoolboy learning physics," as Jerome Bruner put it in his book *The Process of Education*, "*is* a physicist, and it is easier for him to learn physics behaving like a physicist than doing something else." These reformers are not teaching simply a grab bag of new "concepts" about the world, but the *habits of mind* that mark the serious academic studies. Bruner's phrase for it is "the structure of the discipline."

For this reason the teaching ideas that have been developed by the reformers cannot simply be picked up and thrown into other courses by "curriculum designers" who lack the necessary habit of mind. Trying to use Davis's idea of the "sentence" in mathematics, for example, the math program in Winnetka, Ill., asks sixth-graders how many sentences can be written with the numerals 16, 9 and 7; and the answer demanded is "four," because there are only four correct equations (16 - 9 = 7, etc.). But one can write "7 + 16 = 9" just as easily as one can write "The moon is made of cheese"; these sentences simply happen not to be true. Serious thinking starts with the problems that don't work out, not with the ones that do. If math (or logic) is to be of any use to anybody, it must be able to state what is false as well as what is true, for the purpose of proving falsity. The existence of false as well as true sentences is the reason scientists can set up experiments mathematically, and it is central to what Davis is trying to teach—and Winnetka lost it.

Again, the Educational Research Council of Greater Cleveland recently tried to pick up Senesh's economics work in a new social-studies program for elementary grades. But the teachers involved, knowing little economics and accepting guidance from their common sense, reasoned that children come into contact with stores, not with steel mills, so the way to approach economics was through the stores and what you bought there. Retailing, however, is immensely complicated economics, while steel mills involve simple economics. Lacking the economist's habit of mind, the Cleveland teachers had no way to appreciate that Senesh's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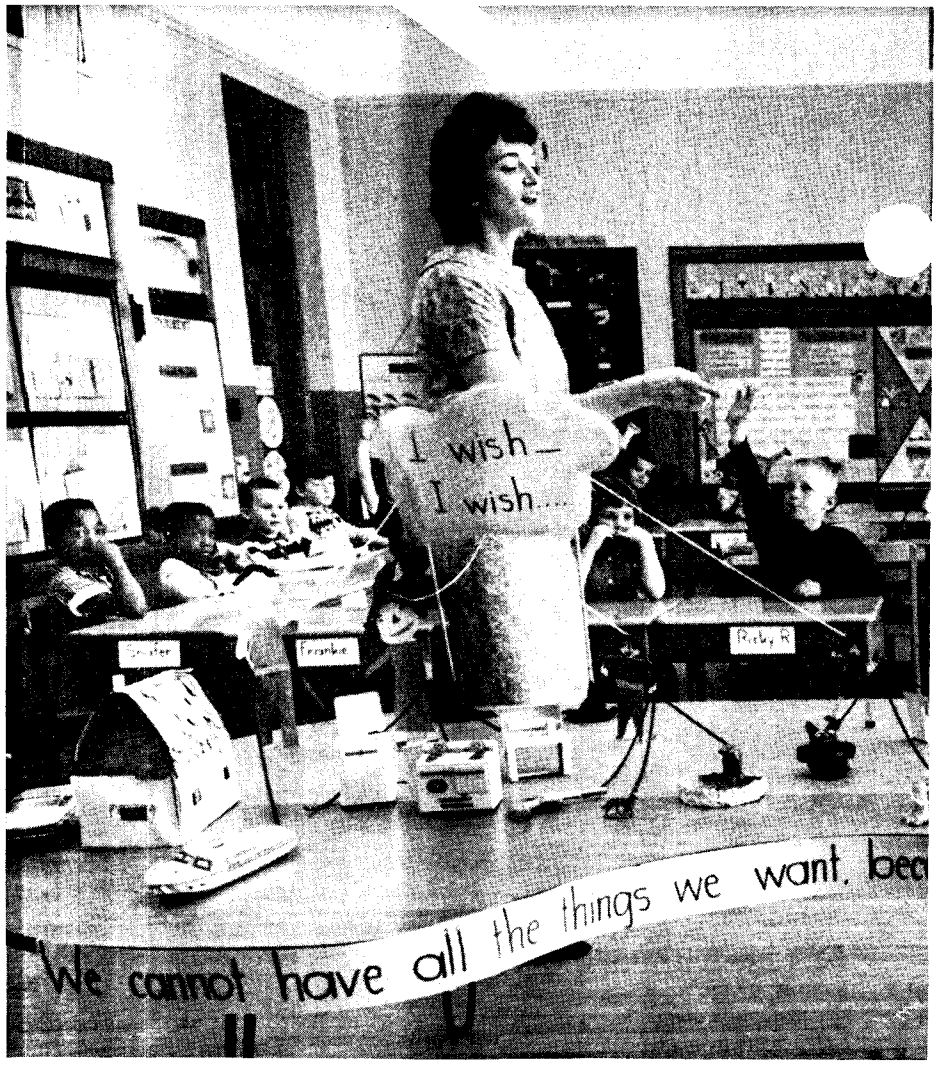
THE NEW METHODS GIVE TEACHERS MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY GIVE THE CHILDREN.



Elementary-grade pupils in a school at Elkhart, Ind., study an economics course develope

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material worked partly *because* he dealt only with manufacturers and consumers, short-circuiting for teaching purposes the complications of retail distribution.

By and large, the new teaching ideas give teachers more trouble than they give children—but you can't get them near the children unless the teachers are prepared to do the job. The mathematicians and scientists have plunged directly into the enormous swamp of teacher training: The National Science Foundation now spends upward of $40 million a year on summer "institutes" and year-long "in-service courses." At their best, these NSF programs are neither college courses in the subject matter nor education courses; they are carefully calculated attempts to introduce teachers to the difference between what they used to teach and what they will be teaching, which is the habit of mind of the working scientist.

Unfortunately, our teachers colleges and schools of education make no contact whatever with the new teaching ideas because most of their professors have little contact themselves with either scholarship or science. Nearly all the new teachers starting work in the schools this month are as commonsensical and as badly equipped to handle modern programs as the oldest fogy in the classroom. How deep this deficiency lies is interestingly demonstrated by James Bryant Conant's new report, *The Education of American Teachers*, which will be published next week. Conant's 27 recommendations, if adopted, would clean up the worst of the mess in the course requirements of education schools and in the teacher-certification laws; but they would scarcely touch the competence of teachers to handle new teaching ideas. Though Conant started as a scientist, he pays little attention to the work his former colleagues have done in the schools and in summer institutes over the last decade—he has apparently decided that the education schools are not yet ready to handle the idea end of teaching. Over the next decade this folly will cost the nation's taxpayers several billions of dollars in teacher-retraining expense.

Maybe there is one excuse—that many school administrators do not themselves understand what is wrong with the old-fashioned stuff they are offering in their classrooms. Some things strike superintendents and school-board members as "practical"; other things don't. For all their talk of change, school men rarely understand that what was "practical" yesterday is probably obsolete today and may be worthless within 10 years.

School administrators don't often have much time to think—and when they do, they tend to think about school administration rather than about geometry or geography or German literature. The ideas that really fascinate them, inevitably, are ideas about ways to run schools, not about ways to reach children's minds. When they talk about a "revolution" in American education, what they usually mean is a collection of new *procedures*—non-graded classes, team teaching, educational television, programmed instruction ("teaching machines")—which make schools look different.

Watching the administrators in conference about their "revolution" brings back memories of the days when refrigerators were new, and people complained that they couldn't control the cooling action. On cold days the box got too cold and on warm days it might not get cold enough. Ever obliging, a manufacturer put a "cold control" dial in his box and sold a number of refrigerators to people who never found out that the dial wasn't connected to anything. Lots of "educational innovation" is like that dial—a gimmick that looks great but isn't connected to anything. It is painfully easy to give a misleading, old-fashioned education with the newest of educational gadgets.

Not all the new gimmicks are worthless, of course. Team teaching, for example, might get us out of the trap of the "egg-crate" school. Today we generally divide a group of 180 children into six separated classes of 30, each its own empire ruled by its own teacher. In a team arrangement these 180 children would be the responsibility of six teachers working together. All sorts of problems can then be solved—in theory.

Obstacles to merit pay

For example, we have to attract more capable people into teaching, and the surest way to recruit people is to pay a good salary. In the "egg-crate" school, however, everybody does the same job, which means that everybody has to be on the same salary scale. ("Merit pay" plans, which look good to outsiders, are usually hopeless, because teachers don't trust the people who determine their "merit," and because all parents want only the most "meritorious" teachers for their kids.) There is never going to be enough money in education to pay really attractive salaries to all teachers, simply because there are too many of them—more teachers, in fact, than auto workers and steel workers put together. But the teaching team needs a team leader, perhaps with one or two assistant leaders. The leaders of the teams obviously have different and more difficult jobs, which should command higher salaries.

In the "egg-crate" school, again, all children study all subjects in classes of the same size—which is nonsense. Teamed teachers, on the other hand, get a chance to split the load sensibly, working sometimes with large groups and sometimes with only a handful of children.

Most important of all, the team allows its members to specialize in teaching what they know best and like most. Any improvement in the education we offer our children will require more specialized teachers. Miss Jones, who is terrified of electric buzzers and snakes, certainly ought not be teaching science to her fifth-graders—especially not when Mr. Smith next door, who cares about science but never could stand poetry or grammar, is running *his* fifth-graders through some mechanical exercises in English.

There are a few schools where all the benefits of the team theory have, in fact, been realized. One of them is Mt. Greylock Regional High School just outside Williamstown, Mass., where principal Philip MacDonald, a wry Harvard alumnus still in his early 30's, has carried the idea a step further, using both professors and students from nearby Williams College as supplements to his teams. Organizing this new school, MacDonald drove 25,000 miles around the northeastern United States looking first for true master teachers (to whom he pays some of the highest schoolteaching salaries in the United States), then for outstanding liberal-arts graduates working toward a Master of Arts in Teaching and seeking their first jobs. Beginners come into Mt. Greylock with the understanding that they will not be there long—they will learn their trade for two or three years under the guidance of master teachers and then pass on, making room for other beginners whose low rank on the salary schedule will keep Mt. Greylock's *average* teacher salary down where the community says it has to be.

Team teaching works at Mt. Greylock because the school *uses* the gadget. Math, science and foreign languages are taught according to the new programs, and advanced placement (college-level courses offered in the high school for students who can handle them) has been part of the scheme from the start. Where teams have been set up just for their own sake, however, because administrators thought the theory looked so good on paper, team teaching has failed, sometimes disastrously. Teachers are people, not parts of a machine; if you are going to ask them for the extra flexibility that teamwork requires, you have to give them a reason to want to be flexible. The only reason that makes sense is the chance to teach more powerfully and more successfully—a chance that grows out of new ideas, not out of administrative gimmicks.

Failure to *use* the gadget also accounts for much of the teacher opposition to educational television—if television does not do anything that a teacher can't do just about as well all by himself, why bother with it? Here again, of course, the theory is spectacular, and the potential benefits look enormous. Television, the theory says, can bring the outside world within the walls of a classroom; and it allows a great teacher to make contact with hundreds of thousands of children.

We have been trying out this theory on a large scale. There are television sets today in the great majority of American schools, though only in a small minority of classrooms. Almost 80 cities now have their own educational television stations, and more will follow. New York state alone expects to have 27 transmitters operating within a few years. "Federal aid" is already a reality here: Congress in 1962 appropriated $32 million for matching grants to states, cities and educational institutions which were interested in putting up educational television facilities.

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at Purdue. Instead of just grocery-store economics, it deals with matters like unemployment.

Mrs. Anne Slack, perhaps the best of TV teachers, uses a puppet to animate her lessons.

And teaching by television "works"—nobody who has watched a class of children involved with the televised image of Mrs. Anne Slack can have any doubts on the matter. "*Écoutez!*" says the pretty Mrs. Slack, pointing the first finger of her left hand at her ear, and the children listen while she says a phrase in French. Then, "*Répétez!*" says Mrs. Slack, pointing through the set at the children, and they parrot back, with a surprisingly good accent, what she has said. Children watching a television set in an elementary classroom do not sit limp with slack jaws as they do when they watch a television set at home; they respond with motions and words to what a good teacher on the screen asks them to do. (The same results are not achieved, incidentally, if children are herded into auditoriums and gymnasiums to get their television lessons.)

TV teaching is work

Anne Slack's *Parlons Français* films, which are seen by about two million grade-school children, are shot in a small studio about half a block from the U.N. in New York. There are at least six film professionals in the room at all times, including director Louis de Rochemont and the artist Howard Mandel, who can whip up charming, very French backgrounds in a surprisingly short time. Mrs. Slack, Robert Cannaday, the young director of the Modern Language Project in Boston, and a crew of consultants and supervisors have put days into the preparation of each script. "It has to be fun," says Mrs. Slack, who was teaching English in a French *lycée* in Algiers when the American Army came through with the man who was to be her husband, "but you can't make it a complete game or it gets uninteresting, because nothing happens. It's a lot of work—oh, gosh!"

Yet educational television has failed to contribute anything important to our schools for one simple reason: Most of it is terrible. Unlike *Parlons Français*, which is professionally produced on a big budget with a sizeable staff and chunks of time to prepare each film, the typical televised lesson is simply thrown off by a single teacher working alone and required to put out a new show almost every day. "We'd love to make more use of Mid-West Airborne Television," says an officer of the Chicago school system rather wistfully, "but we can't, because what they send us is no good."

In classrooms, teachers can and do "edit" their lessons as they go along—threads can be lost in discussion and misunderstanding and then picked up again, and moments of silence while somebody is thinking are positively desirable. But the televised lesson must be structured, continuous, tight—a dramatic production. Even if there were thousands of teachers with the necessary script-writing and acting skills, the requirement that televised lessons must be turned out bang-bang, three or even five times a week, would ruin the operation.

The scientists and mathematicians who see television as a wonderfully efficient way to introduce teachers to new ideas also complain bitterly that the promoters of educational television fail to take any responsibility for what goes on the air. ("I know of at least one case," Stephen White of the Physical Sciences Study Committee recently wrote in *The American Behavioral Scientist*, "where a producer of educational films was asked to supply some of his product free to Mid-West Airborne Television because there were

School administrator Samuel Shepard has given St. Louis Negroes pride in their schools.

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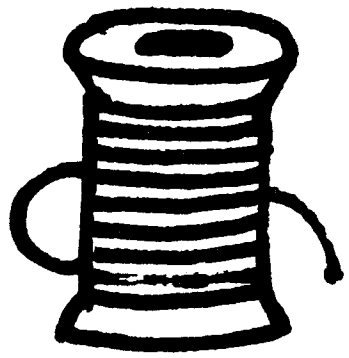
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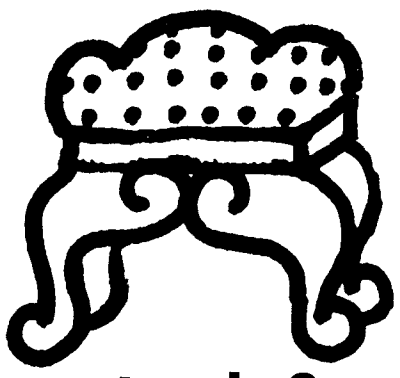
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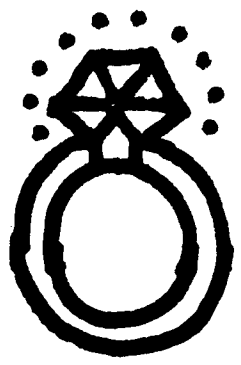
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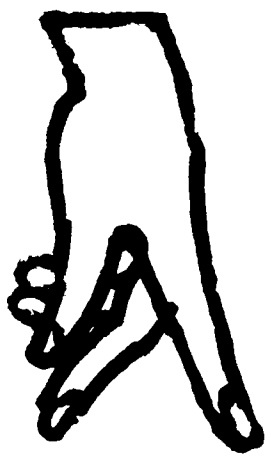
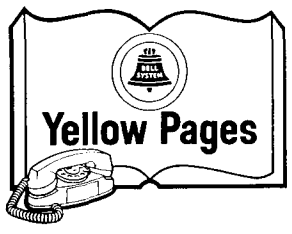

Let your fingers do the walking



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'no funds for programming.'") Scientists can find the money for such things themselves, however, if they have to. And they are still enthusiastic about the possible values of television.

The same lack of attention to quality explains why "programmed instruction" has been so little help to people who are trying to get education moving in the United States. "Programming," as presented in a now-classic article by the Harvard psychologist B. F. Skinner in 1956, is the ultimate refinement of "how-to-teach." A Skinnerian program takes a student who does not know a subject and asks him a few thousand questions about it. The student gets all or nearly all the answers right, and at the end, in theory, he knows the subject. Programming is not a joke (though lots of programs are); theoretically, it could multiply the efficiency of the schools. And it is already upon us. The Center for Programmed Instruction estimates that 10 percent of the nation's schools made some use of programming last year.

Skinner's programs work by breaking a subject into very many small steps—a single word to be learned in a spelling program, for example, might involve five or six questions. The information the student needs for his answer is contained in the question itself, or in one of the previous questions. Every time he answers a question, the program tells him whether he is right or wrong. Because he has to keep answering, he is actively involved in the lesson. Because he gets almost every answer right, his learning is "reinforced," the psychologists say, so that the next time he sees a question calling for this sort of answer, he will get it right again.

That programs "teach" is beyond question; plain ordinary books "teach" too. How well a program teaches we do not know and are not likely to find out in the near future. Educational activities are "scientifically" evaluated by "objective" tests which use "item" questions that are in many ways like the items in a program. There is not much chance that any measures other than these "objective" tests will be applied to programming, because an educational researcher without his objective test is like a ship that's lost at sea—and because the job of establishing "criteria" for programs has been turned over to the Educational Testing Service, which lives on the refining of objective tests and is naturally reluctant to cut open the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Nevertheless, programs could certainly be good enough to rid us of a number of nuisances. Programs could probably teach the dull business of schools (spelling, the names of the chemical elements, historical dates) more efficiently than any classroom procedure. They allow different children to work at different rates of speed. They may be able to reach students no other method has ever taught—at Yale, the sociologist Omar Moore, using a kind of programming with electric typewriters, has taken children from a state mental hospital, certified as ineducable, and taught some of them to read well enough to attend regular schools.

The real beauty of programming, however, is something more subtle. The program is a "feedback device," permitting its author to study children's answers item by item. In ordinary classroom work a teacher gives a test and children get some answers wrong. *Why* they got the answers wrong is a question that usually cannot be answered, because the teaching occurred some time ago and there is no record of precisely what happened. But the man who writes a program question believing that children will answer it in one way, and then finds that they answer it in a wholly different way, can put his finger on a reason why children fail to learn what seems "simple" to someone who already knows it. We can find out, in other words, where common sense and "logical" teaching procedures mislead the human animal. Then we may know why the work of Einstein and Schönberg and Picasso still seems so "modern" and "difficult," though it was done 50 years ago and more—and perhaps we will know how to teach the ideas of the 20th century.

The programming scandal

At present we are getting neither practical nor theoretical benefits from programming. The psychologists invented programming, they own it, and they want to keep it for themselves as a way to get a Ph.D., a promotion, perhaps even a reputation. Instead of studying programming as a way to teach ideas, they study programming for its own sweet sake, turning out endless dreary reports on the comparative value of programs in machines as against programs in books. They argue over programs based on EGRULE (example then rule) as against RULEG (rule then example), Skinnerian "free-response" as against Crowderian "multiple-choice" programs, big steps on which students make more errors as against small steps on which students make fewer errors. The actual writing of programs is apparently dull and frustrating work, and it often attracts dull people. But none of these technical variations seems to have any effect on what the children do or don't learn.

Meanwhile, publishers clamor for programs to print and sell (door-to-door, through gas stations, by mail order) because potential customers have no way of judging whether or not a program is any good, and there is money to be made by bamboozling them. Except for the mathematicians of the School Mathematics Study Group, who will not be ready to publish anything for several years, none of the producers of new teaching ideas has even made contact with programming. The "subject-matter content" of most of the programs now for sale is even more backward-looking than the dreadful stuff in the school textbooks. Often enough the content has been supplied by graduate students looking to pick up a few dollars on a part-time job.

At this moment, in short, programming is not part of any "revolution" in education. Instead, it is an intellectual, educational and commercial scandal.

But we have more serious scandals than the clumsiness of programmed instruction. Our worst scandal is the failure of the new teaching ideas and materials themselves, and even the new gadgets, to reach into the backwoods areas and the urban slums where 10–15 million children now learn so little in school that they will not be able to function well as adults. Nearly all the schools that are struggling into the 20th century are located in suburbs or in the better residential sections of our more prosperous cities. To continue this class-biased pattern of educational improvement would be to pervert the meaning and perhaps to subvert the future of America.

If we count the number of normal births in 1946, and assume that all such children should be finishing high school next year, we get a total of almost three-and-a-quarter million diplomas to be awarded; but only two million will actually be given out. The great majority of the almost one-and-a-quarter million "dropouts" will have come from low-income families. Considerably more than half the children from upper-middle-class families will go on to college. The most we can claim for our "democratic" selection system is that half of the nation's most able 10 percent goes to college. The other half goes to work right after high school—if there are jobs enough.

For three generations the American public school served importantly as a way by which immigrant children, backwoods children, poor children, could rise in the world. Since the war our schools have become more and more a device for preventing social mobility. Millions of middle-class Americans have moved to suburbs largely because they wanted schools which were for their children, or their kind of children, alone. I.Q. and "aptitude-test" results, which unquestionably measure the quality of a child's family background as well as his native ability, increasingly determine the kind of education a child will be offered and the kind of career he can make. And in study after study in backwoods and urban slum schools the statistics show that I.Q. scores drop as the child proceeds through his inadequate education.

This national tragedy has not gone unnoticed; there has been a good deal of agitation about it during the last few years, and a number of attempts to do something. The most advertised and perhaps the most interesting of these efforts has been New York's Higher Horizons, which tried to bring unlucky children out of their ghettos by taking them to concerts, to colleges, to hospitals and laboratories. There they could see people who had started like them now handling important jobs successfully, and perhaps they could discover some reason to take school work seriously.

Nearly all the efforts to date have concentrated on the "human relations" aspects of the educational disaster in the slums. It has been unquestioningly assumed that what we wish to do is bring these children to a mastery of the conventional school program. Except for the unsuccessful multi-racial "readers" in the

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Detroit Negro schools (and the more hopeful "big-city readers" being prepared at Bank Street College in New York), virtually nothing has been done to change the conventional school program for these children. And evidence has been piling up that mastery of the conventional school program is not what makes the difference in capability between the middle-class child and the slum child. The school program itself is so ineffective that the effort to push children to learn it is waste motion. As a matter of basic justice, too, we cannot say that a program we no longer consider good enough for the children of Newton, Mass., or Palo Alto, Calif., is just right for the children of Harlem, the West Virginia hills, or the back-of-beyond villages in North Dakota. The children in these schools have to live in the 20th century too.

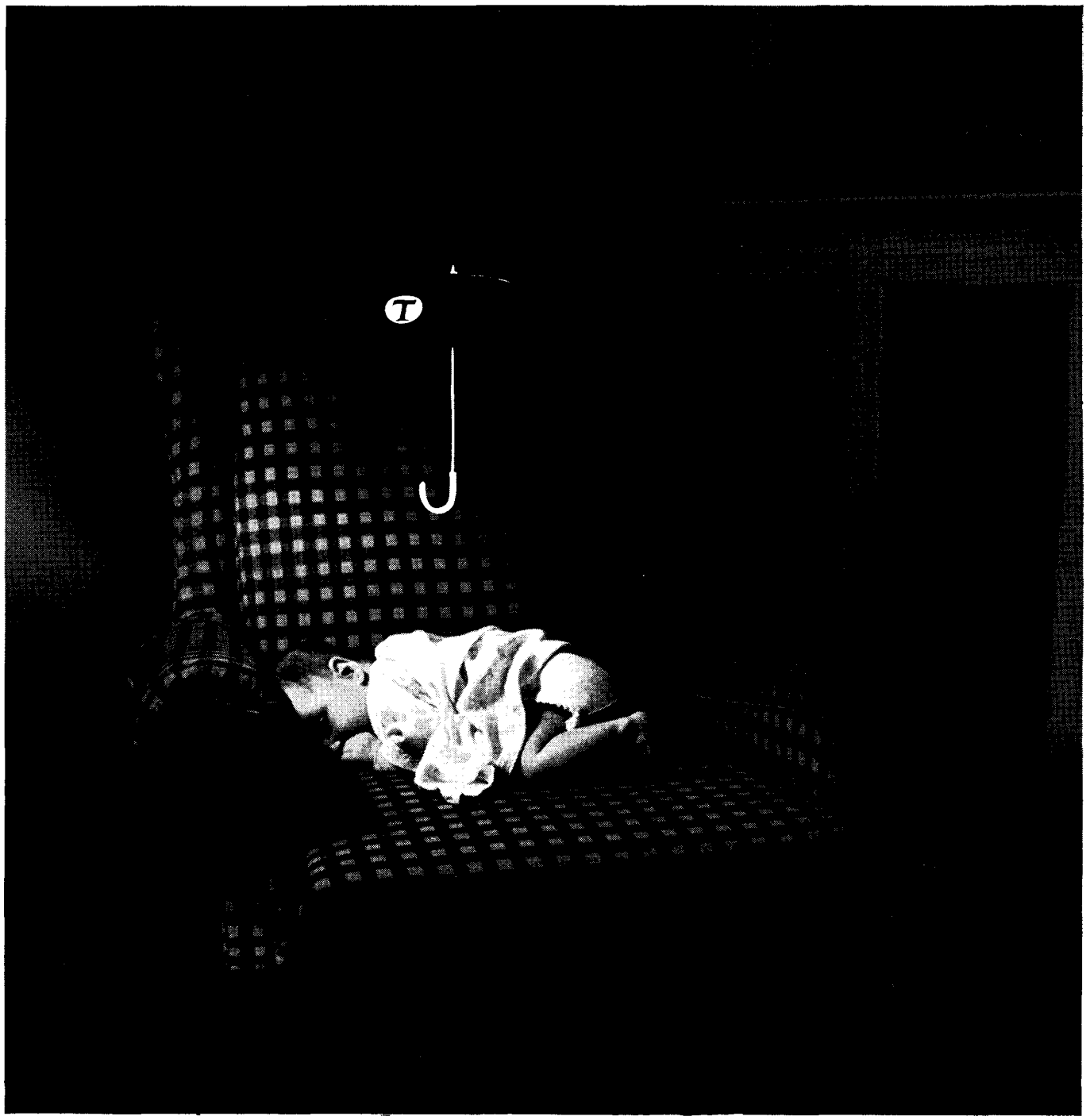
Behind the demonstrations that swept through the northern states this summer lay a horrifying—but not unreasonable—loss of faith in the schools. In Chicago the statement was direct: C.O.R.E. picketed the board of education to urge the dismissal of the nation's best-paid (and maybe most able) big-city superintendent of schools. In Detroit, a real-estate tax to finance the schools was beaten not in the Catholic areas but in the Negro areas, where virtually all the children go to public schools and relatively few people own taxable real estate. In New York the N.A.A.C.P. threatened to boycott the schools unless more effective patterns of integration were developed. Negro parents no longer believe that the schools will prepare their children to live better than they do; and the failure of this belief accounts for the despair that has made many of the demonstrations in recent months so frightening. If this energy is to become a fruitful rather than destructive part of American life, the schools must find a way to offer Negro parents a legitimate hope.

Crippled as they have been by the inadequacy of what they are trying to teach, some of the slum schools have worked wonders with their community. What has been done in the Banneker district of St. Louis, for example, is in many ways the finest accomplishment of American education in the last five years. Banneker is a mostly Negro ghetto with a collection of 23 schools containing more than 14,000 students between kindergarten and eighth grade (St. Louis does not have junior high schools). Half a dozen years ago only one student in 20 from these schools qualified for "Track I," the academic, college-preparatory section of the St. Louis high schools. Today one in four from the district is offered serious secondary education by the rigid bureaucracy of St. Louis. More important, the proportion condemned to "Track III" or the even lower "terminal" track has dropped from half to less than one eighth.

The man behind this bootstrap operation is Samuel Shepard, a straightforward, sober, athletic Negro (he still referees football and basketball games on his weekends) who came back from the University of Michigan with a degree in physical education and a highly personal commitment to the Negro children of St. Louis. "When I started this," he says, "the first thing I wanted to do was to yank the crutches out from under them." On his appointment as assistant superintendent for the Banneker district, Shepard visited all his schools, then summoned teachers and parents (often organizing P.T.A.'s for the purpose) to hear his report on his visit. Usually he began, "Ladies and gentlemen, Senator Eastland would be delighted with what I saw here this week. . . . These children are Negro. You're Negro. If you don't believe a Negro child can accomplish what a white child can accomplish, go back South. We don't want you in St. Louis . . ."

Most of Shepard's work has gone into convincing parents, teachers and children that their schools can be as good as anybody's. The lampposts are hung with placards signed "B.A. Achiever," reading "Success in School is My Most Important Business." Mr. Achiever also broadcasts over the radio and appears in trailers in the movie houses. Children bring home special notebooks containing their homework assignments; parents sign a pledge that "I will insist that my child spend some time studying at home each day." Banneker has gone from the highest to the lowest rate of teacher turnover in the five St. Louis districts, and is competing strongly for the lowest truancy rate.

Much that is infinitely touching is going on in the Banneker schools as Shepard and his staff work to change their community's image of itself. Children who are living on charity (half a class of seven-year-olds in one school thought the word "sell" meant "to give away") will bring in canned goods for a CARE drive, just like the middle-class children



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LAST CHANCE?

of nearby Clayton. But it isn't enough. Banneker is part of the St. Louis system, and the measurement of what children accomplish in St. Louis is the Iowa Test of Basic Study Skills. As Banneker has been proving, it is quite possible to prepare children to score well on the Iowa Test (or any similar standardized test) without preparing them to do anything else at all. "They read the words very well," a Banneker teacher says, putting her finger on what goes wrong with any educational program directed toward high test scores, "but understanding is much harder for them."

St. Louis uses a series of arithmetic textbooks chosen not because anybody respects it as a way to teach math but, a principal says, "because it matches the Iowa Test." An eighth-grade class is taking a science test copied from the teacher's manual of another unfortunate text series; the "science" questions are "Any weather signs and sayings must be based on ————; Weather observation stations send out reports every ————," etc. A fifth-grader doing a subtraction problem starts with the litany "four from zero, I cannot take." A wall chart in a nongraded second grade tells the children that in pronouncing one-syllable "two-vowel words," they should "name the first vowel and skip the second vowel"—an instruction that works quite well for the example given, which is coat, but will scarcely do for words like foul, foil, fool and you. A seventh-grade social-studies class hears a report on George Washington taken from an encyclopedia so childish that it includes the cherry-tree story—but it also includes, the teacher says, the sort of answers that the all-powerful test-makers want.

Even where test scores are less crucial than they are in St. Louis, the slum schools rely on "standard" programs worth little in the growth of the mind. At the Richard Byrd School in Chicago, for example, a carefully planned Human Relations project has persuaded teachers to work as equals with the Negro parents of the children in their classes, and an outstanding first-grade teacher gets a number of children off to a running start.

A visit to Mabel Hemington's first grade is a remarkable experience. A boy takes the visitor by the hand—Byrd uses its visitors to help children get used to the notion of talking to people—and shows him the playtime grocery store, the word game (pictures which match because the words start with the same letter, like "horse" and "hand"), the calendar, the table with "the books we read," the science experiment of several jars with water into which assorted substances have been stirred. On the board, for the children to copy, is a product of this science lesson: "Powdered milk dissolves in water. Powdered pudding dissolves in milk." On a wall of the classroom are the game shelves containing picture and number dominoes, jigsaw puzzles, building blocks of varying complexity. Miss Hemington is in one corner of the room with seven children, working on reading. The 20 others are playing with the games in the middle of the floor, or filling out workbooks, or reading. When a child finishes with a game, he very carefully puts it away, every piece in place, in its proper niche on the shelf.

Miss Hemington, an apparently wispy white lady no longer young, was teaching future teachers at Chicago Teachers College when she visited her friend Sylvia Stack, who had become principal of the new Byrd School, and decided she wanted to work with these Negro children. Nothing that happens in her class is wholly an accident. The care with the games shelf, for example, has been prepared from the first day of class—"We dramatize it," Miss Hemington says. "You know—'Let's watch Jerry take out the game; let's watch Jerry put the game away.'" A fair number of her children cannot even take Chicago's reading readiness test, let alone pass it; so she divides the class into five reading groups, giving each of them as much as she can. Then she shuffles the deck again into four arithmetic groups.

But as the children grow older, the barren standard program dominates this work, and everything deteriorates. In the third grade, the television teacher of arithmetic is presenting to nine-year-old children, by the use of discs grouped and regrouped on a table, the fact that 9 + 7 = 16, and so does 8 + 8, and so does 12 + 4. A fifth-grade child talks about what he has been taught to regard as science: "First you have to write the question. Then you have to write what's needed. Then you write what you're going to do. Then you make a diagram of how it was assembled and what happened." In sixth-grade social studies a boy writes a paper that shows the interest in Africa supposedly sweeping the American Negro community. "When I went to Africa," his paper says, "five savages chased me up a tree. . . ."

Similar observations can be made of the school program in virtually any American slum. As Daniel Schreiber of the National Education Association Drop-Out Study wrote recently after a visit to a publicized program, "It all adds up to the same thing—cutting out paper dolls and pasting them." The failure of the slum schools turns out to be startlingly like the failure of so many other American schools—a lack of quality.

No amount of goodwill can compensate for a lack of quality. We have more goodwill right now than most people realize. Teachers wander alone through city slum streets where armed policemen in pairs are reluctant to leave their prowl cars. As Harrison Salisbury pointed out in his book *The Shook-Up Generation*, even the kids in the gangs recognize that the school, and the school alone, *cares*. Hundreds of teachers in New York give up their Saturdays and Sundays to take children from their classes to the zoo, or the museum, or on a ferry ride, in hopes of breaking these children out of their ghetto and into the broader life of the city. Obviously there are time-servers and snobs in urban and rural slum schools—but they are by no means a majority.

If anything, there may be too much goodwill. Guidance counselors in particular seem to feel that the child must be made happy about his deficiencies, in the name of mental health—at a recent meeting at which a southern educator presented horrifying figures on the gap between white and Negro reading-test scores in the city of Atlanta, the guidance theorist Gilbert Wrenn asked plaintively whether something couldn't be done so that children who couldn't read didn't *feel* so bad about it. Driven from the middle-class schools by teachers and parents, the old promoters of "life adjustment" are trying to batten on the defenseless slums. If the slum school is to have no higher aim than adjusting its students to the often intolerable life around them, we can save money and heartache by closing the buildings and spending part of what used to be the school budget to supply the neighborhood with free tranquilizers—and heroin.

The remedy proposed by most educators for our failure in the slums and for all other school problems can be put into two words: "more money." And we could, in fact, profitably spend considerably more on our schools. The great need, however, is not money but ideas. Money itself is important mostly because, in the modern scheme of things, it can buy the new ideas we need.

Our record in spending money for education is better than the school propaganda says. We spend about six percent of our national income on education—roughly $27 billion a year. In 1940 we spent less than four percent of our national income on education. In the face of rapidly rising enrollments, we have in every year since the war increased the amount of real money (constant dollars, allowing for inflation) that we spend *per child* in our schools. Among the world's major nations there is only one that spends a higher fraction of its national income on education. That nation is the Soviet Union.

The school budget crisis

The mushroom growth of our expenditure on the schools has drastically changed the pattern of the way Americans finance education. Before the war, in most areas, about four-fifths of the tax revenues which support the schools were collected locally, by municipalities or counties or "school districts" established for the purpose. Now more than half the costs of public education are borne by the states. This year at least a quarter of the states face a budget crisis tracing mostly to heavy commitments to schools and universities. Utah almost had a teacher strike to compel a special meeting of the state legislature to give more money to the schools; and California did call a special legislative session mostly for this purpose. Taking the long view, it seems obvious that as expenses on education increase they must outrun the historically and politically (though not legally) limited taxing powers of the states and communities, requiring the use of federal taxing powers to pick up the difference.

Even if the states and municipalit could continue to meet the constantly increasing costs of education, some national intervention would be required. The schools crawl with problems which are more or less the same all over the country. No one school district or even state has the funds, the inclination or the call on our human resources to tackle nationwide problems. For example, we need to establish a true teaching career all over the country; we need to deal everywhere with the substantial fraction which does not now learn much of anything in school; we need programs of instruction and teaching ideas that will, in the hands of well-trained, intelligent teachers, communicate some of what mankind has learned in the 20th century. The National Education Improvement Act, now pending before the Congress, tries to hit these needs and others quite specifically—allocating money for salary increases to go only to teachers with more than ten years' experience, for experimental work in slum districts, for curriculum-reform groups and their associated teacher-training institutes. This new bill is not the old "federal aid" measure, but an alert attempt to direct federal funds where they can do the most good—which is why the head of the Council of Chief State School Officers, the bureaucracy of the bureaucrats, dead set against cleverness wherever they find it, has come out in opposition.

It is interesting but not convincing to hear speeches in praise of local control from superintendents of schools that base their teaching on textbooks manufactur for a national market, and which compe children to take half a dozen "standardized tests" every year, to compare their performance against a "national norm." What is projected, after all, is not a single nationwide school program but several efforts in each area of concern, employing the nation's highest talents. Even after the new programs have been created and tested, nobody will force a bewildered superintendent to adopt what has been done by the best minds in the country. And nobody pretends that any program of instruction can be made "teacher-proof"; what local teachers decide they wish to do with the new courses will determine the ultimate value of any effort at educational reform.

The task is at least as urgent and at least as difficult—requiring at least as great a dedication of talent to accomplish—as putting a man on the moon. At this moment American education can command the services of many of the nation's most intelligent men and women. If we do not use them now, we may lose them—by definition, they have other things to do. Powerful people in American education would be happy to see this disaster occur. And future historians would write, sadly but coldly, that the United States in the 20th century got precisely the education it deserved.

We cannot afford another generation as ignorant as we are. THE END

Weston, Conn., children use sticks on glass-topped table to learn about fracti

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POST FICTION

Bernard Malamud won a National Book Award in 1959 for his volume of short stories, "The Magic Barrel." "The Refugee" is part of a new collection, "Idiots First," which Farrar, Straus will publish next month. Mr. Malamud is also the author of three novels. "There seems to be no writer of his background," comments critic Alfred Kazin, "who makes one feel so keenly the enigmatic quality of life."

The Refugee

I thought I knew his story. But there was son

Oskar Gassner sits in his cotton-mesh undershirt and summer bathrobe at the window of his stuffy, hot, dark hotel room on West Tenth Street while I cautiously knock. Outside, across the sky, a late-June green twilight fades in darkness. The refugee fumbles for the light and stares at me, hiding despair but not pain.

I was in those days a poor student and would brashly attempt to teach anybody anything for a buck an hour, although I have since learned better. Mostly I gave English lessons to recently arrived refugees. The college sent me; I had acquired a little experience. Already a few of my students were trying their broken English, theirs and mine, in the American market place. I was then just twenty, on my way into my senior year in college, a skinny, life-hungry kid, eating himself waiting for the next world war to start. It was a goddamn cheat. Here I was palpitating to get going, and across the ocean Adolf Hitler, in black boots and a square moustache, was tearing up all the flowers. Will I ever forget what went on with Danzig that summer?

Times were still hard from the depression but anyway I made a little living from the poor refugees. They were all over uptown Broadway in 1939. I had four I tutored—Karl Otto Alp, the former film star; Wolfgang Novak, once a brilliant economist; Friedrich Wilhelm Wolff, who had taught medieval history at Heidelberg; and, after that night I met him in his disordered cheap hotel room, Oskar Gassner, the Berlin critic and journalist, at one time on the *Acht Uhr Abendblatt*. They were accomplished men. I had my nerve associating with them, but that's what a world crisis does for people—they get educated.

Oskar was maybe fifty, his thick hair turning gray. He had a big face and heavy hands. His shoulders sagged. His eyes, too, were heavy, a clouded blue; and as he stared at me after I had identified myself, doubt spread in them like underwater currents. It was as if, on seeing me, he had again been defeated. I stayed at the door in silence. In such cases I would rather be elsewhere, but I had to make a living. Finally he opened the door and I entered. Rather he released it and I was in. "*Bitte*. . . ." He offered me a seat and didn't know where to sit himself. He would attempt to say something and then stop, as though it could not possibly be said. The room was cluttered with clothing, boxes of books he had managed to get out of Germany and some paintings. Oskar sat on a box and attempted to fan himself with his meaty hand. "Zis heat," he muttered, forcing his mind to the deed. "Impozzible. I do not know such heat." It was bad enough for me but terrible for him. He had difficulty breathing. He tried again to speak, lifted a hand and let it drop like a dead duck. He breathed as though he were fighting a battle; and maybe he won because after ten minutes we sat and slowly talked.

Like most educated Germans Oskar had at one time studied English. Although he was certain he couldn't say a word, he managed sometimes to put together a fairly decent, if rather comical, English sentence. He misplaced consonants, mixed up nouns and verbs and mangled idioms, yet we were able at once to communicate. We conversed mostly in English, with an occasional assist by me in pidgin-German or Yiddish, what he called "Jiddish." He had been to America before—last year for a short visit. He had come a month before *Kristallnacht*, when the Nazis shattered the Jewish store windows and burned

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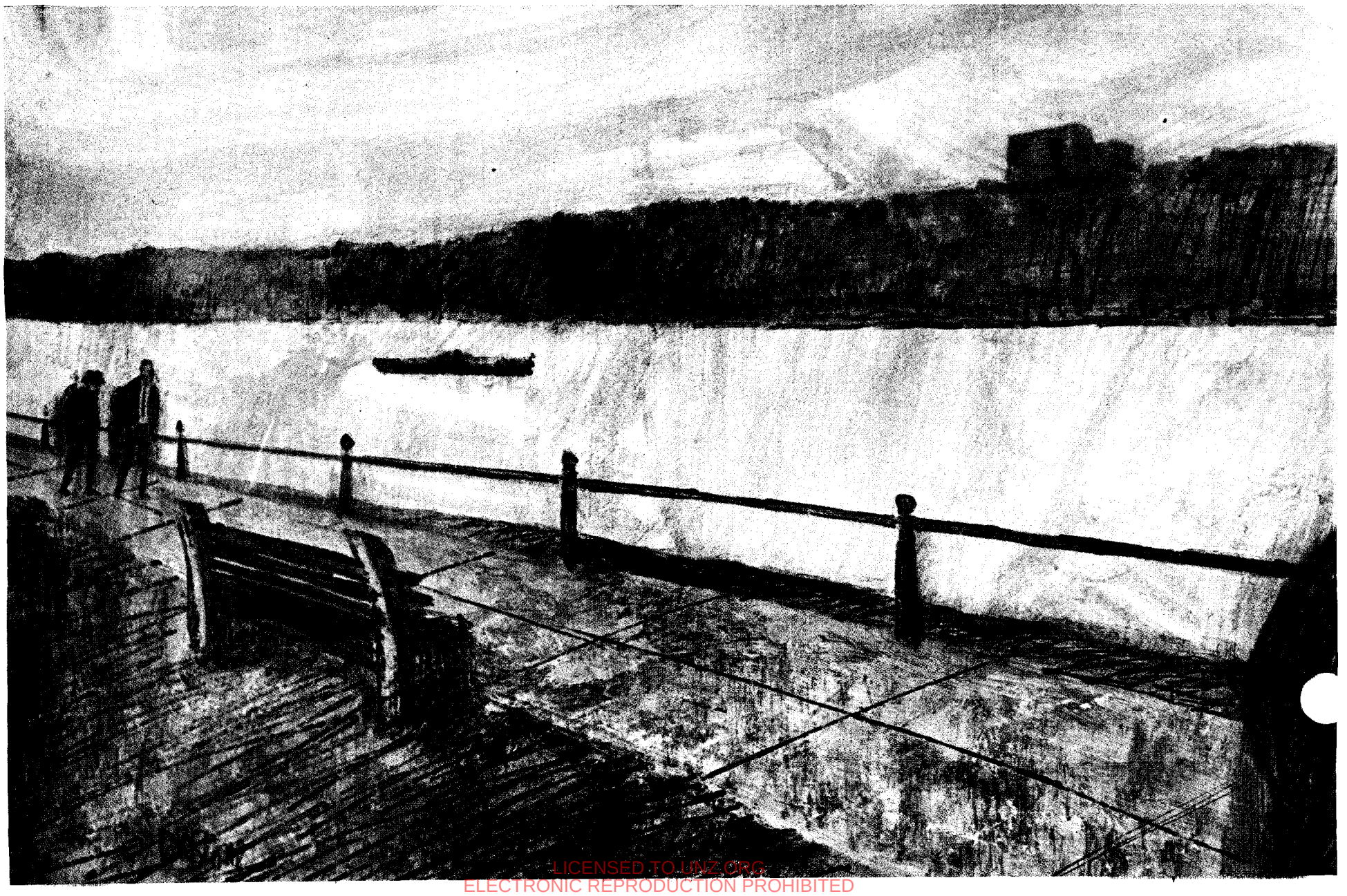

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leep secret he had never told me.

He found it difficult to face either of us in the mirror.

By Bernard Malamud

Illustrated by David Stone

all the synagogues, to see if he could find a job for himself; he had no relatives in America, and getting a job would permit him quickly to enter the country. He had been promised something, not in journalism but with the help of a foundation, as a lecturer. Then he had returned to Berlin, and after a frightening delay of six months was permitted to emigrate. He had sold whatever he could, managed to get some paintings, gifts of Bauhaus friends, and some boxes of books out by bribing two Nazi border guards; he had said goodbye to his wife and left the accursed country. He gazed at me with cloudy eyes. "We parted amicably," he said in German. "My wife was gentile. Her mother was an appalling anti-Semite. They returned to live in Stettin." I asked no questions. Gentile is gentile, Germany is Germany.

His new job was in the Institute for Public Studies here in New York. He was to give a lecture a week in the fall term, and during next spring, a course, in English translation, on "The Literature of the Weimar Republic." He had never taught before and was afraid to. He was in that way to be introduced to the public, but the thought of giving the lecture in English just about paralyzed him. He didn't see how he could do it. "How is it pozzible? I cannot say two words. I cannot pronounziate. I will make a fool of myself." His melancholy deepened. Already in the two months since his arrival, and after a round of diminishingly expensive hotel rooms, he had had two English tutors, and I was the third. The others had given him up, he said, because his progress was so poor, and he thought also that he depressed them. He asked me whether I felt I could do something for him, or should he go to a speech specialist—someone, say, who charged five dollars an hour—and beg his assistance? "You could try him," I said, "and then come back to me." In those days I figured what I knew, I knew. At that he managed a smile. Still I wanted him to make up his mind, or it would be no confidence down the line. He said, after a while, that he would stay with me. If he went to the five-dollar professor it might help his tongue but not his stomach. He would have no money left to eat with. The institute had paid him in advance for the summer, but it was only three hundred dollars and all he had.

He looked at me dully. "*Ich weiss nicht wie ich weiter machen soll.*"

I figured it was time to move past the first step. Either we did that quickly or it would be like drilling rock for a long time. "Let's stand at the mirror," I said.

He rose with a sigh and stood there beside me: I thin, elongated, redheaded, praying for success, his and mine; Oskar uneasy, fearful, finding it hard to face either of us in the faded round glass above his dresser.

"Please," I said to him, "could you say 'right'?"

"Ghight," he gargled.

"No. 'Right.' You put your tongue here." I showed him where. As he tensely watched the mirror, I tensely watched him. "The tip of it curls behind the ridge on top, like this."

He placed his tongue where I showed him.

"Please," I said, "now say 'right.'"

Oskar's tongue fluttered, "Rright."

"That's good. Now say 'treasure'—that's harder."

"Tgheasure."

"The tongue goes up in front, not in the back of the mouth. Look."

He tried, his brow wet, eyes straining. "Trreasure."

"That's it."

"A miracle," Oskar murmured.

I said if he had done that he could do the rest.

We went for a bus ride up Fifth Avenue and then walked for a while around Central Park Lake. He had put on his German hat, with its hatband bow at the back, a broad-lapeled wool suit, a necktie twice as wide as the one I was wearing, and walked with a small-footed waddle. The night wasn't bad; it had got a bit cooler. There were a few large stars in the sky and they made me sad.

"Do you sink I will succezz?"

"Why not?" I asked.

Later he bought me a bottle of beer.

To many of these people, articulate as they were, the great loss was the loss of language—that they could no longer say what was in them to say. They could, of course, manage to communicate, but just to communicate was frustrating. As Karl Otto Alp, the ex-film star who became a buyer for Macy's, put it years later, "I felt like a child, or worse, often like a moron. I am left with myself unexpressed. What I knew, indeed, what I am, becomes to me a burden. My tongue hangs useless." The same with Oskar it figures. There was a terrible sense of useless tongue, and I think the reason for his trouble with his other tutors was that to keep from drowning in things unsaid he wanted to swallow the ocean in a gulp: Today he would learn English and tomorrow wow them with an impeccable Fourth of July speech, followed by a successful lecture at the Institute for Public Studies.

We performed our lessons slowly, step by step, everything in its place. After Oskar moved to a two-room apartment in a house on West Eighty-fifth Street, near the Drive, we met three times a week at four-thirty, worked an hour and a half; then, since it was too hot to cook, had supper at the Seventy-second Street automat and conversed on my time. The lessons we divided into three parts: diction exercises and reading aloud, then grammar, because Oskar felt the necessity of it, and composition correction; with conversation, as I said, thrown in at supper. So far as I could see, he was coming along. None of these exercises was giving him as much trouble as they apparently had in the past. He seemed to be learning and his mood lightened. There were moments of elation as he heard his accent flying off. For instance, when "sink" became "think." He stopped calling himself "hopelezz."

Neither of us said much about the lecture he had to give early in October, and I kept my fingers crossed. It was somehow to come out of what we were doing daily, I think I felt, but exactly *how*, I had no idea; and to tell the truth, although I didn't say so to Oskar, the lecture frightened me. That and the ten more to follow during the fall term. Later when I learned that he had been attempting, with the help of the dictionary, to write in English, and had produced "a complete disahster," I suggested maybe he ought to stick to German and we could afterward both try to put it into passable English. I was cheating when I said that, because my German is meager. Anyway the idea was to get Oskar into production and worry about translating later. He sweated, from enervating morning to exhausted night, but no matter what language he tried, though he had been a professional writer for

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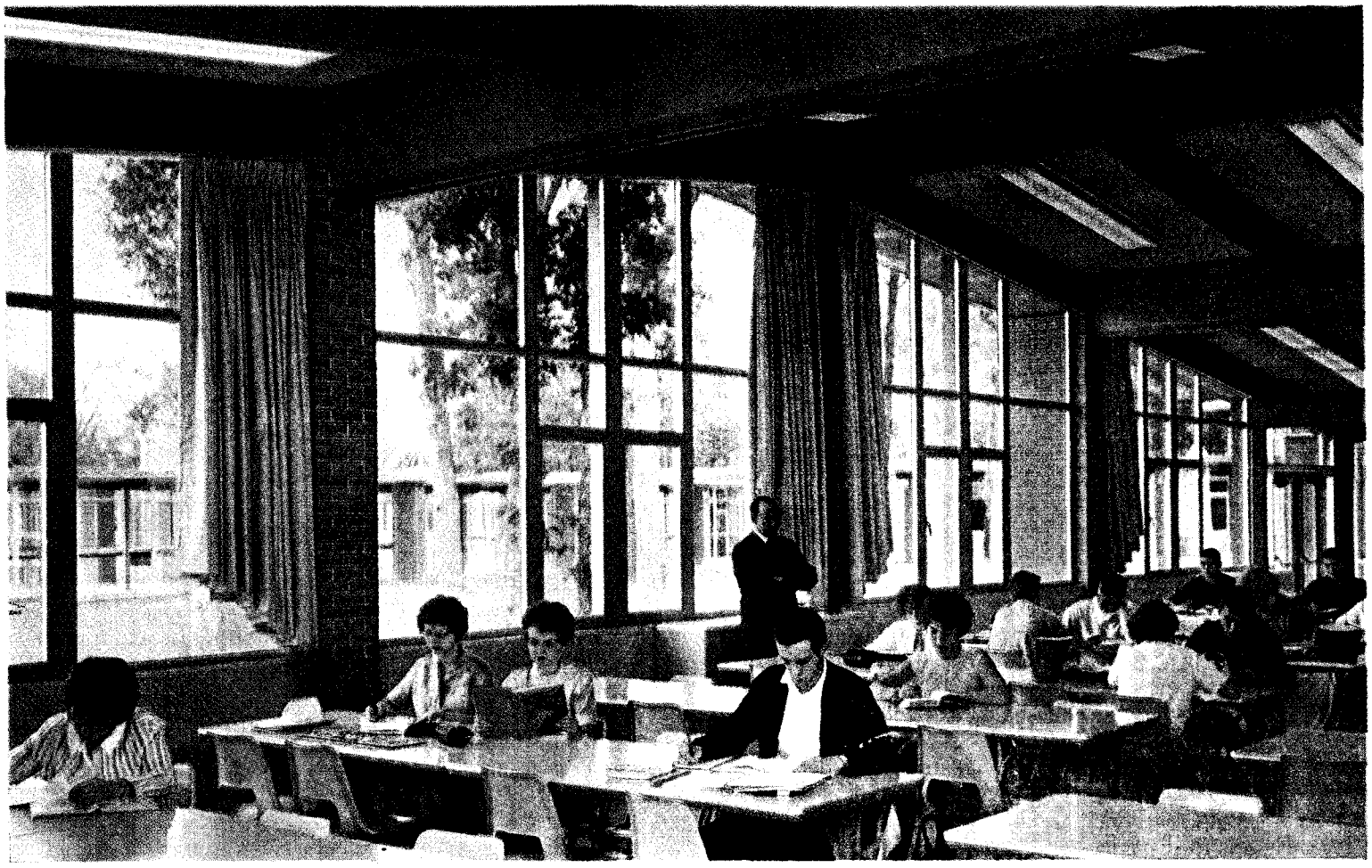
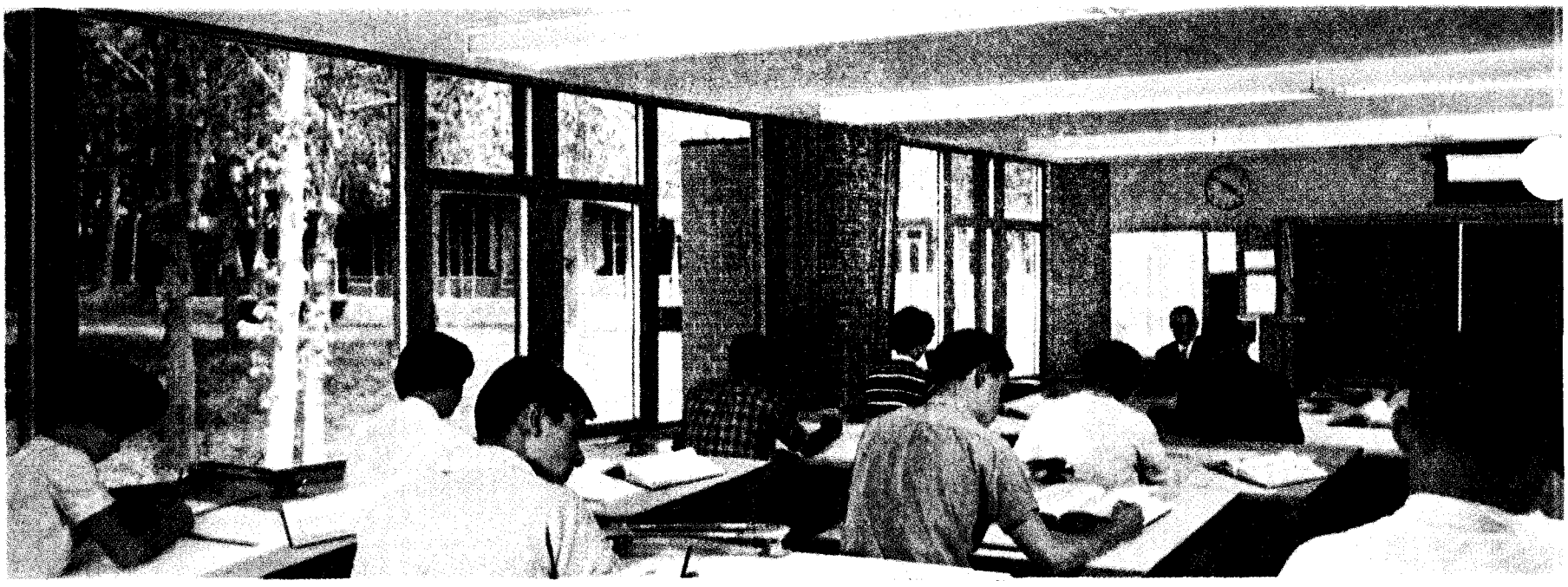
■ *BELOW* Study hall and dining area bring the Open World inside. No closed-in, shut-off-from-the-world feeling here.





■ *ABOVE* When eyes grow tired from close classwork, students can find relief in the Open World.

■ *ABOVE* Loy Norrix High School, Kalamazoo, Michigan, where the woods, the grass and the sky seem to be a part of each classroom. Architects: Perkins & Will, Chicago.

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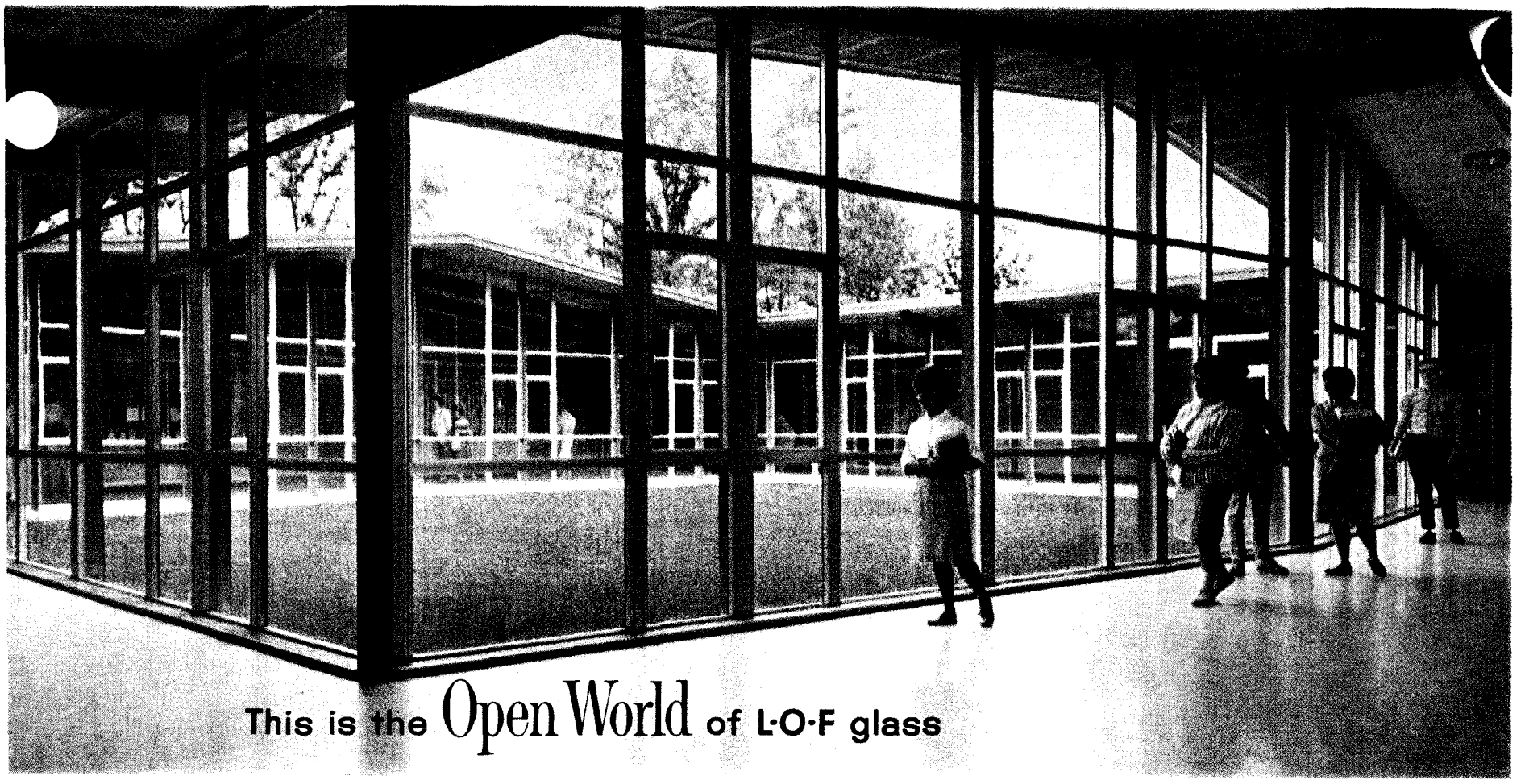
■ *BELOW* Free and easy traffic in daylighted corridors. How much nicer than dreary, crowded "tunnels".



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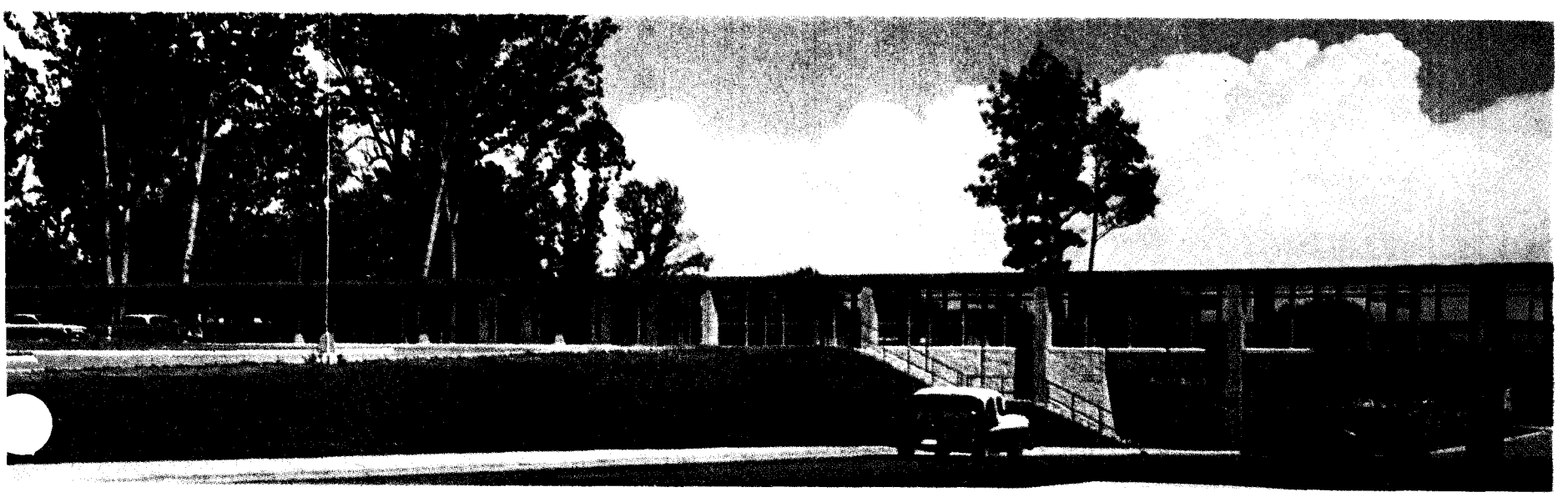

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most of his life and knew his subject cold, the lecture refused to move past page one.

It was a sticky, hot July and the heat didn't help at all.

I had met Oskar at the end of June, and by the seventeenth of July we were no longer doing lessons. They had foundered on the "impozzible" lecture. He had worked on it each day in frenzy and growing despair. After writing more than a hundred opening pages, he furiously flung his pen against the wall, shouting he could no longer write in that filthy tongue. He cursed the German language He hated the damned country and the damned people. After that, what was bad became worse. When he gave up attempting to write the lecture, he stopped making progress in English. He seemed to forget what he already knew. His tongue thickened and the accent returned in all its fruitiness. The little he had to say was in handcuffed and tortured English. The only German I heard him speak was in a whisper to himself. I doubt he knew he was talking it. That ended our formal work together, though I did drop in every other day or so to sit with him. For hours he sat motionless in a large green velours armchair, hot enough to broil in, and through the tall windows stared at the colorless sky above Eighty-fifth Street, with a wet depressed eye.

Then once he said to me, "If I do not this legture prepare, I will take my life."

"Let's begin again, Oskar," I said. "You dictate and I'll write. The ideas count, not the spelling."

He didn't answer so I stopped talking.

He had plunged into an involved melancholy. We sat for hours, often in profound silence. This was alarming to me, though I had already had some experience with such depression. Wolfgang Novak, the economist, though English came more easily to him, was another. His problems arose mainly, I think, from physical illness. And he felt a greater sense of the lost country than Oskar. Sometimes in the early evening I persuaded Oskar to come with me for a short walk on the Drive. The tail end of sunsets over the Palisades seemed to appeal to him. At least he looked. He would put on full regalia—hat, suit coat, tie, no matter how hot—and we went slowly down the stairs, I wondering whether he would ever make it to the bottom. He seemed to me always suspended between two floors.

We walked slowly uptown, stopping to sit on a bench and watch night rise above the Hudson. When we returned to his room, if I sensed he had loosened up a bit, we listened to music on the radio; but if I tried to sneak in a news broadcast, he said to me, "Please I can not more stand of world misery." I shut off the radio. He was right, it was a time of no good news. I squeezed my brain. What could I tell him? Was it good news to be alive? Who could argue the point? Sometimes I read aloud to him—I remember he liked the first part of *Life on the Mississippi*. We still went to the Automat once or twice a week; he perhaps out of habit, because he didn't feel like going anywhere, and I to get him out of his room. Oskar ate little, he toyed with a spoon. His dull eyes looked as though they had been squirted with a dark dye.

Once after a momentary cooling rainstorm we sat on newspapers on a wet bench overlooking the river, and Oskar at last began to talk. In tormented English he conveyed his intense and everlasting hatred of the Nazis for destroying his career, uprooting his life after half a century and flinging him like a piece of bleeding meat to hawks. He cursed them thickly, the German nation, as an inhuman, conscienceless, merciless people. "They are pigs mazquerading as peacogs," he said. "I feel certain that my wife, in her heart, was a Jew hater." It was a terrible bitterness, an eloquence almost without vocabulary. He became silent again. I hoped to hear more about his wife but decided not to ask.

Afterwards, in the dark Oskar confessed that he had attempted suicide during his first week in America. He was living, at the end of May, in a small hotel, and had filled himself with barbiturates one night, but his phone had fallen off the table and the hotel operator had sent up the elevator boy, who found him unconscious and called the police. He was revived in the hospital.

"I did not mean to do it," he said. "It was a mistage."

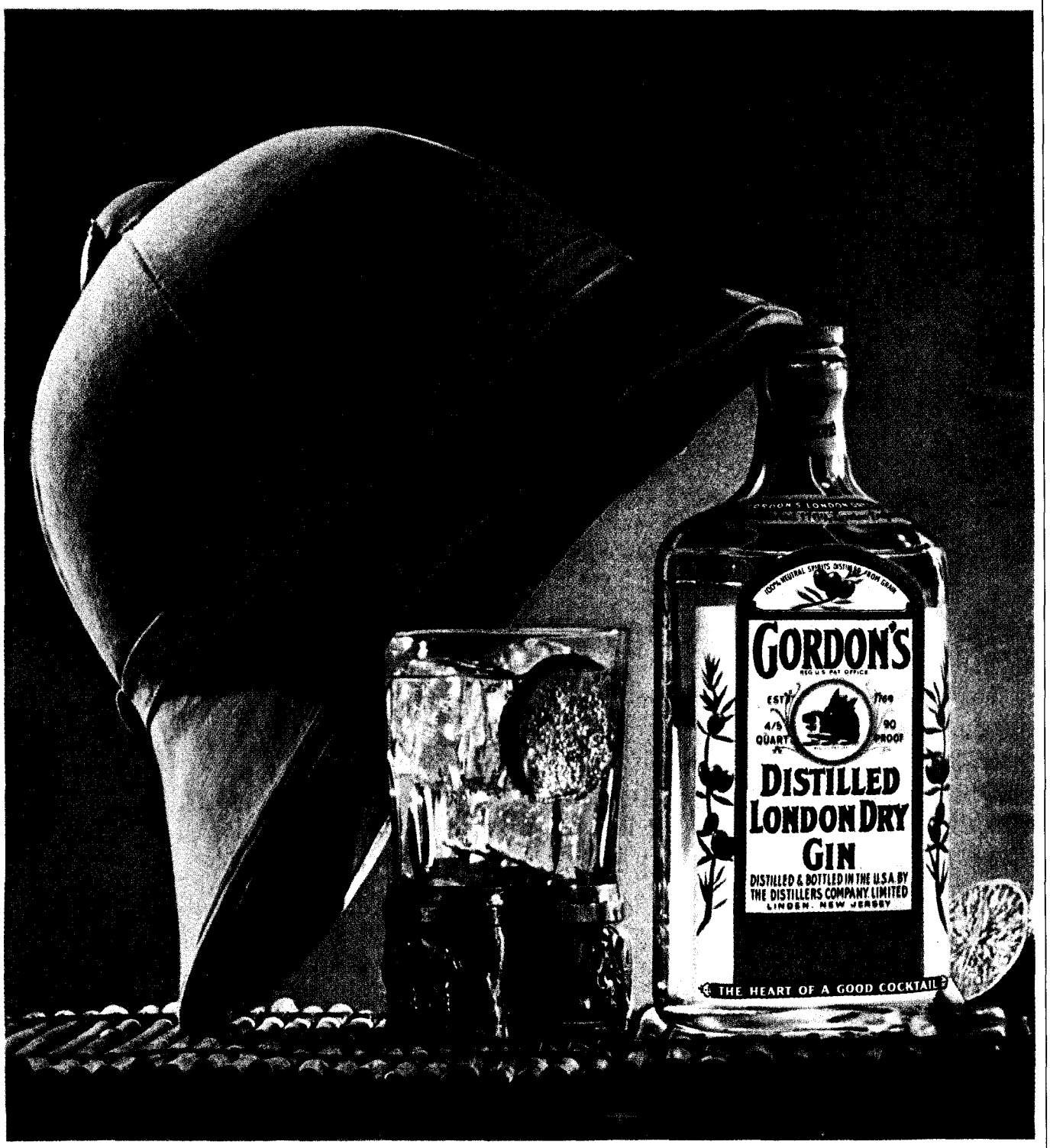
"Don't ever think of it again," I said. "It's total defeat."

"I don't," he said wearily, "because it is so arduouz to come back to life."

"Please, for any reason whatever."

Later, when we were walking, he surprised me by saying, "Maybe we ought to try now the legture onze more."

We trudged back to the house and he sat at his hot desk, I trying to read as he slowly began to reconstruct the first page of his lecture. He wrote, of course, in German.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He got nowhere. We were back to nothing, to sitting in silence in the heat. Sometimes after a few minutes I had to take off before his mood overcame mine. One afternoon I came unwillingly up the stairs—there were times I felt momentary surges of irritation with him—and was frightened to find Oskar's door ajar. When I knocked, no one answered. As I stood there, chilled down the spine, I realized I was thinking about the possibility of his attempting suicide again. "Oskar?" I went into the apartment, looked into both rooms and the bathroom, but he wasn't there. I thought he might have drifted out to get something from a store, and took the opportunity to look quickly around. There was nothing startling in the medicine chest, no pills but aspirin, no iodine. Thinking, for some reason, of a gun, I searched his desk drawer. In it I found a thin-paper airmail letter from Germany. Even if I had wanted to, I couldn't have read the handwriting, but as I held the thin paper in my hand I did make out one sentence: "*Ich bin dir siebenundzwanzig Jahre treu gewesen.*" Twenty-seven years is a long time, I thought. There was no gun in the drawer. I shut it and stopped looking. It had occurred to me that if you want to kill yourself, all you need is a straight pin. When Oskar returned he said he had been sitting in the public library, unable to read.

Now we are once more enacting the changeless scene, curtain rising on two speechless characters in a furnished apartment, I in a straight-back chair, Oskar in the velours armchair that smothered rather than supported him, his flesh gray, the big gray face, unfocused, sagging. I reached over to switch on the radio, but he looked at me in a way that begged no. I then got up to leave, but Oskar, clearing his throat, thickly asked me to stay. I stayed, thinking, was there more to this than I could see into? His problems, God knows, were real enough, but could there be something more than a refugee's displacement, alienation, financial insecurity, being in a strange land without friends or a speakable tongue? My speculation was the old one: Not all drown in this ocean, why does he? After a while I shaped the thought and asked him was there something below the surface, invisible? I was full of this thing from college, and wondered if there mightn't be some unknown quantity in his depression that a psychiatrist maybe might help him with, enough to get him started on his lecture.

He meditated on this, and after a few minutes haltingly said he had been psychoanalyzed in Vienna as a young man. "Just the jusual *drek*," he said, "fears and fantazies that afterwaards no longer bothered me."

"They don't now?"

"Not."

"You've written many articles and lectures before," I said. "What I can't understand, though I know how hard the situation is, is why you can never get past page one."

He half lifted his hand. "It is a paralyzis of my will. The whole legture is clear in my mind, but the minute I write down a single word—or in English or in German—I have a terrible fear I will not be able to write the negst. As though someone has thrown a stone at a window and the whole house—the whole idea—zmashes. This repeats until I am dezperate."

He said the fear grew as he worked that he would die before he completed the lecture, or if not that, that he would write it so disgracefully he would wish for death. The fear immobilized him.

"I have lozt faith. I do not—not longer possezz my former value of myself. In my life there has been too much illusion."

I tried to believe what I was saying: "Have confidence, the feeling will pass."

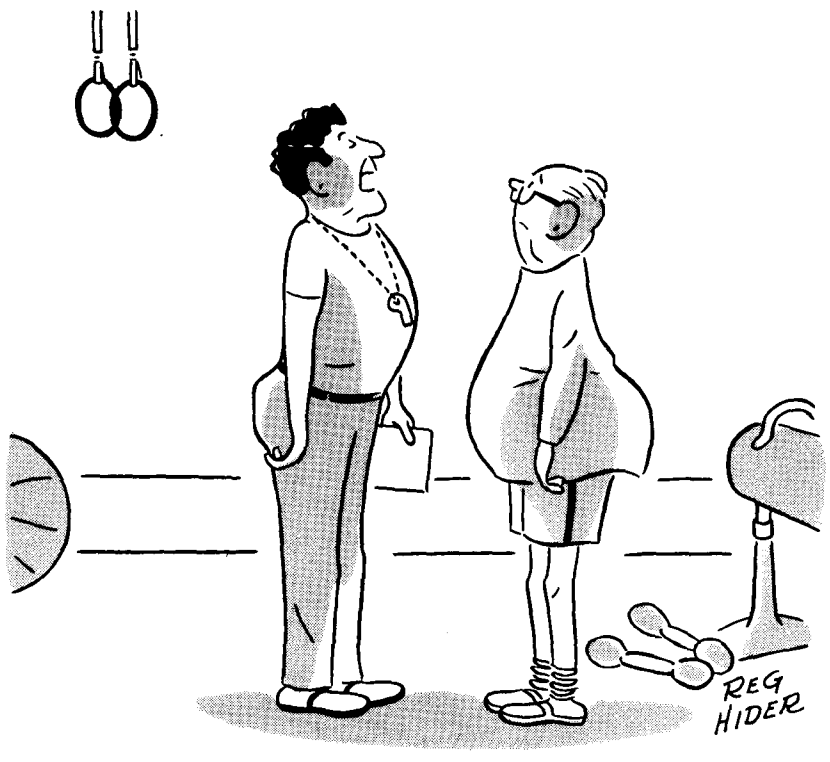
"Confidenze I have not. For this, and alzo whatever elze I have lozt, I thank the Nazis."

It was by then mid-August and things were growing steadily worse wherever one looked. The Poles were mobilizing for war. Oskar hardly moved. I was full of worries though I pretended calm weather.

He sat in his massive armchair with sick eyes, breathing like a wounded animal.

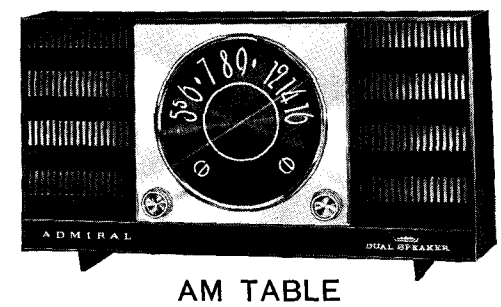
"Who can write about Walt Whitman in such terrible times?"

"Why don't you change the subject?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"To start why don't you take a brisk waddle around the gym."



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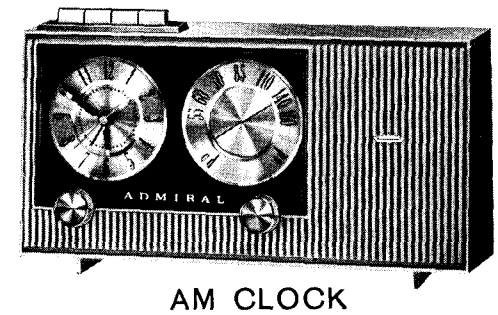

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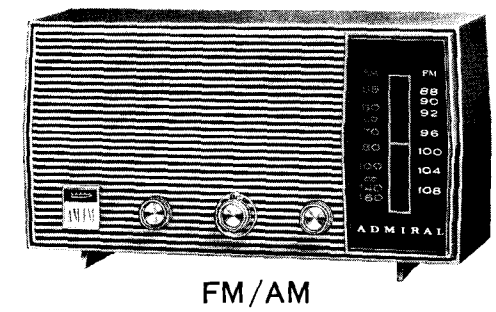

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THE REFUGEE

"It mages no differenze what is the subject. It is all uzelezz."

I came every day to see him, neglecting my other students and therefore my livelihood. I had a panicky feeling that if things went on as they were going, they would end in Oskar's suicide; and I felt a frenzied desire to prevent that. What's more, I was sometimes afraid I was myself becoming melancholy, a new talent, call it, of taking less pleasure in my little pleasures. And the heat continued, oppressive, relentless. We thought of escape into the country, but neither of us had the money. One day I bought Oskar a secondhand fan—wondering why we hadn't thought of that before—and he sat in the breeze for hours each day until after a week, shortly after the Soviet-Nazi non-aggression pact was signed, the motor gave out. He could not sleep at night and sat at his desk with a wet towel on his head, still attempting to write his lecture. He wrote reams on a treadmill; it came out nothing. When he did sleep, out of exhaustion, he had fantastic frightening dreams of the Nazis inflicting tortures on him, sometimes forcing him to look upon the corpses of those they had slain. In one dream he told me about, he had gone back to Germany to visit his wife. She wasn't home and he had been directed to a cemetery. There, though the tombstone read another name, her blood seeped out of the earth above her shallow grave. He groaned at the memory of the dream.

Afterwards, he told me something about her. They had met as students, lived together, and were married at twenty-three. It wasn't a very happy marriage. She had turned into a sickly woman, physically unable to have children. "Something was wrong with her interior strugture."

Though I asked no questions, Oskar said, "I offered her to come with me here but she refused this."

"For what reason?"

"She did not think I wished her to come."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Not," he said.

He explained he had lived with her for almost twenty-seven years under difficult circumstances. She had been ambivalent about their Jewish friends and his relatives, though outwardly she seemed not a prejudiced person. But her mother was always a violent anti-Semite.

"I have nothing to blame myself," Oskar said.

He took to his bed. I took to the New York Public Library. I read some of the German poets he was trying to write about, in English translation. Then I read *Leaves of Grass* and wrote down what I thought one or two of them had got from Whitman. One day toward the end of August I brought Oskar what I had written. It was in good part guessing, but my idea wasn't to write the lecture for him. He lay on his back, motionless, and listened utterly sadly to what I had written. Then he said, no, it wasn't the love of death they had got from Whitman—that ran through German poetry—but it was most of all his feeling for *Brudermensch*, his humanity.

"But this does not grow long on German earth," he said, "and is soon deztroyed."

I said I was sorry I had got it wrong, but he thanked me anyway.

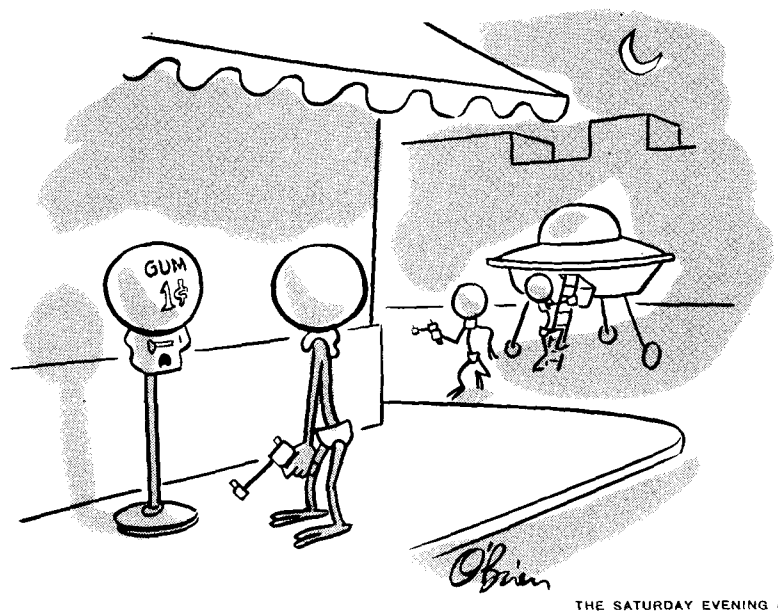
I left defeated, and as I was going down the stairs, heard someone sobbing. I will quit this, I thought. It has gotten to be too much for me. I can't drown with him.

I stayed home the next day, tasting a new kind of private misery too old for somebody my age, but that same night Oskar called me on the phone, blessing me wildly for having read those notes to him. He had got up to write me a letter to say what I had missed, and it ended by his having written half the lecture. He had slept all day and tonight intended to finish it up.

"I thank you," he said, "for much, alzo including your faith in me."

"Thank God," I said, not telling him I had just about lost it.

Oskar completed his lecture—wrote and rewrote it—during the first week in September. The Nazis had invaded Poland, and though we were greatly troubled, there was some sense of release; maybe the brave Poles would beat them. It took another week to translate the lecture, but here we had the assistance of Friedrich Wilhelm Wolff, the historian, a gentle, erudite man, who liked translating and promised his help with future lectures. We then had about two weeks to work on Oskar's delivery. The weather had changed, and so, slowly, had he. He had awakened from defeat, battered, after a wearying battle. He had lost close to twenty pounds. His complexion was still gray; when I looked at his face I expected to see scars, but it had lost its flabby unfocused quality. His blue eyes had



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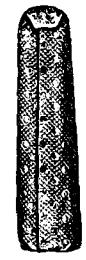

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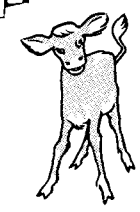

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returned to life and he walked with quick steps, as though to pick up a few for all the steps he hadn't taken during those long, hot days he had lain torpid in his room.

We went back to our former routine, meeting three late afternoons a week for diction, grammar and the other exercises. . taught him the phonetic alphabet and transcribed long lists of words he was mispronouncing. He worked many hours trying to fit each sound into place, holding half a matchstick between his teeth to keep his jaws apart as he exercised his tongue. All this can be a dreadfully boring business unless you think you have a future. Looking at him I realized what's meant when somebody is called "another man."

The lecture, which I now knew by heart, went off well. The director of the institute had invited a number of prominent people. Oskar was the first refugee they had employed, and there was a move to make the public cognizant of what was then a new ingredient in American life. Two reporters had come with a lady photographer. The auditorium was crowded. I sat in the last row, promising to put up my hand if he couldn't be heard, but it wasn't necessary. Oskar, in a blue suit, his hair cut, was of course nervous, but you couldn't see it unless you studied him. When he stepped up to the lectern, spread out his manuscript and spoke his first English sentence in public, my heart hesitated; only he and I, of all the people there, had any idea of the anguish he had been through. His enunciation wasn't at all bad—a few *s*'s for *th*'s, and he once said "bag" for "back," but otherwise he did all right. He read poetry well—in both languages—and though Walt Whitman, in his mouth, sounded a little as though he had come to the shores of Long Island as a German immigrant, still the poetry read as poetry:

And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of creation is love...

Oskar read it as though he believed it. Warsaw had fallen but the verses were somehow protective. I sat back, conscious of two things: how easy it is to hide the deepest wounds; and the pride I felt in the job I had done.

Two days later I came up the stairs into Oskar's apartment to find a crowd there. The refugee, his face beet red, lips bluish, a trace of froth in the corners of his mouth, lay on the floor in his limp pajamas, two firemen on their knees, working over him with an inhalator. The windows were open and the air stank of gas.

A policeman asked me who I was and I could only answer, "No, oh no."

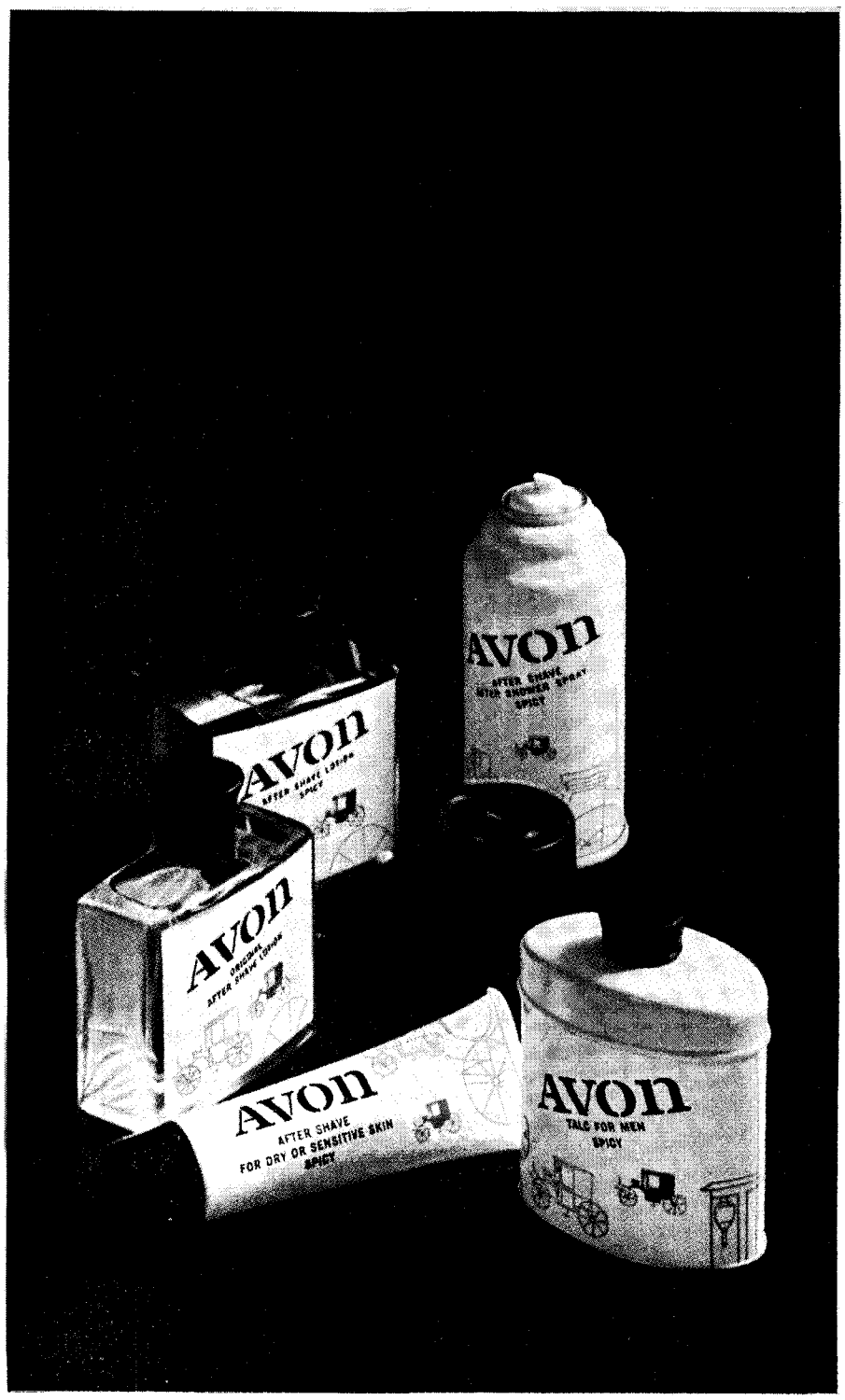
I said no, but it was unchangeably yes. He had taken his life—gas—I hadn't even thought of the stove in the kitchen.

"Why?" I asked myself. "Why did he do it?" Maybe it was the fate of Poland on top of everything else, but the only answer anyone could come up with was Oskar's scribbled note that he was not well, and that he left Martin Goldberg all his possessions. I am Martin Goldberg.

I was sick for a week, had no desire either to inherit or investigate, but I thought I ought to look through his things before the court impounded them, so I spent a morning sitting in the depths of Oskar's velours armchair, trying to read his correspondence. I had found in the top drawer of his desk a thin packet of letters from his wife and an airmail letter of recent date from his anti-Semitic mother-in-law.

She writes, in a tight script it takes me hours to decipher, that her daughter, after Oskar abandons her, against her own mother's fervent pleas and anguish, is converted to Judaism by a vengeful rabbi. One night the Brown Shirts appear, and though the mother wildly waves her bronze crucifix in their faces, they drag Frau Gassner, together with the other Jews, out of the apartment house, and transport them in lorries to a small border town in conquered Poland. There, it is rumored, she is shot in the head and topples into an open tank ditch, with the naked Jewish men, their wives and children, some Polish soldiers and a handful of Gypsies. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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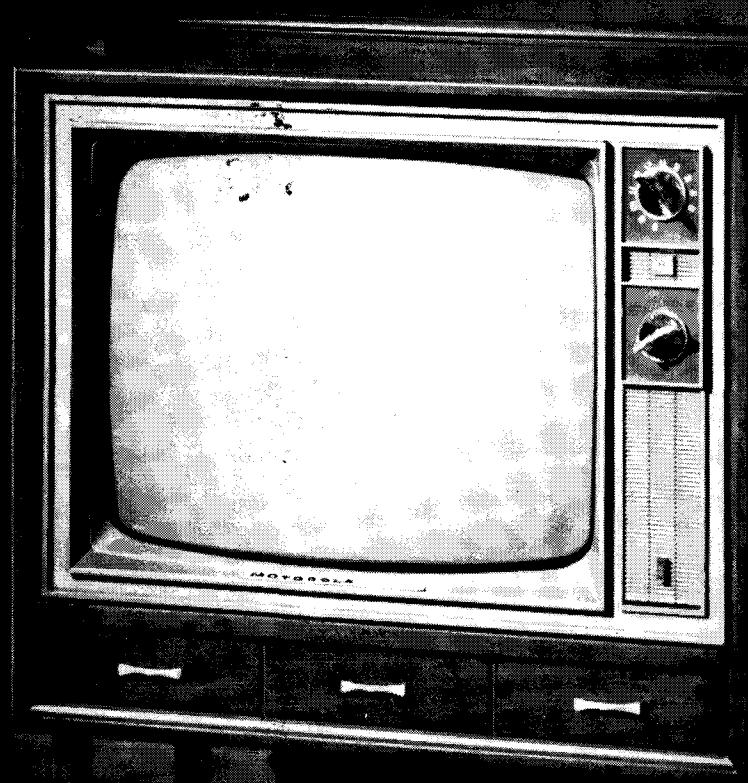

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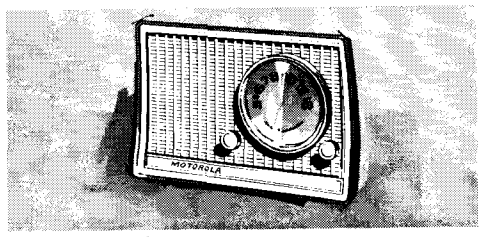

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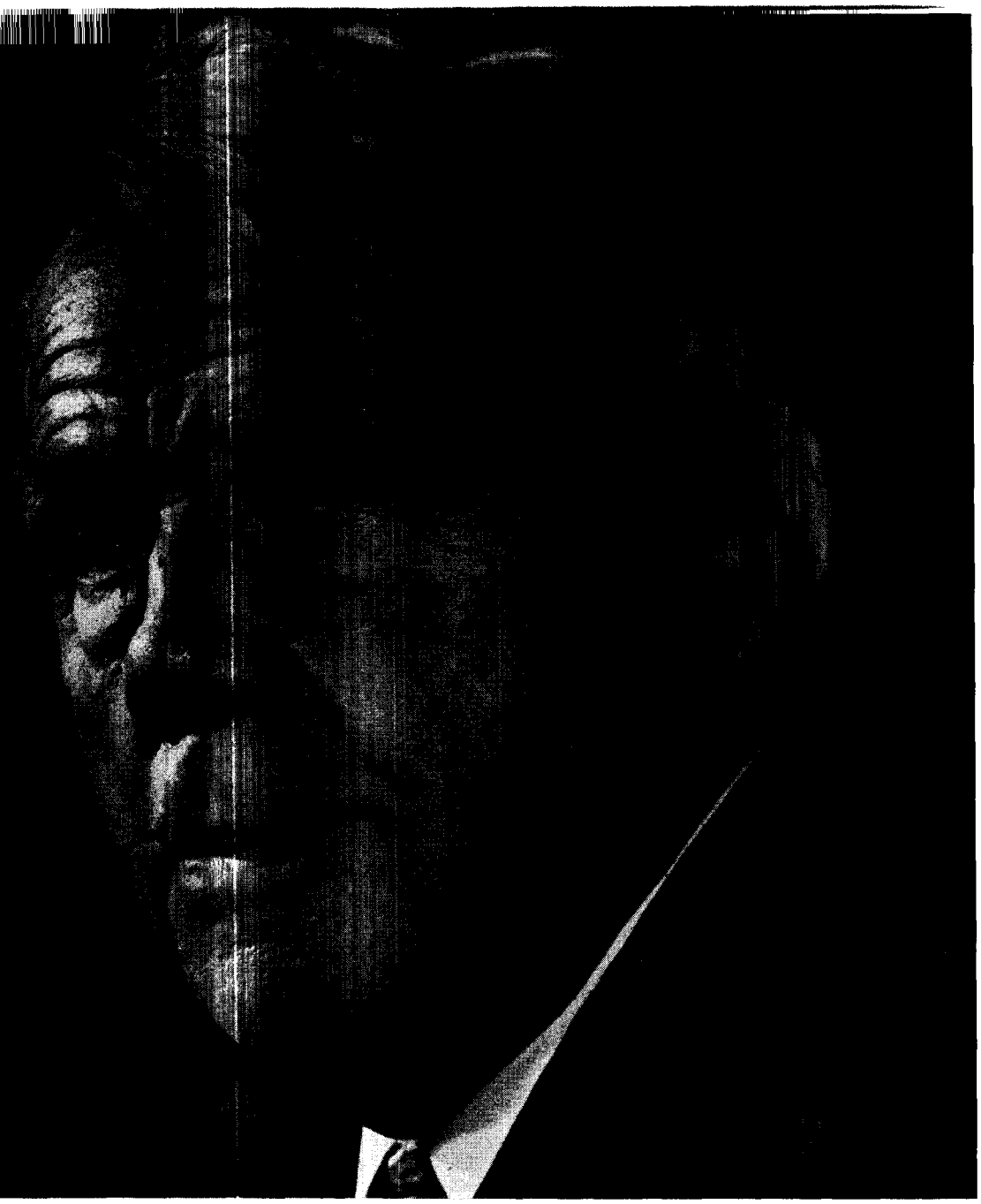
To Prayer I go

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER



Once, in the weathered cottage that sat on the shoulder of a hill, I heard Robert Frost say a poem. More than hints, positive urging had been necessary, but finally the old man leaned back in a wooden chair, placed one hand to his brow and recited.

When he was finished, even the silence seemed lovely. "You know," he said, "in all the years I taught at Amherst, I never said a poem to my class."

"Why not?"

"Because," Frost said, "they never asked."

Which was the man and there, of course, is a paradox. Frost's touchstone, beyond an almost belligerent integrity, was a profound sense of privacy—his own privacy and other people's. Yet a successful poem is not a private thing. It requires both a writer *and* a reader.

Robert Frost's solution to this paradox was the triumph of his eighty-eight years. It was his style. Frost wrote about searing personal things—great poetry is always strongly felt—without ever seeming to be personal or intrusive. He wrote once of being an isolationist during the 1930's, a decision which caused him considerable pain and produced arguments with people he loved. The poem told simply of a man standing on a precipice who takes one step backward just before the precipice is washed away by a torrent. To Frost, a noninterventionist in a world where Hitler was rising, the poem had an absolute specific meaning. To a dozen readers it could have meant a dozen other things. There are all kinds of torrents on the planet, all kinds of precipices.

Critics might have called this the quality of universality and Frost might have called the critics "too literary for me." He didn't much care for critics in recent years. The quality of his style defines itself most properly in his poems. Unquestionably it is better admired than explained.

Frost could write of the great issues of life and death in his own unique terms, but it is a mistake to think that this genius spared him torment. "A poem," he said one day, "is a momentary stay against confusion."

The great excitement in the letters that Frost wrote to Louis Untermeyer over almost half a century does not lie in the recording of a friendship. Untermeyer, a minor poet, but a major anthologizer and a significant man of letters, serves rather as a sounding board. The excitement lies in the slow, agonizing revelations of some of the torments Robert Frost had to endure.

A sister goes insane and Frost begins his poem, "To prayer I go." Twenty years later a son commits suicide and only then can Frost find an ending. A daughter dies of complications in childbirth. Frost finds the strength to go on with his own life. Mrs. Frost dies before their fiftieth anniversary and Frost writes:

> But bid life seize the present?
> . . . The present
> Is too much on the senses
> Too crowding, too confusing,
> Too present to imagine.

He was, when I knew him, an old man, who had endured many winters of the climate and of the heart. In the letters which appear on the following pages, one gets a look at greatness—strong, tormented, but to the end indomitable as hope.

—Roger Kahn

© 1963 by Louis Untermeyer, from the forthcoming book by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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A famous public figure toward the end of his life, Frost recites a poem at Kennedy's inauguration.

"A POEM BEGINS AS A LUMP IN THE THROAT."

Franconia, N.H.
June 8, 1915

It reduces itself to this, that I am native, I set up to be a poet, and am generally set down for a realist. I'll tell you how you can tell whether I am the last or not: find out how I fell in love. The realist always falls in love with a girl he has grown up and gone to school with, the romanticist with a new girl from "off somewhere." That's not to say that they don't both fall in love with the respective girls for what they don't know about them. Mystery draws both on; only in the case of the romantic it is a more obvious mystery—a less mysterious mystery.

Franconia, N.H.
July 8, 1915

Forgive me my nonsense as I also forgive the nonsense of those who think they talk sense. All I insist on is that nothing is quite honest that is not commercial. You needn't take that as said in character. Of course I don't mean by that that it isn't true. Nothing is true except as a man or men adhere to it—to live for it, to spend themselves on it, to die for it. Not to argue for it! There's no greater mistake than to look on fighting as a form of argument. To *fight* is to leave words and act as if you believed—to *act* as if you believed. Sometimes I have my doubts of words altogether and I ask myself what is the place of them. They are worse than nothing unless they do something, unless they amount to deeds as in ultimatums and war cries. They must be flat and final like the showdown in poker from which there is no appeal. My definition of literature would be just this, words that have become deeds.

Franconia, N.H.
July 20, 1915

That was a bad letter I wrote you the other day and what was worse I sent it. I don't remember what I said in it, but it was naught. Always give a fellow another chance when he behaves badly, and still another chance after that. Never draw a line beyond which you won't allow a friend or anyone else to go. It is the mark of a small mind to draw the line anywhere.

Remember this if you are still in the water: There is no help in a wave when you are coming back to shore tired out. It will be going your way. For a moment you will be lifted up with hope on the crest of it. But it carries nothing with it. It will go forward itself, but leave you to the mercy of the current. It is a hateful delusion when you are desperate for solid ground under your feet.

Franconia, N.H.
January 1, 1916

A poem is not a put-up job so to speak. It begins as a lump in the throat, a sense of wrong, a homesickness, a lovesickness. It is never a thought to begin with. It is at its best when it is a tantalizing vagueness. It finds its thought or makes its thought. I suppose it finds it lying around with others not so much to its purpose in a more or less full mind. That's why it oftener comes to nothing in youth before experience has filled the mind with thoughts. It may be a big emotion then and yet finds nothing it can embody in. It finds the thought and the thought finds the words. Let's say again: A poem particularly must not begin thought first.

Franconia, N.H.
July 17, 1916

Last year I advised you on waves. A word on sharks. I always find it efficacious in dealing with the Suns-of-Guns to keep the body exactly at right angles with the line of their smile. When they turn on their side and smile perpendicularly in the act of biting, the body must be thrown instantly to a horizontal position as in floating so that they shall be warded off by bumping their own noses. There must be no hesitation. And remember the body must never be presented either end on. That is said to be fatal: as are also a few other things I'm too plug inert to go into here, among them speculation, theory, and all uncertainty.

[The next letter is Robert's first attempt to get his biography straight. In *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, which had just appeared, Amy Lowell devoted the second chapter to him.]

Amherst, Mass.
November 7, 1917

Do you want to be the repository of one or two facts that Amy leaves out of account?

For twenty-five out of the first forty years of my life I lived in San Francisco, Lawrence, Mass., Boston, Cambridge, Mass., New York, and Beaconsfield, a suburb of London.

For seven I lived in the villages of Salem, Derry, and Plymouth, New Hampshire.

For eight I lived on a farm at Derry though part of that time I was teaching in the Academy there.

I began to read to myself at thirteen. Before that time I had been a poor scholar and had stayed out of school all I could. At about that time I began to take first place in my classes.

I read my first poem at 15, wrote my first poem at 16, wrote *My Butterfly a*

He liked playing jackstraws with his daughter Lesley, and grandchildren Elinor and Lesley Lee Francis.

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"I DREAMED MY WAY THROUGH MANY FORTUNES."

eighteen. That was my first poem published.

With Elinor I shared the valedictory honor when I graduated from the High School at Lawrence, Mass.

I was among the first men at Amy's brother's old college during my two years there, winning a considerable scholarship. In those days I used to suspect I was looked on as more or less of a grind—though as a matter of fact I was always rather athletic. I ran well. I played on town school ball teams and on the High School football team. I had my share of fights, the last a rather public one in Lawrence in 1896 that cost me the humiliation of going into court and a ten dollar fine.

It is not fair to farmers to make me out a very good or laborious farmer. I have known hard times, but no special shovel-slavery. I dreamed my way through all sorts of fortunes without any realizing sense of what I was enduring. You should have seen me, I wish I could have seen myself, when I was working in the Arlington Mills at Lawrence, working in the shoe shop in Salem, N.H., tramping and beating my way on trains down South, reporting on a Lawrence paper, promoting for a Shakespearean reader (whom I abandoned because, after trying him on a distinguished audience I got him in Boston, I decided he wasn't *truly great!*). Nothing seemed to come within a row of apples trees of where I really lived. I was so far from being discouraged by my failure to get anywhere that I only dimly realized that anyone else was discouraged by it. This is where the countryman came in: I would work at almost anything rather well for a while, but every once in so often I had to run off for a walk in the woods or for a term's teaching in a lonely district school or a summer's work haying or picking fruit on a farm or cutting heels in a shed by the woods in Salem. Gee Whiz, I should say I was just the most everyday sort of person except for the way I didn't mind, for example. Of course it's no credit to me. I knew what I was about well enough and was pretty sure where I would come out.

Amy is welcome to make me out anything she pleases. I have decided I like her and, since she likes me, anything she says will do so long as it is entertaining. She has been trying to lay at my door all the little slips she has made in the paper on me. She gets it all wrong about me and Gibson and Abercrombie for example. I knew neither of those fellows till *North of Boston* was all written. All I wrote in the neighborhood of those two was part of *Mountain Interval*. I doubt if she is right in making me so grim, not to say morbid. I may not be funny enough for *Life* or *Punch*, but I have sense of humor enough, I must believe, to laugh when the joke is on me as it is in some of this book of Amy's.

I really like least her mistake about Elinor [Mrs. Frost]. That's an unpardonable attempt to do her as the conventional helpmeet of genius. Elinor has never been of any earthly use to me. She hasn't cared whether I went to school or worked or earned anything. She has resisted every inch of the way my efforts to get money. She is not too sure that she cares about my reputation. She wouldn't lift a hand or have me lift a hand to increase my reputation or even save it. And this isn't all from devotion to my art at its highest. She seems to have the same weakness I have for a life that goes rather poetically; only I should say she is worse than I. It isn't what might be expected to come from such a life—poetry that she is after. And it isn't that she doesn't think I am a good poet either. She always knew I was a good poet, but that was between her and me, and there I think she would have liked it if it had remained at least until we were dead. I don't know that I can make you understand the kind of person. Catch her getting any satisfaction out of what her housekeeping may have done to feed a poet! She hates housekeeping. She has worked because the work has piled on top of her. But she hasn't pretended to like house-work even for my sake. If she has liked anything it has been what I may call living it on the high. She's especially wary of honors that derogate from the poetic life she fancies us living. What a cheap common unindividualized picture Amy makes of her. But, as I say, never mind. Amy means well and perhaps you will come to our rescue without coming in conflict with Amy or contradicting her to her face.

I wish for a joke I could do myself, shifting the trees entirely from the Yankee realist to the Scotch symbolist.

Burn this if you think you ought for my protection.

Department of English, Amherst College
Amherst, Mass., December 1, 1917

I seize this department stationery to give you a new sense of what a merely important person I am become in my decline from greatness.

Franconia, N.H.
April 12, 1920

I must have told you I have a sister Jeanie two or three years younger than myself. This is about her. It is not a story to tell everybody; but I want you to hear it if only so that you will understand why I am not as gay as I have been in my recent letters.

The police picked her up in Portland, Maine, the other day insane as nearly as we can make out on the subject of the war. She took the police for German officers carrying her off for immoral use. She took me for someone else when she saw me. She shouted to me by name to save her from whoever she thought I was in person.

I was prepared for this by what I saw of her a year ago (a year and a half ago) when she came to us at Amherst, a fugitive from a mob in a small town fifty miles away who were going to throw her into a mill pond for refusing to kiss the flag. She got Hell out of the war. She turned everything she could think of to express her abhorrence of it: pro-German, pacifist, internationalist, draft-obstructor, and seditionist.

She has always been antiphysical and a sensibilist. I must say she was pretty well broken by the coarseness and brutality of the world before the war was thought of. This was partly because she thought she ought to be on principle. She has had very little use for me. I am coarse for having had children and coarse for having wanted to succeed a little. She made a birth in the family the occasion for writing us once of the indelicacy of having children. Indelicacy was the word. Long ago I disqualified myself for helping her through a rough world by my obvious liking for the world's roughness.

But it took the war to put her beside herself, poor girl. Before that came to show her what coarseness and brutality really were, she had been satisfied to take it out in hysterics, though hysterics as time went on of a more and more violent kind. I really think she thought in her heart that nothing would do justice to the war but going insane over it. She was willing to go almost too far to show her feeling about it, the more so that she couldn't find anyone who would go far enough. One half the world seemed unendurably bad and the other half unendurably indifferent. She included me in the unendurably indifferent. A mistake. I belong to the unendurably bad.

And I suppose I am a brute in that my nature refuses to carry sympathy to the point of going crazy just because someone else goes crazy, or of dying just because someone else dies. As I get older I find it easier to lie awake nights over other people's troubles. But that's as far as I go to date. In good time I will join them in death to show our common humanity.

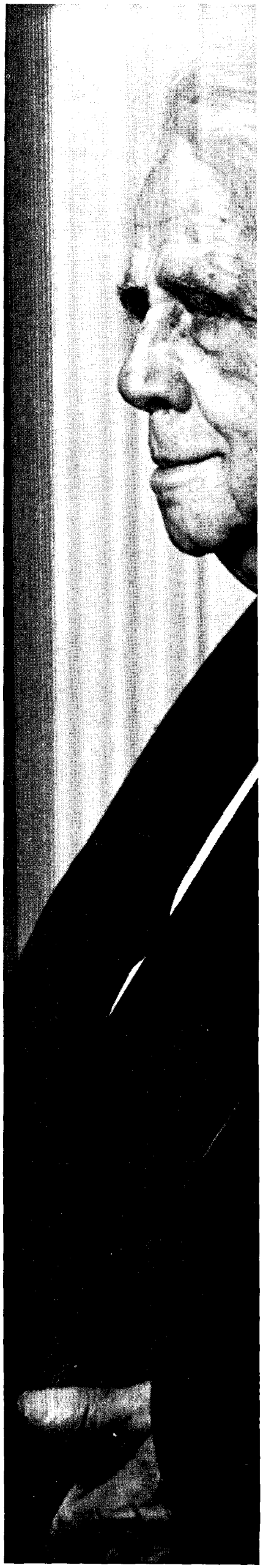
South Shaftsbury, Vt.
July 7, 1921

To prayer, to prayer I go—I think I go—
I go to prayer
Along a solemn corridor of woe
And down a stair
In every step of which I am abased;
A cowl I wear,
I wear a halter-rope about the waist
I bear a candle-end put out with haste.
I go to prayer.

Midhurst, Hucclecote
Gloucester, England
October 24, 1928

My judgement on you is that you have wronged yourself in all this business of alternating between two wives. You have been acting against your nature under pressure of the bad smart talk you have listened to and learned to share in the society you have cultivated in your own New York salons (so to call them). I've heard the mocking when I have been there and heard you lend yourself to it till I was ready to bet what would happen. None of it was right or wise or real. What I dread most now is that you will go on the assumption that, though it was folly and landed you in tragedy, it was on the way somewhere and somehow prepared you for greater and fuller life. Shut up. To hell with such comforts. It was all time and energy lost.

You have merely talked yourself out of your senses. I refuse to admit you were ravished of your senses. You talked your-



Frost's face revealed much of his character—strong, tormented, but to the end indomitable as hope.

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self out of them in your own parlor. For I heard you. Now you are yourself again by sheer weight of the honesty in your bones. Talk no more—unless you can talk unclever, unsophisticated, simple goodness. You tempt me to soak you in milk to renew your innocence. The funny positions people can talk themselves into in a lifetime of try-it-on talk.

Someone you know said to me in drink the other day:

Dyou blieve im marriage? Afer miwife died I got mix tup with a woman wanted me tmarry her. Ver attractive woman y understan. Had a child by her. Wouldn't marry her. Didn't want to. Think I ought to marry her?

Does she still want you to?

Shdoes—innaway. D you think ought to have married her before?

Has it caused her much pain—your not marrying her?

Sidible.

Well we have to consider whether decent marriage isn't a provision of the ages for causing the least possible pain between the sexes. The least possible is all I say.

Shwants to marry someone elsenow.

I thought you said she wanted to marry you.

Shwants to marry me first. Then get divorce n marry nother man.

I don't understand yet.

Marry me make tall reglar. Xplain it to him sos she won't have tell him. Thinks he'll like it better.

Wants you to marry her for his sake. S bout it.

Louis, Louis, very few people that leave the good of folkways can keep from getting all mixed up in the mind. We can make raids and excursions into the wild, but it has to be from well kept strongholds. I think you think so now. Let's drop the whole subject.

[My marriage to Virginia ended unhappily. After my son John was born, Virginia and I were divorced and I remarried Jean. This reunion did not last.]

Amherst, Mass.
May 13, 1933

I assume you are hard at it doing what has to be done. The expression of your face in the street lights that night settled it for me that nobody else's business was mine except very superficially. You know what you can and can't possibly stand. Having given me notice of what to expect you have cut me off for the moment to spare me the harrowing details. There's going to be some one left slain outside the circle as made up new. But what is the will for if it is not to control thought and suppress sentimentality? I have caused suffering myself more or less justifiably in the process of getting anywhere. It's only by luck, it is not in exactly the same realm. I may get credit for luck, but I don't take any for it. The saddest thing is for two separately to live on the same memories.

Rochester, Minn.
April 29, 1934

We are going through the valley of the shadow with Marjorie [Frost's daughter] and we are afraid. She had a baby in Billings, Montana, six weeks ago and most of the time since has hovered on the verge of death. The harm must have been done by her first doctor there of course. The infection was a terrible one. But once it was done her first doctor and the others we have called in have done everything possible for her. Three days ago we put her in a small airplane with a doctor and nurse to fly here. The thousand mile flight seems not to have set her back, and here we can expect the miracles of modern science. Rosenow, the great biologist, finds he has a serum for a close cousin of the organism diffused in her blood-stream. It would be better if it were for the exact organism. But that and blood-transfusions every other day and Marjorie's tenacity and Elinor's devotion and the mercy of God are our hopes. You will probably see us home again alive whatever the outcome, but it will be months hence and changed for the worse for the rest of our days.

Amherst, Mass.
May 15, 1934

I told you by letter or telegram what was hanging over us. So you know what to expect. Well, the blow has fallen. The noblest of us all is dead and has taken our hearts out of the world with her. It was a terrible seven weeks' fight—too indelibly terrible on the imagination. No death in war could more than match it for suffering and heroic endurance. Why all this talk in favor of peace? Peace has her victories over poor mortals no less merciless than war. Marge always said she would rather die in a gutter than in a hospital. But it was in a hospital she was caught to die after more than a hundred serum injections and blood transfusions. We were torn afresh every day between the temptation of letting her go untortured or cruelly trying to save her. The only consolation we have is the memory of her greatness through all. Never out of delirium for the last four weeks her responses were of course incorrect. She got little or nothing of what we said to her. The only way I could reach her was by putting my hand backward and forward between us as in counting out and saying with over-emphasis *You*-and-*Me*. The last time I did that, the day before she died, she smiled faintly and answered "All the same," frowned slightly and made it "Always the same." Her temperature was then 110, the highest ever known at the Mayo Clinic where as I told you we took her, but too late. The classical theory was not born out in her case that a fine and innocent nature released by madness from the inhibitions of society will give way to all the indecencies. Everything she said, however quaint and awry, was of an almost straining loftiness. It was as if her ruling passion must have been to be wise and good, or it could not have been so strong in death. But curse all doctors who for a moment let down and neglect in childbirth the scientific precautions they have been taught in school. We thought to move heaven and earth—heaven with prayers and earth with money. We moved nothing.

San Antonio, Tex.
March 11, 1937

How goes the teaching? I never see one of your anthologies but think you are one of the most natural-born teachers unemployed. Teaching is a pretty thing if it comes into your life just right. It can get to be a most innocent and unself-conscious way of holding forth. I haven't even minded the marking in it. It's just another thing to make play with and show what you mean by education. When I told class once I would give A that year on to those buying one hundred and fifty dollars worth of books, B only to those buying one hundred dollars worth and so

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on down to no books and a merely passing mark everyone was entitled to automatically for having taken my course, of course I only kept to it long enough for indication. I never taught long enough to carry anything out. I was a symbolical teacher. After giving a class a chance to say if there was anything in the bunch of themes on my desk they wanted to keep and satisfied myself there wasn't I threw them unread into the waste basket while the class looked on. If they didn't care enough for the themes to keep them I didn't care enough for the themes to read them. I wasn't going to be a perfunctory corrector of perfunctory writing. But I couldn't do that a second time. I could only tell of it to other classes to shock them into realizations. And I couldn't tell it many times. I have to move on to other acts that would symbolize my pedagogy. It's been fun. There have been more than forty things I have thought of to do in the forty-four years since I had my first small school of twelve barefooted children in a neck of the woods in South Salem, New Hampshire, in 1893. That's the year I wrote the first poems I have kept in a book. My weakness has been that I haven't carried out my illustrations. I didn't impress them on many. About all that impressed the ordinary run was probably that shameful fact that anybody at all could get a passing mark with me. Let life flunk 'em: I wouldn't.

My connection with Amherst tries in vain to stay somewhat a teaching one. It's partly my fault. I got up a new scheme for this year of four Big Evenings in a Beautiful Room with four sets of forty boys each picked and sent up to me by the departments of philosophy, literature, economics and science respectively. I was half way through it when I came away and I am afraid I am already sick of it. I had one good evening in which I dealt with the anxieties of [former Harvard president James] Conant and [former Chicago U. president Robert] Hutchins about the unification of knowledge. Now my imitators are having Big Evenings in the Beautiful Room I discovered. One of their Big Evenings was on the subject of Wallis Simpson and the British Throne. I didn't go. I was off somewhere getting farther off the whole idea. I wondered if they discussed what it was that Simpson was able to do for the king that it was said no other lady had been able to do.

In some ways it's quite awkward for me at Amherst. I have reason to think they like to have me there. But I am a little too much out in the world by comparison with the others for my comfort and theirs. Both of us try not to mind it. Those least acquainted with me mind it most. It keeps me away from faculty meetings and the faculty club and it keeps me from making practical suggestions. I grow shyer and shyer. You may not realize it but I always was a slinking (slinking I say not shrinking) cuss. I can talk if I have to to almost any rank or condition. But you have no idea what it costs me to brace up, get out of my old clothes and go where people are. I don't know how much longer I am going to be able to stand public or just active life. Harvard wrung Hell out of me. There's something wrong with me in the middle—always was. Maybe that's why I have so much sympathy with the middle classes.

South Shaftsbury, Vt.
July 1, 1937

What I wanted to be in life besides a poet was a base ball pitcher and a scythe mower. And a philosopher. And a U.S. Senator. I have about reali it as a scythe mower. I have mowe out half an acre since I came home. I l to admit though that Lankes who do like anything says he doesn't like y mowing style. I call for a shorter sti blade than formerly. I get into trou with a long limber blade.

[On the first of January, 1938, Robert had written: "I'll soon have been married fifty years." The half-hundred mark was never reached. Suffering again from respiratory trouble, Robert contracted influenza, but it was Elinor who failed to survive the winter. She died of heart failure on March 20th.]

Gainesville, Fla.
April 7, 1938

CARPE DIEM

Age saw two quiet children
Go loving by at twilight.
He knew not whether homeward
Or outward from the village
Or (chimes were ringing) churchward.
He waited (they were strangers)
Till they were out of hearing
To bid them both be happy.
"Be happy, happy, happy,
And seize the day of pleasure!"
The age-long theme is Age's.
'Twas Age imposed on poems
Their gather-roses burden,
To warn against the danger
That overtaken lovers,
From being over-flooded
With happiness, should have it

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ROBERT FROST

And yet not know they have it.
But bid life seize the present?
It lives less in the present
Than in the future always,
And less in both together
Than in the past. The present
Is too much on the senses
Too crowding, too confusing,
Too present to imagine.

[It was hard for Robert to maintain his balance after Elinor's death. He sold the Amherst house where he and Elinor had lived; he resigned from the college; he talked recklessly, and for the first time in his life the man whose favorite tipple was ginger ale accepted any drink that was offered.]

Amherst, Mass.
May 16, 1938

You have lived a lot of life since I said good-bye to you at the door of this hotel and so have I. I went out and did a thousand dollars' worth of lecturing last week on purpose to see if it wouldn't improve my symptoms to overwork and to see also how much on a pinch I can hope to earn a year when I am cut off from Amherst College. Fifty-two times a thousand is fifty-two thousand. Drop two weeks for vacation and it still comes to fifty thousand, which is in a painfully high bracket for these days or for a poet for any days. But it would be as a moralist rather than as a poet I would be pilloried there.

I don't know myself yet and won't for a long time, if I ever do. I am so quickened by what has happened that I can't touch my mind with a memory of any kind. I can't touch my skin anywhere with my finger but it hurts like a sad inspiration. In such like condition I spent all of yesterday packing deadly personal things in the desolated house on Sunset Avenue. My strength went out of me to the last drop and then Carol [Frost's son] carried me back to the house in South Shaftsbury. I feel as a tree that has lost its whole surrounding forest by bad forestry. I've got to have someone to complain to. I promise not to trouble you with the private very much more. Carol stood by me all day like a good boy. He has got himself together. He didn't know what to do those first days.

One more short tour (de force) and I shall be free to tend to one or two things in New York and Boston and then free to go home to Vermont. I shall be Freedom itself—

And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.*

I have much to talk about with you.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Perhaps I should have put it in his arm."

(* From William Collins's "Ode Written in the Year 1746.")

[Tragedy overwhelmed him again in the fall of 1940. He had lost his wife and his beloved daughter, Marjorie. Now Carol his only son, went insane. Frost tried to restore his son's balance but, after listening to the father speak all night against frustration, Carol said, "You always have the last word." A few days later he shot himself.]

Boston, Mass.
October 26, 1940

I took the wrong way with him. I tried many ways and every single one of them was wrong. Something in me is still asking for the chance to try one more. There's where the greatest pain is located. I am cut off too abruptly in my plans and efforts for his peace of mind. You'll say it ought not to have come about that I should have to think for him. He really did most of his thinking for himself. He thought too much. I doubt if he rested from thinking day or night in the last few years. Mine was just an added touch of his mind to see if I couldn't make him ease up on himself and take life and farming off-hand. I got humbled. Three weeks ago I was down at Merrills telling Lee how to live. Two weeks ago I was up at South Shaftsbury telling Carol how to live. Yesterday I was telling seven hundred Harvard freshmen how to live with books in college. Apparently nothing can stop us once we get going. I talk less and less however as if I knew what I was talking about. My manner will be intended to indicate henceforth that I acknowledge myself disqualified from giving counsel. Kay [Kathleen Morrison, wife of Harvard

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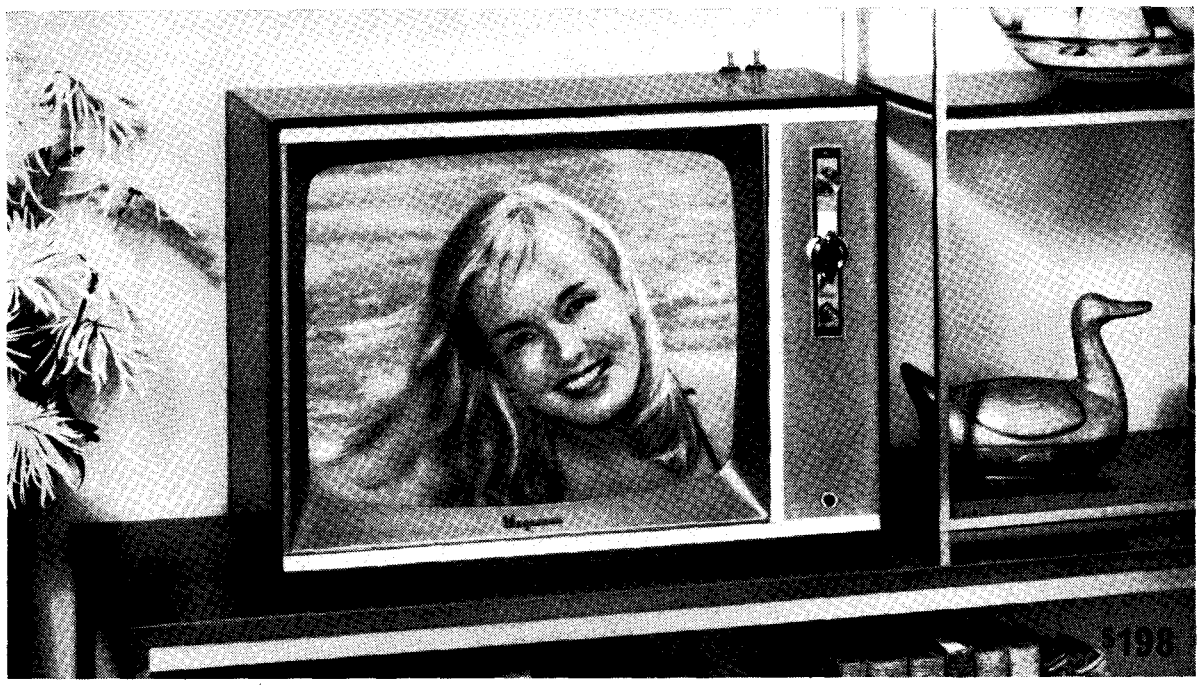

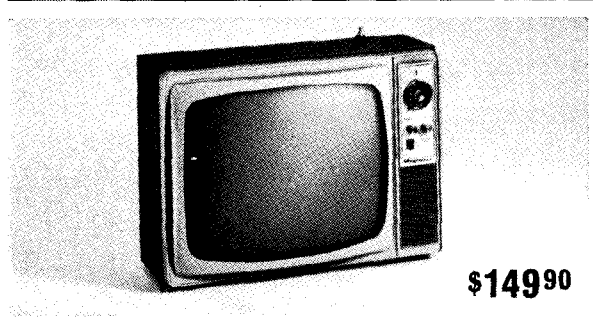

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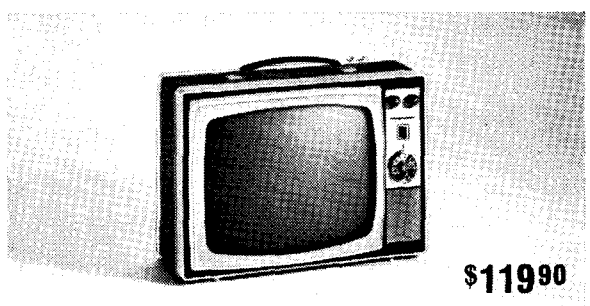

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professor Theodore Morrison, and Frost's secretary] says I am not to give myself up. Well then I'll be brave about this failure as I have meant to be about my other failures before. But you'll know d Kay will know in what sense I s: ings now.

I failed to trick Carol or argue him to believing he was the least successful. T at's what it came down to. He failed ir arming and he failed in poetry (you r ay not have known). He was splendid · ith animals and little children. If onl the emphasis could have been put or those. He should have lived with horse .

oston, Mass.
J nuary 15, 1942

To prayer I think I go,
I go to prayer—
Along a darkened corridor of woe
And down a stair
In every step of which I am abased,
I wear a halter-rope about the waist.
I bear a candle end put out with haste.
For such as I there is reserved a crypt
That from its stony arches having dripped
Has stony pavement in a slime of mould.
There I will throw me down an unconsoled
And utter loss,
And spread out in the figure of a cross.—
Oh, if religion's not to be my fate
I must be spoken to and told
Before too late!

You had the first of this from me long ago and I recently had a copy of it back from you. You never saw the end of it. You never saw how it came out. There was no end to it till now.

[In 1943 the Advisory Committee on e Pulitzer Prize for Poetry consisted of o scholars, Bliss Perry, formerly editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Wilbur L. Cross, dean of the Yale Graduate School, founder of *The Yale Review* and governor of Connecticut for eight years—and myself. It was agreed that *A Witness Tree* was the outstanding book of poetry of the year; but both Perry and Cross felt that Robert had received sufficient recognition and that the award should be given to the next best, José Garcia Villa's metaphysical *Have Come, Am Here*. I made myself somewhat unpleasant by insisting that though the second-best was good, it was not good enough to dispute first place, and that, moreover, merit should not be compromised. Our divided opinion with my minority report was sent to the judges at Columbia University, whose decision established a precedent when it was announced that *A Witness Tree* was the final choice and that Frost was the only author ever to win the Pulitzer prize four times.]

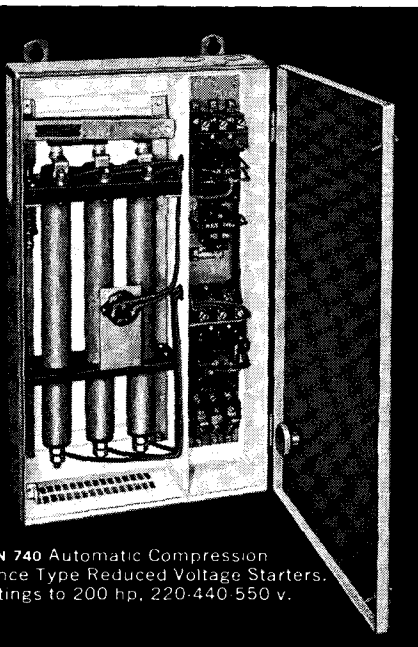
Cambridge, Mass.
May 6, 1943

The prize came as a genuine surprise after what you said about the committee's having decided I couldn't have it though I deserved it. You had prepared me to be satisfied with the golden opinion of the committee. Kay woke me with the news. It struck her breathless and me rather pleasantly thoughtful. Bliss Perry has just been in to explain his vote for *Have Come, Am Here*—his and Cross's. I eased him of embarrassment. He didn't know how uch I knew and I didn't tell him. His conscience wanted him to confess that the authorities at Columbia whoever they are were the ones I had to thank for the award. They had gone over the heads of th committee and it was for the first time. I ould see that he had been as surprised , I was. But really it is you I have to hank for this as for so many other things. Your accompanying letter to the authorities whoever they are and your coming out so honestly in *The Yale Review* no doubt brought the result. My only objection to it is that my fourth time stops me from saying much if Roosevelt tries for a fourth term. What I like best about it is that it defends my old age from the undertakers.

Ripton, Vt.
August 12, 1944

DEAR LOUIS:

I'd rather there had been no war at all
Than have you cross with me because of it.
I know what's wrong: the war is more or less
About the Jews and as such you believe
I ought to want to take some part in it.
You ought to know—I shouldn't have to tell you—
The army wouldn't have me at the front.
And hero at the rear I will not be—
I mean by going berserker at home
Like a post warden bashing in a door
To put a light out some fool family
Has treasonably left burning in a blackout
To go off on a round of night-club parties.
I couldn't bring myself Tyrtaeus-like
To sing and cheer the young men into dangers
I can't get hurt in. I am too untried
A soldier to preach soldiering to others.
And then please recollect I'm not a writer.
I'm good at most things as I ever was
I can't deny (you may deny it for me).
But I was never any good at routine writing.
I always hate in filling out a form
To call myself a writer. It would sound
Pretentious now to call myself a farmer,
But when it was a modest claim to make
I liked to make it. I'm a lecturer
And teacher now on income tax returns,
Though lecturer's another parlous word.
I could no more have taken pen to Hitler
Than taken gun (but for a different reason) . . .
. . . The best part of my friendship for your race
Is that I thought of it as lost in ours,
And the long time it's taken me to see
It was in part at least a race apart.
And even the part that is a race apart
I sympathize with. Give them back I say
All Palestine. No race without a country
Can be a nation. I take sides with all
Who want a platform they can call their own
To speak their language from—a platform country.
I'll tell Great Britain to be kind to them.
But see Great Britain: plead your cause in London—
If such your cause is. Talk is our ally
Don't bother me; I have no pull with Arabs.
I am no Lawrence of Arabia.
I am so sick of all the vexing questions
This war has raised about our duty to resist
With force of armament on our allies
Being as just as we expect to be
To small fry nations and minorities,
I wouldn't much care if we never had
Another war. I vow I wouldn't care.
By way of bidding politics farewell . . .
I thought I had us in the formula
That our democracy was a diffusion
Of quality, such quality for instance
As may sit back with feet crossed on the mantel
Thumbs in the armholes of its vest to doubt



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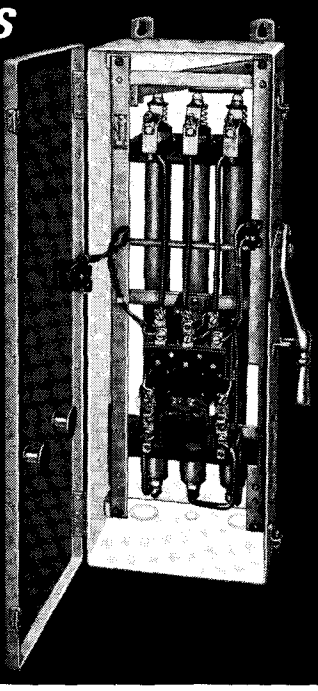

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As Solomon the king said, Vanity
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The way the Adams family had to wait
For the third to produce a Henry Adams.
You may remember out from my back door
We have a bolt hole the choke cherries choke,
And a path through a patch of bracken snares
To open pasture where the view is free
Across the near horizon of black spruce
To a far off Horizon of dim mountains....

Ripton, Vt.
August 9,1947

At every commencement I hear young Americans reproach themselves or their country with the indecency of our success and prosperity. I get sick of it. What are the young (and old) going to do about it? Are the Marxians in earnest in their contempt for American dollars? I wish I didn't suspect them of reasoning from envy. I'm afraid they won't despise riches so much if they can achieve it. All that makes them different from us is their belief they can do it better with the enterprise of gain all-centered in one bureau and even one master mind. They may be right and we wrong or vice versa. There is nothing specially noble in the position of either—if nobility is the object in life. I can't be bothered too much to discriminate between them. I was born and brought up to our kind of capitalism and I feel as if I might as well not change it to their form of the same thing. The only dispute between us is as to who should be the keeper of it, the state at the capital of the country or all sorts and kinds of people scattered from boundary to boundary. I have been taught to think that there is no greater peril than to cultivate no greatness except in politicians and statesmen. I should hate it to have all patronage of the arts come from one source. If I can't get it from the Library of Congress or the White House or from the Pulitzer Committee I can appeal from them to publisher after publisher, editor after editor, braving poverty for myself and children till the society for the prevention of cruelty to minors catches up with me and I am dragged into court to justify my sacrifice by a show-down of unpublished manuscript. In my destitution I should be assigned a lawyer to defend me and if I lost assigned a professor to cure me of not knowing how to write. Even that wouldn't exhaust my chances. I might get to Bread Loaf [the Vermont Writers Conference Frost helped found] on a scholarship.

[In 1950 I put together *The Road Not Taken*, an enlargement of *Come In*, which had been published seven years earlier. Like its predecessor, it was, as the subtitle indicated, "An Introduction to Robert Frost."]

Box 100—Route 2, South Miami, Fla.
February 15, 1950

I am glad you reminded me of the colleges. We must try to get a true picture of me with them—of course in your own words—I'm not trying to write your biographic preface to *The Road Not Taken* (as you call it). My special stays have been at Dartmouth, Amherst, and Michigan, but I have belonged longest, nearly twenty-five years of the last thirty-five, and belong now to Amherst. Amherst is the only place where I have had *markable* classes. I have made almost a practice of lingering round for several days at a time to lecture and visit with the faculty and students at many other colleges. And you haven't failed to notice I have had honorary degrees from many.

Perhaps that's enough about me as teacher. Still perhaps you might find it grist to your mill that I was most really and truly an all-out teacher back at Salem, New Hampshire, where I presided over twelve barefoot children under twelve in a district school by the woods and often sitting on the lid of the woodbox by the stove wrote poetry (some of it the poetry of *A Boy's Will*) on the window sill for my table. I worked the hardest at teaching for my five years at Pinkerton Academy in Derry, New Hampshire. I got invited in there on the strength of *A Tuft of Flowers* read aloud at a village banquet not by me but by someone else with me sitting by with my head hung down. I liked the job. I never hated anything new and strange enough to give me ideas.

You see the danger in distorting me into too humble a beginning. I always had the keys of the city to play with so as not to take big things too seriously. I walked out of two colleges like nothing at all. I was no rebel. I must have left from failure to see the difference between being intellectual in college and being intellectual outside of college. I got suspicious that it was very much up to me to find out for myself whether I had it in me to write and think. I was shifting my dependence you might say from teachers to writers who had written before me.

I read my first book *Scottish Chiefs* in my fourteenth year. I wrote my first poem in my fifteenth. It must have sprung full grown, forty four-line stanzas from Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*. I gave it to the senior editing our high school Bulletin and saw it in print that month. It exists at the Jones Library in Amherst to this day. The theme was the bad night the Indians gave the Spaniards to my gratification when they drove them temporarily back from Tenochtitlan. There's a lot of history in it and a lot of excitement but not much else. I wrote about ten pieces in rhyme and blank verse in the next two years and then I wrote "My Butterfly," and sent it to *The Independent*. And in the ten lines there beginning "The grey grass is scarce dappled with the snow" I found myself. Don't you think so?

The grey grass is scarce dappled with the snow;
Its two banks have not shut upon the river;
But it is long ago—
It seems forever—
Since first I saw thee glance,
With all thy dazzling other ones
In airy dalliance,
Precipitate in love,
Tossed, tangled, whirled and whirled above,
Like a limp rose-wreath in a fairy dance.

(Written in great haste just before train time.)

Box 100—Route 2, South Miami, Fla.
February 21, 1950

All right let's have some sort of chronology for your guidance: I helped elect Grover Cleveland in San Francisco in 1884—marched in torchlight processions—rode on a fire engine—pulled by one or two hundred men in one procession. My father was chairman of the Democratic city committee. I campaigned through all the saloons with him—plastered their ceilings with campaign literature, using a silver dollar to drive in the tack. I didn't go to school much till I came East in 1885 right after my father's death.

Came to Lawrence in 1885 and started school there in a grade that would have got me into the Lawrence High School at sixteen or seventeen. In '86 my mother went to teach district school at Salem Depot, New Hampshire. After one year and a half of ungraded school there I went eight miles down to Lawrence and passe by examination into the Lawrence High School from which I graduated valedictorian in 1892 about the time I would have entered if my bad luck had kept me in the city graded schools. My year and a half of the district school and my four years in the Lawrence High School were the heart of my education. They suited me perfectly.

I nailed shanks (drove six nails into the hollow of the sole of the shoes) in a shoe shop and had a mouthful of nails all the summer of my twelfth year. It was piece work and I earned better pay than I was to earn for ten years. That was my cobbling.

From then on I spent all my vacations either in a shoe shop or on a farm as a hired hand till I got through High School. The summer of 1891 I left a farm for a job pushing a bobbin wagon in a textile mill in Lawrence—a mistake for my health.

Passed first half of entrance exams for Harvard in 1891 but was sent in 1892 to Dartmouth by my grandmother whose idea was to save me from drink. Tended gate at a textile mill summer of '92—the year Lizzie Borden was being tried. At Christmas, or just after, left Dartmouth to come home and take my mother's room in the grammer school at Methuen, Massachusetts. She had been having a hard time with some rough boys. I was feeling pretty rough myself from hazing and all that at college. I asked the school committee to let me see what I could do with the boys. My victory over them though decisive was Pyrrhic and I qui after one term. I spent the summer of '93 farming for myself after a fashion on a rented place near Canobie Lake, New Hampshire. Read advertisements looking for what to do next.

In '94 began as a reporter on the Lawrence *American*, but gravitated to the editorial page where I wrote "paragraphs" some of which though in prose were really eclogues. I remember the subject of two or three. Out of them came *Mending Wall*, *The Woodpile*, and *Two Look at Two*.

Married in 1895 right after Elinor graduated from St. Lawrence University.

For the next five years I took more or less part in my mother's private and tutorial school in Lawrence though I was doing regular work at Harvard for two of the years, '97 and '98. I was of the class of 1901 along with Wallace Stevens but I never heard of him till long afterward. I had a course with Santayana. I ran all to Latin, Greek, and Philosophy till I ran away.

My mother died in 1900 and her school might have fallen to me if I had felt executive enough for the responsibility.

I was only induced to stay on teaching by the novelty offered of teaching psychology at The State Normal School at Plymouth. It was agreed that my stay should be no longer than a year. From Plymouth we sailed for Glasgow in August of 1912 in a small boat out of Boston with a very few passengers on board at that time of year. Fifty dollars was the fare. There were six of us. Th children all under fare—Lesley, Caro Irma and Marjorie. The captain hated us all because he was seasick and believed us all of the servant class going back to England to find a coat of arms for

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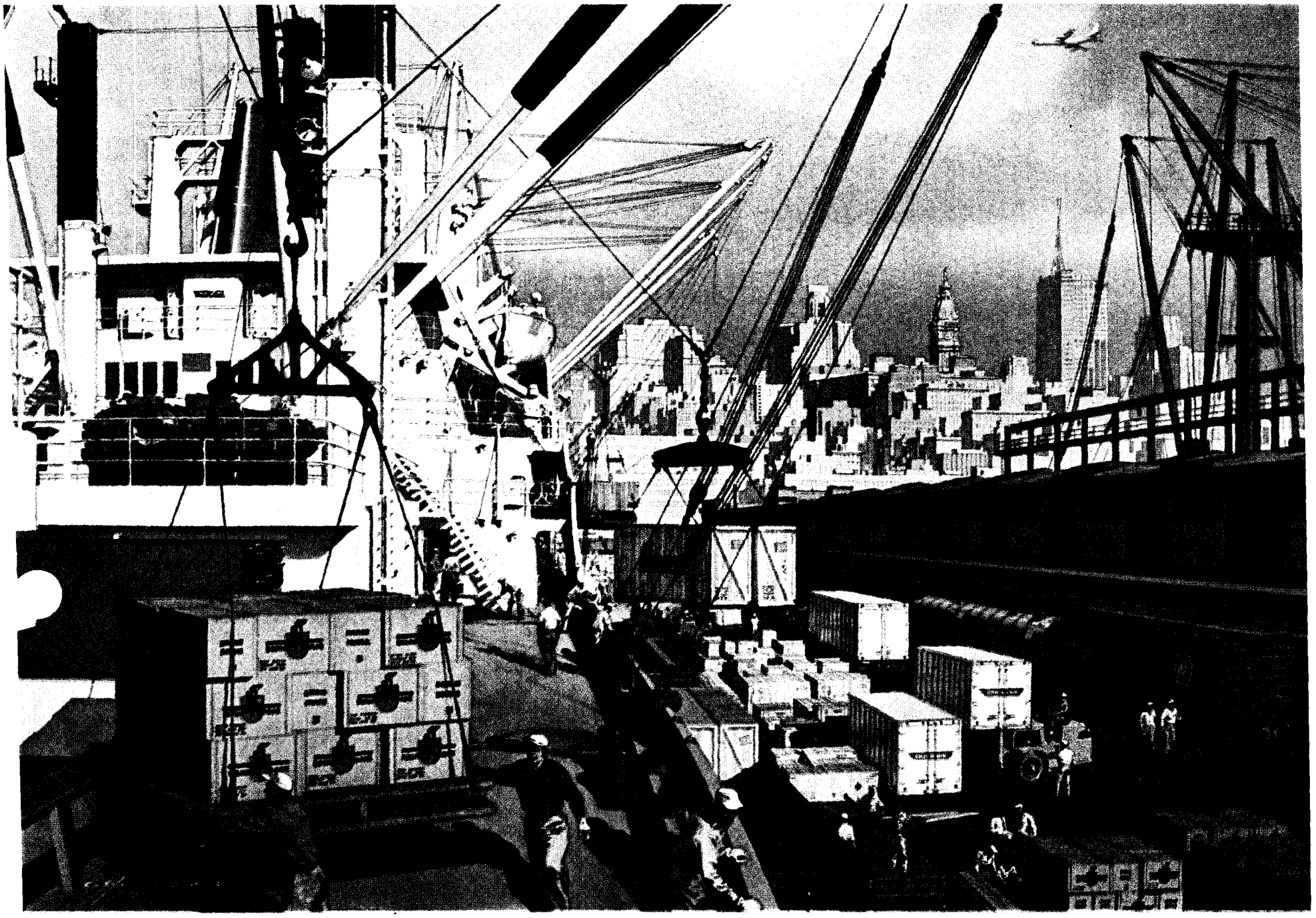

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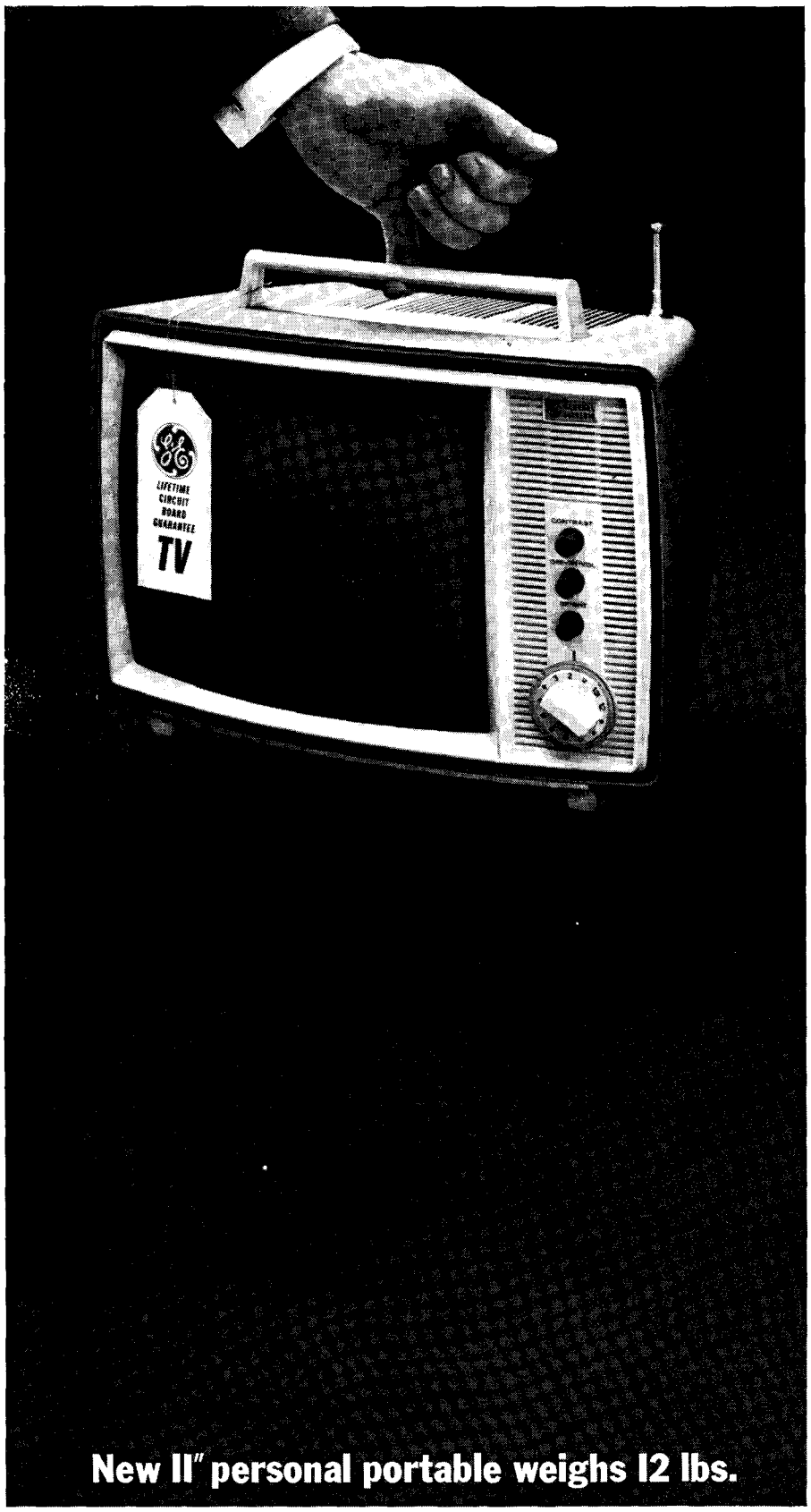

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ROBERT FROST

ourselves. To show you how little I knew where I was going, I almost got into a duel with a Scotch schoolmaster on board by miscalling some of the British navy we saw. I called it the English navy.

I had not a relative or an acquaintance to look up in England. Soon after we got there I carried a sheaf of poems to David Nutt. As you know they appeared and were rather well received in 1913. I never even knew who read them for Mrs. David Nutt who was the owner of the publishing house. Almost immediately on top of *A Boy's Will* I gave her the manuscript of *North of Boston*. She liked it better. She didn't seem very literary herself. I was curious about her advisors. She would never tell me who they were. *A Boy's Will* had made me friends who began to ask "What next?" I let one and another have copies of *The Death of the Hired Man*, *The Code* and *The Black Cottage*. They got into circulation round London and prepared the way for book success. Ezra [Pound] imposed *The Code* on Harriet Monroe. He failed to get *The Smart Set* to take *The Death of the Hired Man*.

As you probably know, everything from then on—that is May, 1914—went rather fine. *North of Boston* was one of the most reviewed books of the year. Massingham the editor of *The Nation* in summing up the year said so. Edward Thomas was one of my warmest advocates. We were thrown together very closely for the rest of our time over there.

[Details of a long visit in October, 1957, remain particularly vivid. My wife and I had driven to Cambridge for an autumn reunion. There were cocktails at the Morrisons, followed by dinner at the Vendome in Boston, a meal which Robert, in spite of his Puritanical animadversions against culinary refinements, ate with gusto: a fish chowder, sautéed bay scallops washed down with Chablis, and ice cream floating in crème de cacao. Then back to his house on Brewster Street. On this occasion "Togetherness" was his prime subject. "The best things and the best people," he said, "come out of their separateness. 'Togetherness'—that's a word coined to build up circulation for a woman's magazine, isn't it? The word is ugly enough, but the idea behind it is worse. And when it becomes an international slogan it isn't fit to be uttered. The other day a man was here from the United Nations—he was trying to sell me 'Togetherness.' He told me that Sweden had sent over a chunk of iron as a symbol of the strength of unity, and before it was put in one of the walls, representatives of the U.N. thought it would be a nice idea if I would write a poem to be engraved on it. I told him that iron was fine for a weapon of war, but it was a pretty curious emblem of peace. So I wrote them a couplet against unity, against 'Togetherness.' I doubt that they'll use it, but this is what I sent them:

["'Nature within her inmost self divides
To trouble men with having to take sides.'

["That's what men always have to do—take sides. There's no neutrality—no peace—no let's-get-together-and-protect-each-other in nature. A family or a nation that's always crying for protection isn't worth protecting.

["War is the natural state of man—remember what Emerson said about Nature being red in tooth and claw—the club, the spear, bow and arrow, gunpowder, rocket—anything man can lay his hands on or invent to show he is the better man. The hydrogen bomb is just another weapon, and it doesn't mean total extermination any more than the others. We can't be wiped out. After a lot of the world is swept away, cockroaches and people will come crawling out of the cracks. Then it will start all over again. We just won't die."

[The preceding paragraphs were to be the last in the book which was scheduled for publication in 1961. A little later, when it became apparent that Robert did not want the letters to appear in print during his lifetime, I wrote him that publication would, of course, be deferred. He expressed his pleasure by way of Kay Morrison and his publisher, Alfred Edwards, and followed it up with a letter sent by special delivery, air mail.]

35 Brewster Street
Cambridge 38, Mass.
November 4, 1961

I knew you would have mercy on my irresponsibility. K. and Al and you were the three in the world I counted on most to protect me from myself. You and I have been fond friends. I hated to keep you from publishing my unguarded letters if you thought they would do anything to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wouldn't go in there today, Ralph."

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integrate our lives. But something all the time was telling me there were things in the letters that would expose me to some little and big embarrassments to bother me to the point of wishing I were dead. ' lay awake nights over them and had :hed a decision that if they came out ., that ended it. I would turn my back on the world and not utter another book. I like to be read as a poet, but I guess I really hate the literary life and hate to be gossiped about for my part in it. I shan't be caring much longer what becomes of my remains. Throw them to the ghouls, who as we know "are neither man nor woman, who are neither beast nor human."

I shrank from looking back at the staleness of my past, and I have only hearsay to go on; but you yourself know the letters are full of indiscretions about people that I may now be better friends with than I may have been at times. I am too apt to amuse myself in private over the foibles and peccadillos of folks I really like. I have just come from visiting with people I wouldn't for anything have meant to hurt by my flippant character sketches. On suspicion and inquiry I learn sure enough the letters have taken them too unseriously. I horrify myself. I simply must try to stop being funny about all this drama and melodrama. Blame, but forgive me. In a sense I was being personal and confidential in my letters. Publicality was the last thing I was thinking of. Give me time to get good and *dead.*

POSTSCRIPT

In early December, 1962, Robert entered Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston to undergo surgery for a urinary-tract obstruction. The operation was success- ' but, subsequently, he suffered a heart ack and blood clots settled in the ngs. Thereupon the doctors tied the veins in both legs to ease the clotting.

When he seemed to be recovering, I visited with him on January 22nd at his bedside. Nurses and interns hovered about, but he shooed them from the room and we talked for more than an hour. Robert did most of the talking. Indulging in a reminiscent mood, he spoke of recent honors, including his acclaim by the Soviet writers and interview with Premier Khrushchev.

"He's a big man—he may be our enemy—but he's full of homely proverbs and a great sense of humor. We had quite a give-and-take, through interpreters, of course. He's not afraid of us and we're not afraid of him. When he repeated his idea about 'peaceful coexistence' I countered with a proposal about 'magnanimous rivalry.' He smiled, a broad peasant's smile. A great man, and a great country."

"How about your earlier opinion?" I asked, and quoted a little maliciously:

"I have none of the tenderer-than-thou
Collectivistic regimenting love
With which the modern world is
being swept"

He replied that he still did not believe in crowds or the inevitability of a Brotherhood of Man or the growing Welfare State, but he thought there would have to be a rapprochement be- n Russia and the United States. ey are beginning to move toward apitalism just as we are accepting certain aspects of socialism—heavier taxation, government control in industry, federal interest in the arts. We are drawing closer whether we like it or not, whether we realize it or not."

I read a note which I had just received from Robert Graves expressing indignation that Robert had not been awarded the Nobel Prize and adding that he had written a letter to the committee in Sweden proposing America's "unofficial laureate" for the next award. Robert was both troubled and gratified—he had been led to believe he would be chosen this time—and he managed one of his foxy grimaces.

"Don't tell anyone—it's supposed to be a secret—but I'm getting another prize this spring. It's to be at a reception in England, and you've got to promise to go along. It will be quite a party. Don't forget—this spring."

With that hope I left.

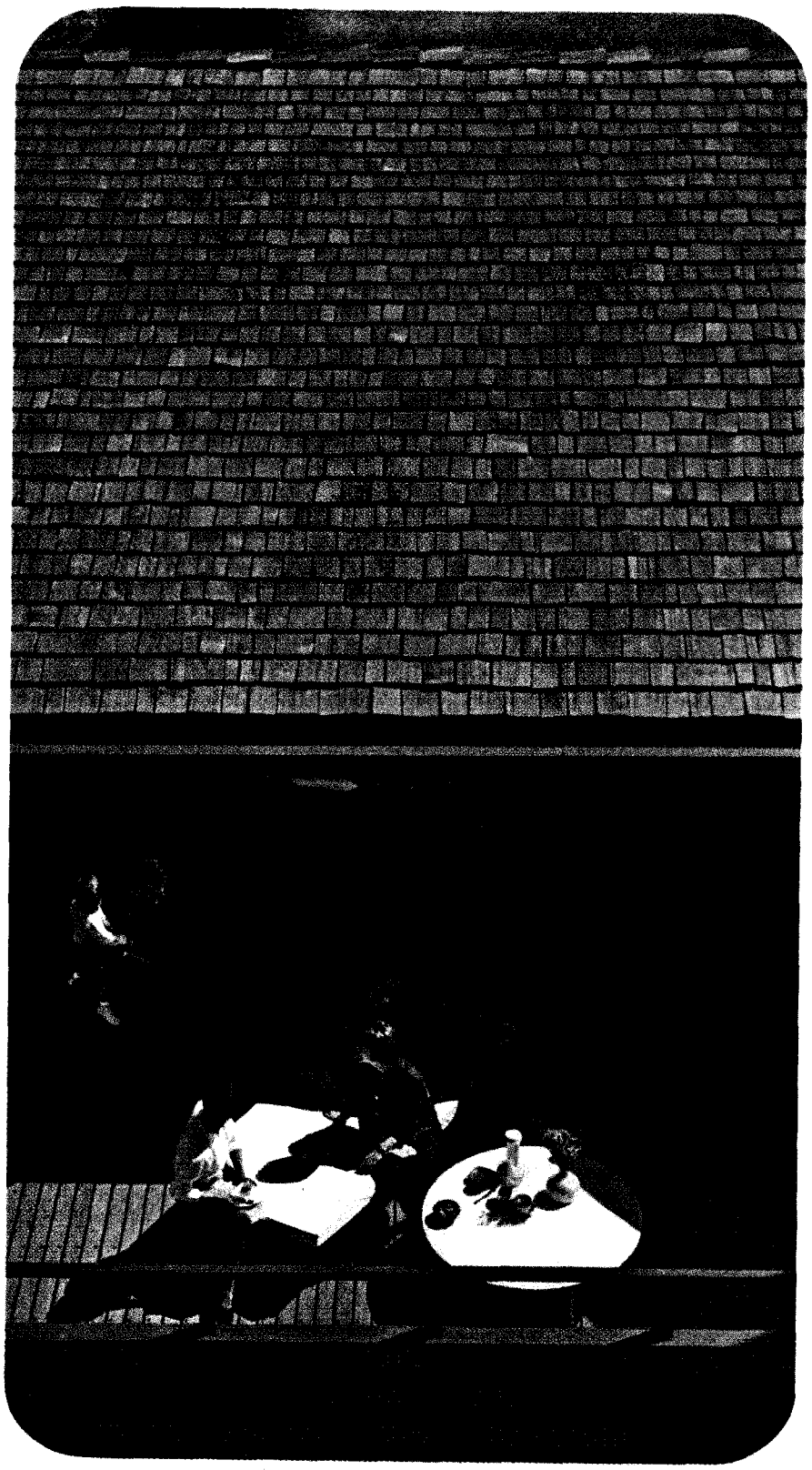
A week later I was waked at three in the morning. David McCord telephoned to tell me that blood clots had formed again and that Robert had died, apparently of a pulmonary embolism.

In *The Lesson for Today* he had written something like his own farewell. A parting apothegm by one who could tease and be tortured, renounce and be reconciled.

I hold your doctrine of Memento Mori.
And were an epitaph to be my story
I'd have a short one ready for my own.
I would have written of me on my
stone:
He had a lover's quarrel with the world.

THE END

ENJOY THE GOOD LIFE FOR A LIFETIME UNDER A HANDSPLIT CEDAR ROOF



In our great western country, where the sun burns hotter and the winds blow harder—no roofing known can match the rugged character of handsplit cedar shakes. This is the roof that will keep your home at least 10° cooler in summertime than any man-made substitute. Cedar shakes are so strong that when you build or remodel they add structural "muscle" to your roof—instead of limp dead weight. Hailstones won't penetrate them, and 150 mile-an-hour hurricane winds can't budge them. If the idea of a *lifetime roof* appeals to you, look no further!

Handsplit cedar shakes are also the *best-looking material* you can choose. The hand-hewn texture and natural appearance can't be imitated. Ask your builder, lumber dealer or roofing contractor. They know. They probably have cedar protecting and beautifying their own homes.

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HANDSPLIT RED CEDAR SHAKE ASSOCIATION
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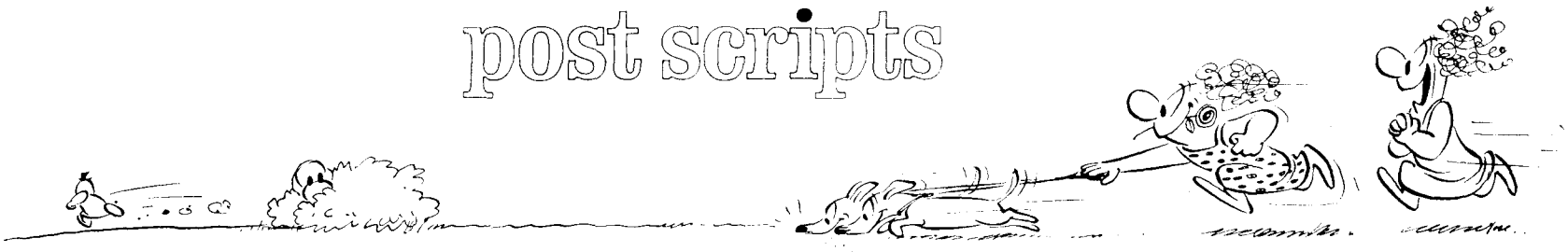
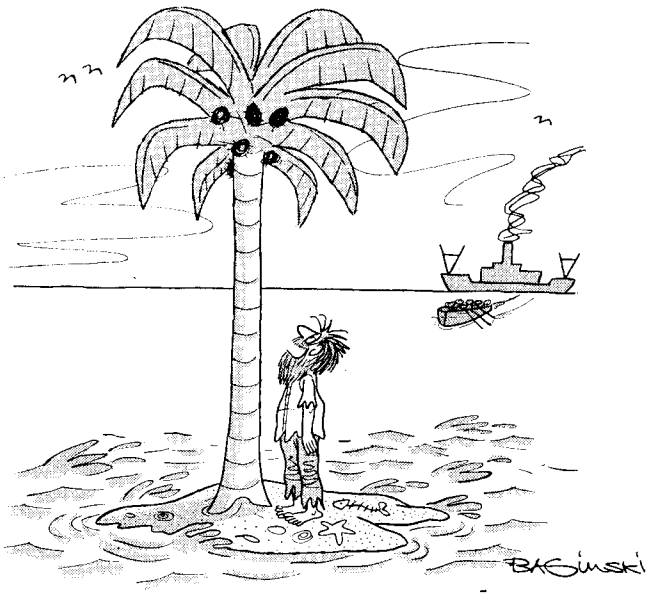
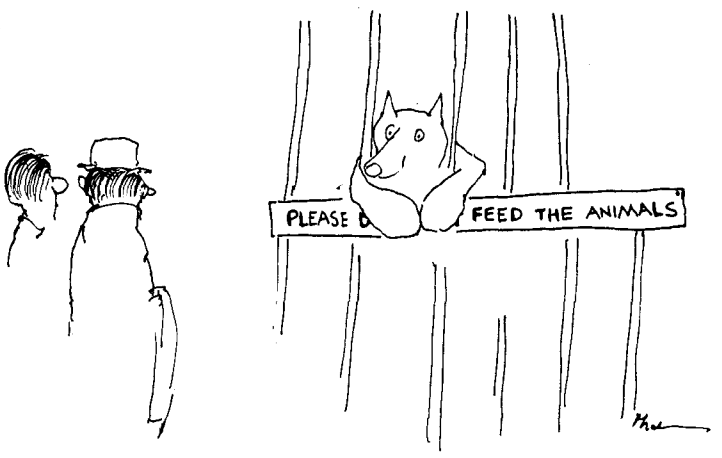
post scripts



"Let's see—four years prep school . . . Princeton, Magna Cum Laude . . . three years Harvard Law School . . . one year Peace Corps . . ."



"If you're ever passing through Akron, Ohio, be sure and look me up."



WORDS FAIL ME

RICHARD ARMOUR

The meanest thief is not the one
Who, brandishing a loaded gun,
Deprives a widow of her purse
Or robs an orphan. No, there's worse.

The meanest thief, I'd say, by far
Is he who, when you'd back your car
Into a space you're thrilled to find,
Slips *his* car in, head-on, behind.

"Dear Abby . . ."

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Last year she passed up the Prom

It wasn't that she was antisocial. It was just that . . . well, a skin disorder can be a cruel embarrassment to one, especially to a teen-ager.

Fortunately, medical science is concerned with *all* health problems—not merely the more serious or fatal ones. That's why relief for many skin diseases is available today.

The encouraging progress in dermatology results from a growing fund of medical knowledge coupled with continuing research. Pharmaceutical manufacturers, including Eli Lilly and Company, have made significant contributions.

While much more needs to be done, further progress is sure to come. Medical Research has a way of never leaving well enough alone when it comes to your good health.

Lilly

Prescription medicines around the world

Eli Lilly and Company • Indianapolis

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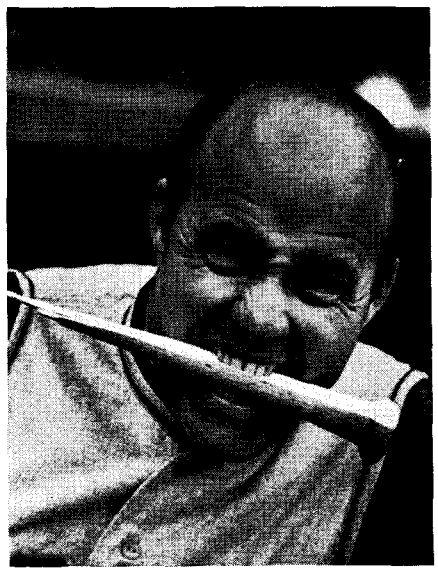
They led the league in gags



By Joe Garagiola with Dave Anderson

Now, as the pennant races draw toward a close, the sports pages are filled with stories about pressure in baseball. And numbers: batting averages, home-run totals, figures on doubles and triples. I know about the pressure. I've played in tight races. I know about statistics. Those statistics got me traded a couple of times. But, gentlemen, what about the jokes?

There's more humor in baseball, I believe, than in any other sport. It isn't the fastest game on earth, and after every pitch there's a chance to say something. Quite often it's something funny. As long as baseball keeps so many statistics, one of them should be—to use the stuffy record-book phrasing—"For most years leading league, wisecracks." Here are my candidates:

Casey Stengel cracked a lot of jokes when he was managing the New York Yankees to 10 pennants. Anybody can laugh with a winner. The trick is to laugh when you're losing. So the big test for Casey came last year when the Mets lost a record 120 games. Early in the season they climbed out of last place momentarily and the team was returning to New York by plane. "Men," Stengel shouted as the aircraft taxied to a stop, "be sure to straighten your ties for the photographers; you're in ninth place."

The Mets started out this season losing eight straight. Later Casey was displaying his new trifocal glasses. "The top part is for high flies," he explained. "The bottom part is for ground balls. And the part in between, that's for the bad hops."

Frank Sullivan, a big right-handed pitcher who bounced around the majors for 10 years, used to say, "I'm in the twilight of a mediocre career."

In 1961 he was with the Philadelphia Phillies when they returned home after losing 23 games in a row. The last thing the players expected to see was the group of fans meeting them at the airport. Sullivan picked up the public-address microphone the stewardesses use. "Attention all members of the Phillies," he announced. "Please walk at least fifty feet apart when leaving the plane. That way they won't get all of us with one burst."

For 12 years Willie Mays has been doing fine things for the Giants, first in New York and now in San Francisco. He also has been saying fine things. Asked one time to rate his great catches, he replied, "I don't compare 'em, I just catch 'em."

Once somebody asked him if he was bothered by a knockdown pitch. "Not me," Willie said, "because my head ain't gonna be there when the ball is."

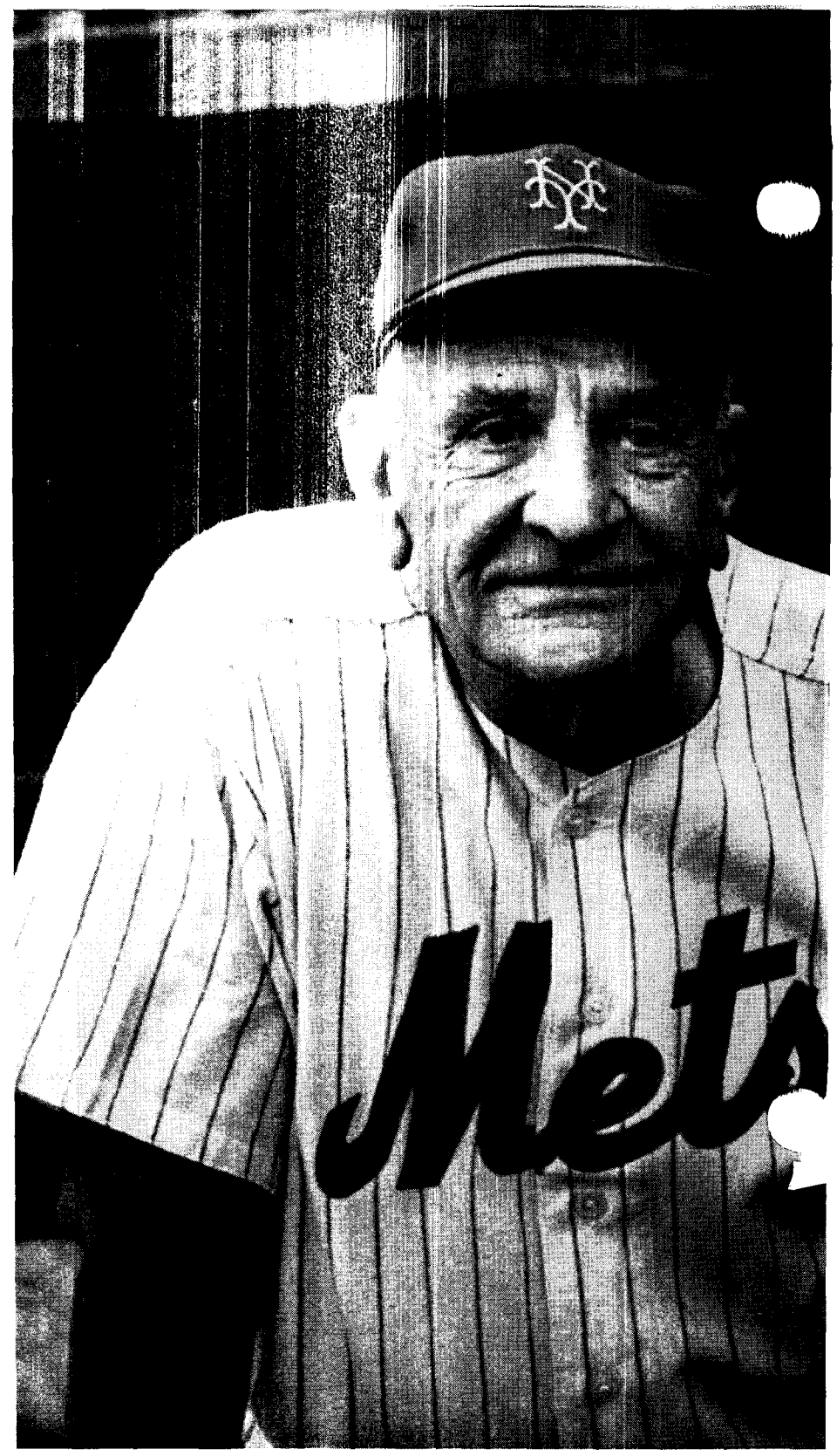
The funniest man in the Los Angeles Dodger organization has the stuffiest title: vice-president in charge of player development. His name is Fresco Thompson and, among other things, he knows how to develop a player's sense of humor. In spring training one of the Dodger minor-leaguers once complained that he was popping up because he was hitting under the ball. "How far under it?" Fresco asked.

"About three quarters of an inch," said the farmhand.

"In that case," Thompson suggested, "you should get a pair of three-quarter-inch inner soles."

Umpires seldom appreciate a person of Thompson's type. During World War II he was ejected from a game for telling an ump, "The trouble with you is that you've got 1-A ears and 4-F eyes."

One umpire who did enjoy a good wisecrack was the late Larry Goetz. One day Leo Durocher began riding a big 200-pound rookie ump who had been a paratrooper. "You and your scared kid umps," he shouted at Goetz.



Garagiola with smiling loser Casey Stengel. "Men," Stengel told his team on

"You think he's scared, Leo," Goetz said. "Then say something to *him*."

Charley Dressen, when manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, used to get annoyed because Gil Hodges never argued with umpires. "Get on that umpire when he calls the outside pitch a strike," Dressen once scolded him. "Get on him and I'll give you fifty dollars."

Gil just looked at him. "Charley," he said quietly in the dugout, "I've got fifty dollars."

Walter (Rabbit) Maranville once dived fully clothed into a fountain pool in St. Louis and came to the surface holding a goldfish between his teeth. Another time he and Jim Thorpe, the old Olympic hero who was in the big leagues briefly, were discovered playing Tarzan in the trees near Boston Common. These were routine events for the little shortstop.

In the spring of 1925 the Rabbit was training with the Chicago Cubs on Catalina Island off the West Coast. Coming to the mainland one day, he and a teammate boarded the train that went from the waterfront to downtown Los Angeles. There were no seats available, so Maranville and his pal stood on the platform between the last two cars. Nearby the conductor took off his uniform cap and began to doze.

"If you got the guts," the Rabbit said to his teammate, "stick with me. We'll get seats now."

He picked up the conductor's cap, put it on and walked into the last car. "This car," he announced, "does not go to downtown Los Angeles." Some people got up and walked into the cars ahead, looking for seats. Maranville tossed t conductor's cap under a seat and s down with his pal. But in a few minutes a crowd, led by the hatless conductor,

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iumphant day last season, "straighten your ties. You are

So many people spend so much time being serious about baseball. Here an ex-catcher tells of stars who won—or lost—with a wisecrack.

began storming back into the last car. One of the passengers angrily pointed at Maranville.

"This," Rabbit said, nudging his companion, "is where the guts come in."

The most magnificent Malaprop I know is Johnny Logan. He's with the Pirates now, but he was the shortstop for the Milwaukee Braves a few years ago when they were winning pennants. His glove was always in the right place. So was his heart. But occasionally his tongue would miss one.

Accepting an award one day, he told the crowd, "I'll treasure this plaque and perish it forever."

On a TV interview he was given a ample of the sponsor's hair tonic. "I ve with this every day," he said.

One night the Braves had a bed-check after curfew. The trainer was assigned to see if the players were in their rooms. "I had time to get into bed," Logan told his teammates the next day, "because I heard his footprints coming down the hall."

Jimmy Dykes holds the major-league record for most cigars smoked, season and career. Also the one for most needles, written and oral.

Scramble in the hall

One night when he was managing the Chicago White Sox he returned to the hotel by dawn's early light. This is permitted if you are the manager. But it is not permitted if you are a ballplayer. As Dykes strode through the lobby he saw four of his athletes scramble into a side hallway.

The next day there was a note in each of the four players' mailboxes. It read: "You should always say hello to your manager in the morning. For not doing so, you are hereby fined $100."

Some fans seem to think that Yogi Berra is dumb. He's so dumb he's living in a $100,000 home in New Jersey.

I guess I know Yogi as well as anybody. I grew up playing ball with him on Dago Hill in St. Louis. When he caught, I pitched; when he pitched, I caught. But the thing about Yogi that has always appealed to me is his ability to analyze a situation. Before an All-Star Game a few years ago, the American League players were discussing how to pitch to Stan Musial. "We're trying to figure out something in fifteen minutes," Yogi said, "that nobody else has figured out in fifteen years."

Not long ago Yogi was talking about the Little League program. "It's a good thing," he said. "It keeps the kids out of the house."

Charley Grimm served three different terms—or should it be sentences?—as manager of the Cubs. He won only one pennant. He needed a sense of humor. One time a scout called him up, touting a high-school pitcher who had struck out 27 batters in a game. Nobody had hit a foul ball off him until the ninth inning.

"Never mind the pitcher," Grimm told the scout. "Sign the kid who hit the foul ball. We need hitters."

Everett (Rocky) Bridges is a coach with the Los Angeles Angels, but for years he bounced around both leagues as a utility infielder. Somebody once tried to console him by saying, "At least it beats digging ditches."

"Well," Rocky replied with a spray of tobacco juice, "some days it does and some days it don't."

He always enjoyed talking to the catcher. One day in Brooklyn I was catching for the Pirates when the Dodgers began to tee off. Double. Home run. Triple. Home run. Double. Bridges walked up to hit and said to me, "If I get a single, they'll send me back to Montreal."

The famous double-play combination of Tinker to Evers to Chance went to the Hall of Fame as an entry. Here's my entry: Frank Frisch, Dizzy Dean and Pepper Martin of the old Cardinal Gashouse Gang. Frisch was the manager as well as the second baseman in those days, and he had his problems with Pepper, who was wild about midget-auto racing. One day Frisch was holding a pre-game meeting. When it ended, he said, "Any questions?" Martin raised his hand.

"I don't know what to paint my racing car," Pepper said. "Should I make the wheels red and the body black? Or the wheels black and the body red?"

Frisch had trouble with Dean, but there was at least one time when he got the last laugh. In the 1934 World Series with the Detroit Tigers, Frisch told Dean how to pitch to Hank Greenberg. "He murders a high fast ball," Frisch said, "so keep everything low." Diz couldn't believe that anybody was able to hit his high hard one. He fired a fast ball to test the theory. Greenberg nearly beheaded him with a line drive.

"You're right, Frank," Diz admitted. "He even hits my fast ball pretty good."

In recent years Frisch, now a banquet raconteur and radio sportscaster, has made fun of protective equipment, such as batting helmets, because he believes it takes the fire and brimstone out of the game. "Those beautiful azalea-blue tin hats," he likes to say mockingly. One day Jimmy Piersall told Frisch, "I heard some of your speeches and I don't think you're helping baseball by saying that."

"I just looked in the paper," Frisch said, "and you're hitting .222. I don't think you're helping baseball either."

I hope Frank Frisch thinks I'm helping baseball by naming my candidates for its league leaders in humor. THE END

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RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL:

THE QUIZ IS BACK IN BIZ!

By Jack Iams

This Sunday a somewhat anxious volunteer, plucked from obscurity and pretested by committee, will submit to placement inside a huge, sealed fishbowl in New York. The fishbowl will rest in ABC's Studio TV-1, an arena with accommodations for 304 gaping spectators, a 16-piece orchestra and assorted sponsors and sponsors' wives.

The fishbowl's occupant, presumably possessed of knowledge in some arcane field, will be asked a question. While he is pondering his answer, he may sweat. He may bite his lips. He may even roll his eyeballs. It is certain that he will agonize and that his audience will agonize with him. The 16-piece orchestra will underline everyone's torment by helpfully tootling a moody composition titled *Thinking Music*.

If this tableau tugs uneasily at the cords of memory, it is because it echoes many similar scenes once played before a rapt nationwide TV audience. The scenes, of course, took place on the big-money TV quiz shows, a program form which successfully combined ham and egghead. At their height the quizzes captivated the viewing public, turned nonentities into celebrities, dumped an awesome amount of prize money into perspiring palms, turned several million citizen-fans into collectors of irrelevant facts and created an atmosphere of whoop-de-do unmatched in the memory of TV man.

But then came the quiz scandals of 1958–59 and the confessions before grand juries and congressional investigators by quizlings of prefed questions, rehearsed emotions and assorted chicanery. The disillusionment of the nation was profound, and when the big-money quiz program vanished overnight, most observers thought it surely would never return.

But it has. And this Sunday when ABC unveils the most ambitiously titled of the game shows, *100 Grand*, it could mark the beginning of quiz madness all over again. At least ABC, which ran third last season on the popularity charts among the major networks, hopes so.

All this summer, while reruns unspooled from the nation's TV machines, the packagers of *100 Grand* labored mightily to whip their show into shape. Their game pits an amateur expert against a professional, with each contestant writing questions for his opponent. With only pocket money at stake, $25 for appearing and an additional $10 to the winner of a match, the program's producers ran rehearsal contestants—none of whom will appear on the show—through the mill.

At one run-through, a gray-haired waterworks employee from Brooklyn, Louis Weisman, who has made a lifelong hobby of Gilbert and Sullivan, took on the director of a Savoyard repertory company, John Sonneborn. The questions were tough, and one of the toughest—listing the qualities mentioned by Rudolph in *The Grand Duke* as undesirable barriers to marriage—was, by a remarkable coincidence, on each contestant's list. "It's bound to happen once in a while," observed the quiz's creator, Robert Stivers. "But it doesn't bother me. Just goes to prove how honest the show is."

Finally, the professional muffed a question. Then the waterworks man, a little nervous and thinking hard, correctly named all of the offices enjoyed by Pooh-Bah in *The Mikado* and was declared the winner. He looked just as enraptured with his triumph as the frauds of yesteryear were coached to look.

On another occasion a bespectacled freshman from Queens College named

At their makeshift New York office, the prime movers of "100 Grand," master of ceremonies Jack Clark, copartners Bunny Handler and Robert Stivers, and producer John B. Gr

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Once tarred by scandals, the big-money TV-game show again sets sail, with built-in safeguards against rigging.

A former all-conference football star at Duke, Robert Stivers quarterbacked plans for "100 Grand." His was one of 131 entries sent to ABC by would-be quiz producers.

Michael Rappaport, whose specialty was the Civil War, made mincemeat of his supposedly authoritative opponent. One of the youngster's haymakers called for the name of the North's first ironclad vessel. "The *Monitor*, of course," answered Michael's opponent. "No," said Michael. The correct answer was the *St. Louis*. This so rattled the professional that when another of Michael's questions required the name of Alexander Stephens, the vice president of the Confederacy, the authority answered, "Thaddeus Stevens," the North's abolitionist senator. Michael smiled forgivingly.

In the run-throughs, at least, *100 Grand* looked skulduggery-proof. This was the principal requirement outlined by ABC recently when it let it be known in the trade that it was in the market for a monster quiz show. The network, after dreaming up the title for the program, received 131 proposals from would-be quiz manufacturers. It finally chose a blueprint submitted by Stivers.

Stivers will polish the rough edges of their giveaway.

Stivers, a massive six-footer with a reddish-brown beard, is a former all-conference football star at Duke, a B-29 pilot of distinction in World War II, and a pursuer of what he calls "a checkered career" in promotion, advertising and television. Among his previous ventures were a couple of quiz shows, one of which, *Bid 'n' Buy*, had the misfortune to be aired just before the first quiz scandals erupted in 1958. Although it was unsmirched, it went under in the general collapse.

The gimmick that won ABC over to Stivers was his idea of having amateur and professional antagonists dream up questions to be thrown at each other. That way, said Stivers, there would be no rigging, because each contestant, guarded prior to the show by elaborate security measures, would be cheating himself if his questions leaked out.

But if the concept seemed simple, the machinery for putting it into practical, showmanlike form proved anything but. In fact, it is now so complicated that a standing joke among members of Stivers's production staff is that it will take the first six shows for the game to become clear.

Perhaps the easiest way to describe how it works is to assume that you would like to be a contestant and could use $100,000. To qualify, you should have a "depth of knowledge" in a field which is entirely separate from the one in which you earn a living. (Obviously we can expect a return of shoemakers who know their opera and lady psychologists with expertise in boxing. If you have such knowledge, all you need do is drop a postcard to ABC, Box 467, New York.)

You will be given several preliminary tests—mainly to make sure you know your stuff and aren't some kind of nut—and eventually, if you pass muster, you will be designated an "amateur expert."

Meanwhile, a "professional authority" in the same field will have been chosen by his home city's Chamber of Commerce—the quiz producers will pick the city. His identity will be unknown to you until you actually meet him on the air.

On the day of the show you will be brought to New York and locked up in a hotel room "under maximum security control"—that's the way the 174-page rule book puts it. Locked up with you will be two "validating judges," probably from the academic world. In the course of the day—during which you may not leave the room, telephone or have access to alcoholic beverages—you will prepare four questions and their answers under supervision of the judges.

At the same time, in another locked hotel room, also denied access to telephones and alcoholic beverages, will sit the professional authority and his validating judges. He also will spend the day preparing four questions and answers.

Comes the night, and at long last you face each other on the air. You and the professional expert will be in the fishbowl, unable to hear anything outside it, not even the "thinking music" specially composed for the program by Milton De Lugg and played by the 16-piece band. ("Anybody who thinks this is a cheap program is crazy," says Stivers. "It's budgeted at $52,000 a week.")

The only other person inside the bowl will be master of ceremonies Jack Clark, a suave veteran of panel shows who was chosen a bare month before show time from some three dozen aspirants.

Point, counterpoint

By the rules, the professional authority gets first crack. If he answers one of your questions correctly, he gets a certain number of points. If he flubs it, the points go to you. Then it's your turn. And so on. The first one to reach 150 points is declared the winner.

If the professional authority wins, he goes home with $1,000 for himself and $10,000 for a civic project in his city. And you—you just go home.

But if you win, you are on the road to your $100,000. Don't start spending it, though—you've a long way yet to go, all uphill. In the next four weeks you must outpoint four more professional experts. And you still haven't got it made. On your sixth and final appearance, you must answer five questions chosen at random out of thousands which will have been submitted by the viewing public. These questions will have been winnowed out, double-checked, coded and wrapped in sanctity by incorruptible computing machines under supervision of the *World Book Encyclopedia*.

If you answer the five public questions—the so-called "ultimate challenge"—you will have won the $100,000. You will also have the satisfaction of knowing you won it absolutely honestly. If you were a crook, you would long since have thought up some easier way to make it.

Even if a would-be blackguard managed to sneak in as a contestant, Stivers maintains there would be no chance of getting the right answers in advance.

"The only remote possibility," says Stivers, "would be collusion between the amateur and the professionals. But first, the amateur would have to find out who all the professionals were. Next, he would have to approach all of them—five people of good reputation—and persuade all five to play dirty pool. And even then he would still be up against *World Book* and its computers. It couldn't happen."

ABC is equally convinced it couldn't happen. Nevertheless, the security measures with which it has surrounded the show have been likened to those at Fort Knox. "I can't even go to the bathroom," complained a member of the production staff, "without somebody from the ABC legal department."

The sponsors—El Producto cigars and Alberto-Culver toiletries—are also persuaded that the program is rig-proof. Or at least that it had better be. "If the slightest breath of scandal ever touches this show and reflects on our product," said one sponsor spokesman privately, "I will see to it personally that every station on the network loses its license."

The sponsor's admonition, however, is not the only somber threat hanging over the new show. It is now a federal offense to tamper with a quiz program, and connivers can get up to 10 years in jail.

From the standpoint of showman Stivers and his partner, a slim, taut blonde blessed with the name of Bunny Handler, another worriment is that the quiz's elaborate safeguards may make it slow-moving.

"I only hope," says Stivers, "that we'll have the same kind of spontaneous enthusiasm on the air that we've had in the run-throughs. The country is full of colorful personalities with special brands of knowledge, and it's just a matter of going after them. The people who rigged the old quiz shows—so they could keep an attractive figure like Charles Van Doren on week after week—were just too damned lazy to go looking for somebody new."

Whatever dazzling new personalities Stivers has on tap for the program remain classified information. It is known, however, that the show is counting on at least one contestant to create the kind of excitement that the old quiz stars did when viewers were more gullible. He is said to be a professor of biology whose mother was a slave. His field, appropriately, is Abraham Lincoln—from one of whose sayings *100 Grand* might well take its motto: "You may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time, but . . ." etc., etc., etc. THE END

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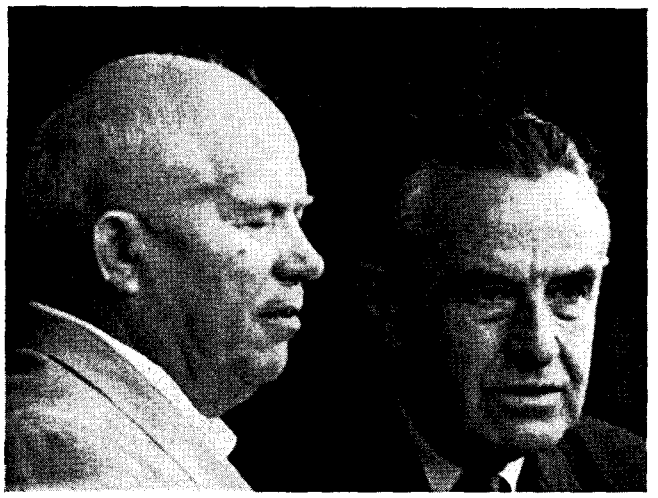

Russian Premier Khrushchev and Harriman attended Moscow track meet during break in test-ban negotiations last July.

The old crocodile on the new frontier

In Washington the other day a reporter asked Averell Harriman whether the test-ban treaty he had recently negotiated with Russia wasn't worthless because of the long Soviet history of breaking agreements. "That," Harriman shot back, "is a typical question of a semi-informed person"—adding, by way of apology, "If I offended anybody, I'm delighted."

In those acid comments lies the secret of one of the most dazzling comebacks in American politics. Two and a half years ago, when Harriman entered the Kennedy Administration as a roving ambassador, he looked like a man with a great future behind him. He was 70. He had twice tried and twice failed to win the Democratic nomination for President. He had also failed in his campaign for reelection as governor of New York. "It's kind of a pension," a White House aide said of Harriman's appointment.

Since then Harriman has negotiated the test ban with the Russians and the cease-fire in Laos. He has had two promotions inside the State Department, and has graduated to the inner circle of presidential advisers. Speculation, at least, has him soon due for another move—perhaps to be Secretary of State, perhaps to run against Kenneth Keating in the 1964 New York senate race.

Much of Harriman's recent success owes to qualities that have always stood him in good stead—hard work, loyalty and connections at the top. But to these old and dullish qualities Harriman has now added a new one, an attribute symbolized by the figure of a small gold crocodile that was presented to him by his staff last spring, with the inscription: FROM HIS VICTIMS.

The figure expresses the animal ferocity with which Harriman has come to fight for his views. Whether dealing with the Russians, the allies, the Congress or the bureaucracy, Harriman gives no quarter. In argument, like the crocodile, he likes to bite off his opponent's head. The secret of the Harriman comeback lies in his willingness to make enemies. The curious thing, as the inscription suggests, is that even his victims now seem to enjoy seeing the old crocodile's teeth flash. For the first time in 30 years of public life, Harriman has acquired an appealing public face, a flair. "Averell," says an official who has known him for years, "has become a character."

There was always a certain flair, to be sure, in the Harriman background. He is the son of the railroad king E.H. Harriman, and the heir to one of the great American fortunes. He was brought up in an atmosphere of steam yachts, private railway cars and immense flowering estates. He was educated at Groton and Yale. Before becoming active in the New Deal he was a notable Wall Street playboy, an expert at polo, bridge, bezique and croquet, with ties to the worlds of art and theater. During World War II President Roosevelt made him a principal emissary to Churchill and Stalin; Truman used him as ambassador to Britain, Secretary of Commerce, and director of foreign aid. Except for John Quincy Adams, President Kennedy says, Harriman has held "as many important jobs as any American in our history."

The record makes Harriman sound like another Talleyrand, but the real Harriman is quite different. His manner is simple and diffident, his bearing slightly stooped, his hearing poor. He speaks in a low monotone, with frequent and often painful pauses. His words are never flashy and rarely add up to complete sentences. "Averell," a friend once remarked, "never seems sure whether he's thinking or talking."

For the common run of humanity, Harriman seems to have no feeling at all. Harriman does call his chief assistant, William Sullivan, "Bill," but if it happens that some other staffer named Bob or Jim does a good job, Harriman will say, "Thanks, Bill." A friend and employee once found himself having breakfast with the Harrimans when a call requested Harriman's presence at the White House. There was a limousine outside, but the chauffeur had not yet arrived, so the friend volunteered to drive. He stepped behind the wheel, thinking Harriman would sit beside him. Instead, Harriman got in back and said, "To the White House, please."

A disaster in politics

For most of Harriman's public career, the absence of a common touch made little difference. He dealt with the Roosevelts, Stalins and Churchills of the world. Even in gaining the Democratic nomination for governor of New York he did not barnstorm the state, but negotiated the nomination with the Democratic boss, Carmine DeSapio.

Once Harriman had achieved his first electoral office, his lack of rapport with the crowds became stunningly evident.

On the hustings he was a disaster. He has, in fact, been described as one of the world's worst speakers.

The full dimensions of this failing showed themselves in 1958. In losing to Nelson Rockefeller, Harriman became the first New York governor in 30 years who failed to win reelection. The New York Democratic Party, of which he was theoretically chief, split wide apart in a bitter battle between regulars and reformers. Harriman's principal ally, Carmine DeSapio, was openly critical of his leader's political ineptitude.

When Harriman finally entered the Kennedy Administration as a roving ambassador, he was under no illusions as to where he stood. "I am not really an intimate of Kennedy," he told a friend. "I have known the President for some time, but only slightly, and he always calls me 'governor,' not 'Averell.' But I am confident that before things end up I will be in the inner circle. I started as a private with Roosevelt and worked to the top. And then I had to start as a private all over again with Truman and work to the top. That is what I intend to do again."

He did it with a vengeance. By the summer of 1961, Harriman had taken in charge the Geneva negotiations that led to a cease-fire in Laos. That brought him, in the fall, a promotion to the post of Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East. A year later he was heading the mission to India and Pakistan that started a barrier against Chinese penetration of the subcontinent. That earned him, in the spring of this year, a promotion to Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs—the No. 3 man.

It is now apparent that the Russians had decided to sign the test-ban agreement even before Harriman went to Moscow in July. But at the time the prevailing opinion in the higher reaches of the State Department was that Russia would not sign. Harriman was virtually alone in not only believing but saying that the Russians would come around.

With the Moscow test-ban negotiation completed, he truly entered the inner circle. He is now a principal adviser to the President, with special responsibilities for promoting détente with Russia.

Harriman has always had an instinct for making contact with the real sources of power. Roosevelt and Hopkins were his friends, and Truman once said of Harriman, "I don't think there is any man in the United States I think more highly of." Stalin granted him the rare privilege of a regular monthly interview. Both the Administration and Harriman himself set considerable store by his personal relation with Khrushchev. "He knew I had known Stalin," Harriman says with a touch of vanity. "In fact, he remembered meeting me. I didn't remember meeting him."

Harriman's success with V.I.P.'s is not simply, as some have suggested, a case of running with the hounds. In dealings with people he has an ingrained shrewdness, common among the very rich who have to be on guard against con men. "Harriman," says one State Department official, "is crafty as a peasant. No one ever fools him."

Once Harriman's loyalties are engaged, however, they are absolute. Probably nothing has endeared Harriman more to the present Administration than his willingness to serve anywhere on short notice. His mission to India, for example, began with a phone call asking him if he could lead a team to New Delhi that was leaving Washington the next day. "Certainly, certainly," Harriman said. "Anything the President wants."

Firm views on Russia

Harriman has taken on so many projects for so many Presidents over so many years that, as one official points out, "There is hardly any item of daily business that comes up in the State Department on which Harriman does not have past experience and a firm position." In capsule form, the Harriman position is this: In the central struggle between the U.S. and Russia, the forum of conflict now lies in the underdeveloped world. He thinks that the U.S. can win this struggle by following an active political and economic policy designed to foster nationalist strength in the neutral countries; that Russia, once her expansionist aims are firmly opposed, shares the U.S. interest in maintaining the peace; and that this common interest can be channeled into specific agreement, like the test-ban agreement, by long, painstaking and careful negotiations.

There is, of course, nothing especially remarkable about these views; they amount, in fact, to the conventional wisdom in foreign policy. What is remarkable is the energy and force that Harriman brings to the application of these views in day-to-day policy. Whoever would dispute Harriman, on whatever matter, is in for a fight.

Take the State Department bureaucracy, for example, a slow-moving, cumbersome machine of formidable negative powers that most high officials despair of resisting. Not Harriman. Harriman crossed the bureaucracy when he picked a junior official to be his deputy in the Geneva conference on Laos. The depart-

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Considered a political has-been three years ago, Averell Harriman has staged a remarkable comeback thanks to a Moscow meeting and a flair for biting off his opponents' heads.

by Joseph Kraft

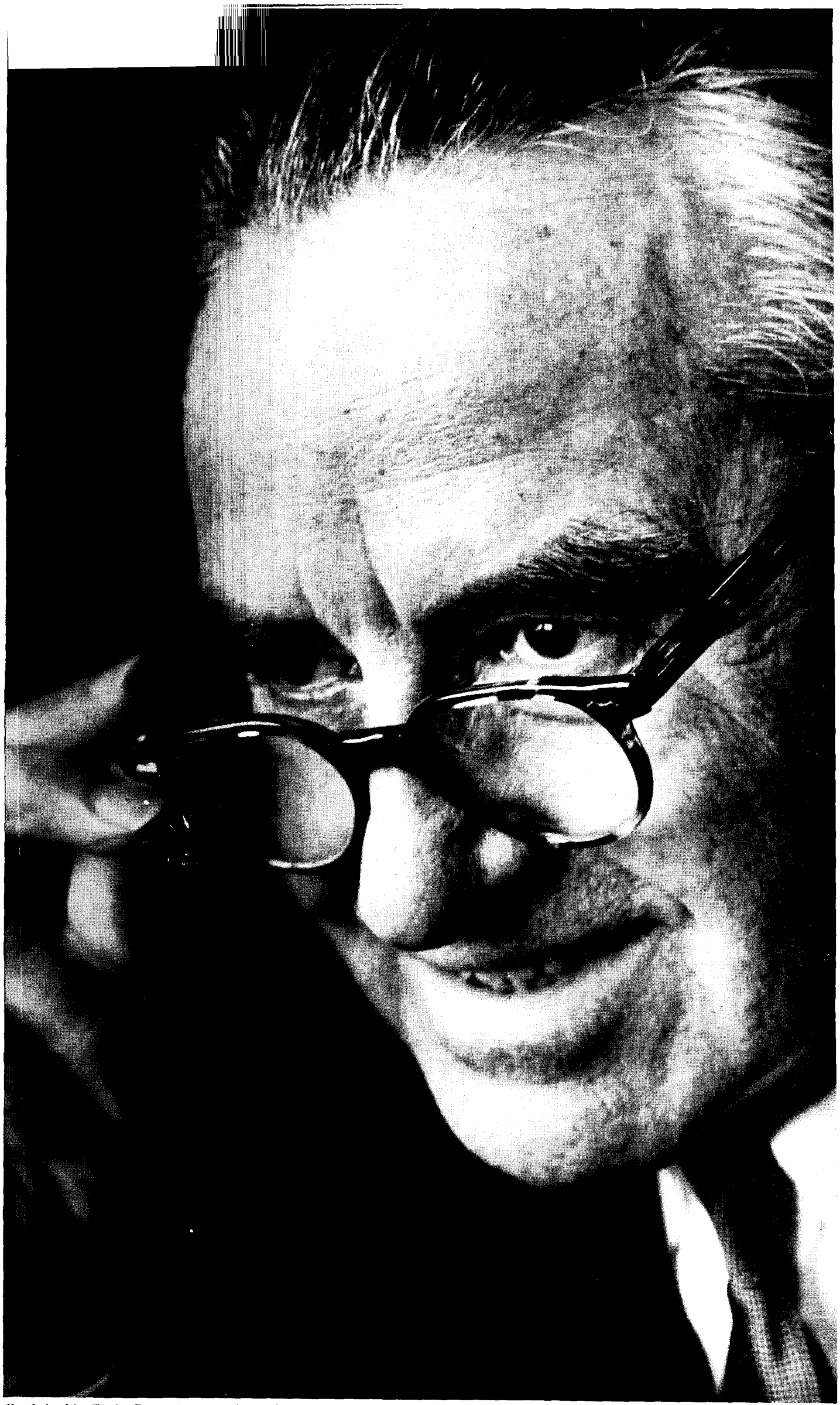
ment wired him that he could not have his man, because there were 12 officials senior to him in the delegation at Geneva. Harriman wired back that he was dismissing the 12 senior officials.

With the Congress, which can snuff out appropriations like a candle, the State Department usually behaves like a small, frightened child. But to one congressional question that he thought was not very bright, Harriman replied, "I'm glad you're not Secretary of State." On the very first day of the test-ban hearings, a New York Republican congressman, John Pillion, asked Harriman whether the agreement might not serve the Communist blueprint of world conquest. Harriman, in reply, asked whether Pillion's constituents weren't against war and death by radioactive poisoning.

The usual explanation for Harriman's ·ocodile tactics is that they reflect the ,nd of his personal ambition. "Averell," one of his friends says, "doesn't want to be President anymore. He has looks, health, an exciting job and 80 million dollars. He can afford to thumb his nose at anybody." It is also possible, given Harriman's cunning, that the toughness is put on for effect. "You know," he once confided to an official at the White House, "I'm really not all that tough. But it gets results."

About the results there can be no question. Harriman's forte in dealing with the Russians is not esoteric knowledge. "I am not a Kremlinologist," he acknowledges. Neither is it experience, though Harriman's dealings with Soviet leaders go back to a business venture in the 1920's. Harriman's real strength is that he is not afraid of what the folks back home might think. "Most negotiators," a White House official who accompanied Harriman to Moscow says, "tense up when the clutch comes with the Russians. They freeze when the Russians say something that might look bad in domestic politics, or to the allies. Not Harriman. He just keeps on talking in that low monotone. Nothing scares him."

With so much going for Harriman, speculation has inevitably turned to the future. There are those, including some persons quite close to Dean Rusk, who think he wants to be Secretary of State. Harriman himself has not denied the rumor that he wants to be senator from New York. But most of Harriman's ·ends agree that he has not set his eye ı any new job. One friend says, "Don't ever forget that the key to Averell is loyalty. He'll do exactly what the President asks him to do." THE END



Back in his State Department office after Russian trip, Harriman grins his satisfaction at test-ban agreement.

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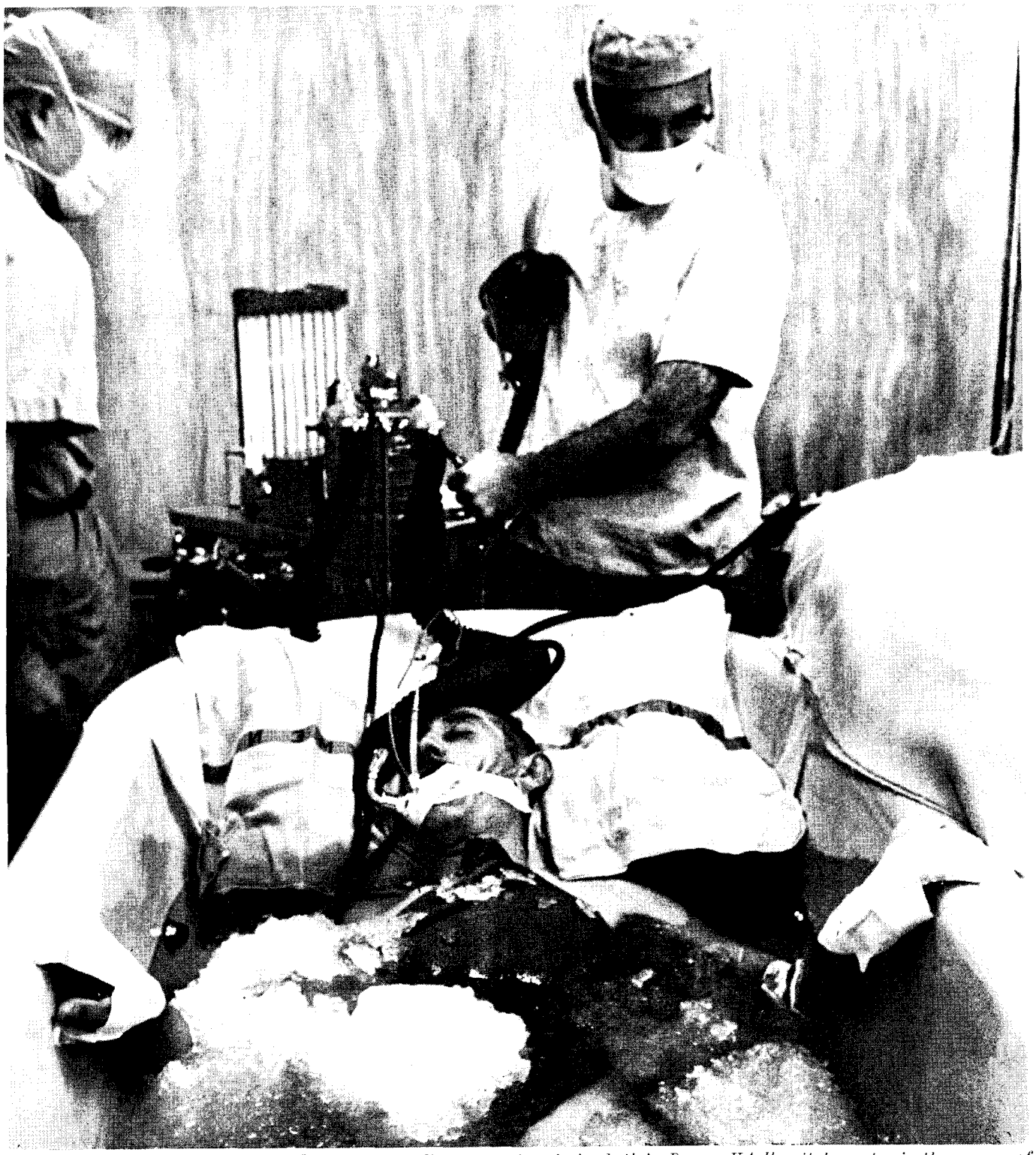

Emilio Medina, 53-year-old Korean veteran, lies unconscious in ice bath in Denver VA Hospital—a step in the process of donating a kidney that saved his brother's life. Chilling reduced the kidney's need for oxygen during the transplant operation.

Transplanted kidney saved life of Melbourne Doucette Jr. (in dark suit). With him for weekly test are Doctors J. Hartwell Harrison (left), Frank Takacs and John P. Merrill, members of team which pioneered operation at Boston's Brigham Hospital.

By Steven M. Spencer

On a hot morning last June, in an operating room of the Veterans Administration Hospital at Denver, Emilio Medina was put to sleep with an anesthetic and lowered into a tub of cold water. Chipped ice soon brought the bath down near the freezing point and dropped Medina's body temperature to 86.5° F., 12 degrees below normal.

This was the first scene in a drama which is taking place with increasing frequency in some 20 medical centers around the world. Medina, a thin quiet man of 53, had suddenly found it in his power to save his brother's life. Celestino Medina, five years his junior, was near death from chronic kidney disease which had reached the incurable stage.

There had been no heroics about it. Emilio is not given to heroics. In the years since the Korean War, where he got a bullet wound in the shoulder, his life had been unexciting. He married late, became the father of seven children, worked as a laborer when his shoulder permitted, and often visited the home of Celestino, who operated a crane in a Denver iron works. Now, a few minutes before eight o'clock, Emilio was ready to save his brother by donating one of his own kidneys for surgical transplant.

The operation would make Celestino Medina a member of a small but fast-growing fraternity of men, women and children who are sustained by organs that once belonged to somebody else—living or dead. As of this writing approximately 50 people are pursuing fairly normal lives with borrowed kidneys, and more patients are undergoing operations somewhere almost every week.

Doctors are now trying to extend such biological sharing to lungs, livers and spleens, and may eventually include hearts. New drug treatments that combat the body's stubborn tendency to reject grafts from another individual have given impetus to the program. The science of spare-part surgery is one of the most striking methods by which medicine has widened the horizon of life. In a way, it may be medicine's answer to the gradual breakdown of the human body.

The most dramatic progress in transplanting human organs has involved the kidney. This new frontier of surgery was pioneered in the early 1950's by the famous "kidney team" at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital—Dr. John P. Merrill, director of the kidney research section, Dr. Joseph E. Murray, the surgeon, and Dr. J. Hartwell Harrison, the urologist. Having transplanted 65 kidneys, they have more experience in this field than any other group in the world.

A great many problems remain to be solved before kidney transplants become a standard procedure. But the Boston doctors recently reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that their work "permits a note of cautious optimism in a problem which ten years ago was considered almost insoluble."

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SPARE-PARTS SURGEONS

Daring operations, helped by new drugs, save dying patients from certain death by transplanting vital organs.

One of the most active transplant teams is the Denver group that operated on the Medina brothers. Celestino had suffered several attacks of glomerulonephritis (formerly called Bright's Disease) since childhood. The most recent had been sudden and violent. He had been brought to the hospital almost in coma from uremic poisoning, his eyes puffed shut, his body bloated with fluid his failing kidneys could not remove, his blood pressure dangerously high, his heart seriously weakened.

The surgical rescue now began when his brother, Emilio, was lifted from the icy tub onto a water-cooled rubber blanket on the operating table. The cooling had reduced his kidney's need for oxygen, during the period of transfer. Now Drs. Robert Brittain, Gilbert Hermann and Ian Knight, a Scottish surgeon in Denver for special training, began the removal of his left kidney. This took place in operating room A.

Meanwhile, 30 feet away, in operating room B, another surgical team had started the long and complicated surgical procedure on the sick brother, Celestino. Heading that team was Dr. Thomas E. Starzl, 37, associate professor of surgery at the University of Colorado and chief of surgery at the VA hospital. Assisting him were Dr. Thomas Marchioro and the urological surgeon, Dr. Oliver Stonington. (Dr. William R. Waddell, head of the university's department of surgery, provides overall supervision of the transplant program.)

Through a wide arc incision beneath Celestino's lower right rib, the surgeons prepared a bed for Emilio's kidney. Because Celestino's own damaged kidneys had not only failed to do their job but were causing positive injury by raising his blood pressure, the surgeons proceeded, through the same incision, to remove his right kidney. It was shrunken to half its normal size. Its surface, which should have been glistening smooth, was pitted and marked with purple hemorrhagic spots.

"Like an old prizefighter," one of the doctors remarked, "all battered up."

It was now 10 A.M. The chrome-and-glass anesthetic machine at the head of the table hissed and gurgled. The surgeon's rubber-gloved hands gently pushed back a loop of intestine.

At this point a doctor from operating room A popped in: "Doctor Brittain wants to know how you're doing here."

"We can be ready at any time in the next ten minutes," Doctor Starzl replied.

He and Doctor Marchioro discussed the exact spot to place Emilio's kidney, when it arrived.

"We'll attach the donor vein here," said Doctor Starzl, touching the iliac vein, "and the donor artery there, to the hypogastric."

The messenger from operating room A came back in. "Doctor Brittain says he can be ready in ten minutes."

"Tell him we'll be ready in here in *exactly* ten minutes."

A few minutes later Doctor Brittain sent his messenger in again. "How much time to go?" he asked.

"Four minutes."

In operating room A, the Scottish Doctor Knight pulled a pair of white cotton gloves over his rubber surgical gloves so the slippery kidney would not slide out of his hands during the critical seconds of transfer.

Doctor Brittain: "Tell Tom we can put the clamp on now. Is it all right?"

The messenger doctor, stepping out and returning: "They said, 'Go!'"

With a quick, sure squeeze, Doctor Brittain put a clamp on the renal artery, shutting off the blood supply to Emilio's kidney. Then, "Scissors, please," and the vessel was severed. "All right. It's yours."

Doctor Knight carefully lifted the freed kidney from Emilio's body, laid it in a stainless-steel pan, spread a wet gauze over it and carried it to the next room.

Looking at this smooth, purplish-pink organ, one found it hard to believe that it contains, packed into its five-ounce bulk, a million microscopic filtering units, whose coiled and convoluted tubules have a combined length of some 20 miles. Intertwined with the tubules are more miles of fine blood vessels. From the sum total of 1,800 quarts of blood flowing through the two kidneys each day the two million filtering units divert and process 180 quarts of fluid, returning most of it to the circulating blood and excreting one to two quarts as urine.

In good health this complex system works so well that we could get along with only a fifth of its total capacity, which explains why most people could spare a kidney for a friend in mortal need. It explains why Emilio Medina could sacrifice a kidney for his brother and without it still look forward to a normal life of his own.

The clamp which had disconnected Emilio's kidney from its former blood supply had been applied at exactly 10:41. It was now a race with time to hook it up to its new blood supply.

"We'll do an end-to-side anastomosis," Doctor Starzl said. He made a small slit in the side of the patient's iliac vein. Then he brought the open end of the donor vein next to the side opening in Celestino's vein. Next, with long-nosed forceps he took a curved needle the size of an eyelash, threaded with fine black silk, and made a continuous line of stitches, a millimeter apart, around the vessel junction. The sewing of the vein was finished at 10:57½, or just 16½ minutes after Emilio's kidney had been disconnected from his body. Now the arteries had to be joined, and this took a trifle longer.

"The patient's artery is thickened and narrowed by his disease," the surgeon said. "It's tougher to stitch." But this task was completed by 11:18; the clamps were loosened from Celestino's vessels, and his blood began to flow through his new kidney, just 40 minutes after the kidney had been removed from his brother's body.

The kidney, which had become slightly gray during the operation, immediately began to turn pink.

"It's a good kidney," one of the doctors commented," and it's probably making urine already."

In one final step, the surgeons also removed Celestino's spleen. Dr. David Talmage, professor of medicine at the University of Colorado and in charge of the medical side of the transplant program, explained this was done to help prevent rejection of the donor kidney. Rejecting antibodies are believed to be produced by lymphocytes, white blood cells made in the spleen and other lymph tissue. "Not everyone agrees with us on the spleen removal," Doctor Talmage said, "but we think it's worth trying."

Unpublicized deaths

Although they get relatively little publicity compared to cancer, heart disease or polio, diseases of the kidney kill an estimated 100,000 people a year in the United States. They not only damage and destroy the kidney itself but in subtler ways are responsible for much high blood pressure and heart failure. Of the many types of kidney disease one of the commonest and most difficult to handle is what Celestino Medina had—glomerulonephritis. It is an inflammatory condition believed to be an allergic reaction to a streptococcal infection such as severe sore throat, scarlet fever or an infected wound. Although the majority of patients recover from acute nephritis, many go into a chronic phase, and once kidney failure occurs, the course is usually downhill. The symptoms include drowsiness, delirium, headache, sometimes convulsions, frequently nausea and heart trouble. It is these so-called terminal cases which are being treated by the increasingly successful transplants.

Today's transplant program got its real start because of a device originated in Nazi-occupied Holland during World War II. At the University of Gröningen, a tall, gangling young physician named Willem J. Kolff had taken yards and yards of cellophane sausage casing, wound it around a roll of window screen and immersed the whole thing in a tank of fluid. Now, when he hooked up the two ends of the cellophane tubing to the blood vessels of a patient in kidney failure, and put the right kind of fluid in the tank, he could "rinse" waste products from the patient's blood.

What Doctor Kolff had invented was the world's first artificial kidney. The invisible pores of the cellophane simulated the action of the millions of tiny filtering units in the human kidneys, permitting the impurities to pass out into the surrounding bath of fluid. Doctor Kolff began to save lives with his invention in 1941. "When a Nazi doctor was appointed head of the department of medicine at Gröningen in 1941, I promptly left," Doctor Kolff told me. He went to Kampen, joined the underground and continued his practice and his research. In 1950 he came to the Cleveland Clinic Hospital and later became a United States citizen. Today Doctor Kolff heads the clinic's Department of Artificial Organs. Having made his cellophane kidney available in disposable units (a fruit can is the core around which the screen and tubing are wrapped), he is working on a pneumatic heart which he hopes someday can be installed in the human chest.

One cannot exaggerate the importance of Doctor Kolff's invention. In nearly all instances the patient's kidneys have quit so completely by the time he arrives at the hospital that death is a certainty unless he gets immediate help. This the artificial kidney gives him. One or more sessions of dialysis, as the artificial blood-clearing process is called, usually reduce the toxicity, relieve the agonizing nausea, bolster the patient's general health and put him in condition to undergo surgery.

About the time Kolff came to the United States, a number of Harvard doctors—Merrill, Murray, Harrison, David Hume—were organizing Boston's "kidney team" for an attack on kidney failure. Doctor Merrill, now assistant professor of medicine at Harvard, modified Kolff's artificial kidney and used it successfully with many sick patients even before the team was ready to attempt a surgical transplant. Meanwhile the surgeons were perfecting the techniques with dogs, and in the early 1950's did their first kidney transplants in humans.

The team's first efforts, using kidneys from dead donors, were discouraging. The longest survival was nine months. Then in 1954 Richard Herrick, age 23, was brought to Brigham Hospital. He was near death from nephritis, which had struck while he was in the Coast Guard. He had an identical twin, Ronald, whose kidney produced the first really successful "take" in kidney transplant history. Richard regained his health, married his hospital nurse, and settled down in Northboro, Mass.

Last spring, however, he died of a heart attack. The blood-vessel damage inflicted by his own diseased kidneys before they were replaced, plus a spread of nephritis to the donor kidney, were the underlying causes. Thus, not even an identical twin can be promised a "permanent take." But Richard Herrick had eight good years he would have missed without the gift of his brother's kidney.

On the whole, the transplant of kidneys between identical twins has been a success. Of the 19 identical twins operated on by the Boston team since late 1954, 12 are living. In Washington, for example, 48-year-old Louis Heilman, whose

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operation in 1956 was the second in the identical-twin series, now runs his own liquor store and plays 27 holes of golf a week.

The transplant story took a gloomy turn, though, as soon as the surgeons tried again to transfer kidneys between people who were not identical twins. The trouble was that the human body has what doctors call an "immune barrier," a natural process which causes the body to reject the grafted organ from another body as a foreign invader. What the doctors now sought was some method of preventing this rejection. One approach was the irradiation of the patient's whole body, with the patient curled up beneath the nose of the X-ray machine. The purpose of X rays in the kidney transplant was to reduce the formation of antibodies against the donor organ, and it proved helpful in the first successful transplant between individuals other than identical twins. In the operations, performed by the Brigham team in 1959, John Riteris, of Milwaukee, received a kidney from his fraternal twin, Andrew. John, then 23, had suffered from chronic kidney disease since before he and his relatives fled from Communist-ruled Latvia in 1950.

John Riteris began to show signs of threatened kidney rejection six months and again nine months after the transplant. Doctor Merrill and his associates gave him more X ray, but they now added a second weapon, cortisone compounds, and this seemed to do the job. John Riteris has been doing well on his brother's kidney ever since.

While the cortisone drugs gave encouraging results in staving off the rejection of kidneys from nonidentical twins and less closely related donors, the most spectacular advance came with a drug named azathioprine, originally designed to combat leukemia. Introduced by Burroughs Wellcome & Company under the trade name Imuran, it was first tried on kidney-transplant patients at Brigham and now is widely used. Taken daily over long periods of time, Imuran tablets have become the mainstay in reinforcing the patient's tolerance to his new kidney.

Backing up Imuran as a second line of defense are the cortisone derivatives (usually prednisone) and the antibiotic Actinomycin C. No one has better reason to be grateful for them than Melbourne Doucette, a 25-year-old accountant in Wakefield, Mass. Seventeen months ago he received a kidney from a man who had just died. Seven times during the first year, symptoms and tests showed Doucette's body was trying to destroy the new kidney. Each time intensive therapy with Actinomycin C and prednisone saved it.

Doucette's operation was a measure of last resort, as most of the kidney transplants are. He had been in the hospital repeatedly for blood transfusions and treatments with the artificial-kidney machine. When in spite of these procedures he continued to lose ground, his pretty wife, Anna, begged the doctors at Brigham to do a transplant. They tested her as a kidney donor and found her blood type didn't match her husband's closely enough.

"Would your husband mind," they asked her, "if we used a kidney taken from someone immediately after death?"

Doucette was by now too sick to make decisions himself—he was unconscious much of the time.

"I'm sure he wouldn't," Mrs. Doucette replied. "Please do anything you can to save his life."

On the evening of April 5, 1962, a man of 30 died after open-heart surgery. His blood type was O, Rh negative, Doucette's is O, Rh positive. But this was considered compatible enough, in the emergency. With permission of the heart patient's family, the surgeons swiftly removed his left kidney. They then placed Doucette on the operating table, and within two hours of the donor's death his kidney, still healthy and functioning, had been joined to Doucette, a gift of life from the dead.

Doucette is one of a half dozen persons in the world living on kidneys removed from donors at death. And he has had his longer than any of the others in this group.

He was in the hospital for four months after the operation, is still thinner than he'd like to be, but is jaunty and energetic. And like other transplant patients he knows that borrowed kidneys aren't yet as efficient as the originals were. He speaks quite candidly about his condition.

"I'm probably the worst off of the five non-twin patients of the Boston doctors," he remarked. "But I could outrun and outwork any of them. It's only my blood chemistry that is not back to normal yet." He goes to the hospital every other day for these tests, and gets a transfusion of concentrated red blood cells every 18 days.

But he has resumed his accounting work, enjoys the blessings of a wife, two children and a new house, and generally lives the life of a busy suburbanite.

In all organ transplants an effort has been made to find donors who "matched" the recipients as closely as possible in blood type. Blood can now be analyzed by 26 different groups. Identical twins match on all 26, and so do some fraternal twins (including the Riteris brothers). But the Boston doctors believe that blood types give only an approximate answer to the question of whether a transplant will "take" or not. So they have also been making stamp-size skin grafts between patient and prospective donor. Finding even this not entirely satisfactory, Doctor Merrill and two associates have recently designed a "tissue compatibility test." A third person, called an "indifferent recipient," provides a neutral background on which skin grafts from the patient and the potential donor can be tested. This test indicates how much the tissues of the patient and donor have in common. The more they share the less likely is the recipient to produce antibodies against the donor and cause a rejection of the transplanted kidney.

The chance of finding compatible donors among people unrelated to the patient has already inspired an amazingly generous public response. When a Denver newspaper last spring printed an appeal for donors for Arnold Senne, the editor of an industrial house organ, 75 people offered to give up a kidney. One was a high-school girl who said, "I just don't want to see anyone die." An unemployed man of 42, who preferred to remain unidentified, was selected as the donor. Mr. Senne died two weeks after the operation, but the experience had done something for the city's spirit. Said the patient's wife, "I've always had faith in people, but this has greatly deepened that faith."

Among those who have volunteered for Denver hospital patients are 30 prisoners at the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City. All of the prisoners, in volunteering, signed a statement that they would receive no financial remuneration and that the state would make no promise to reduce their sentences. I talked to six of them, and while some thought their action might help when they came before the parole board, they expressed other motives as well: "I volunteered because I've been so darn selfish all my life, and I figured God put us here to help somebody else, and I'm tickled to death if I can do it."

"If you got something to give to keep another fellow alive, you should give it. It's just human nature to help people."

The prisoners arriving at the V.A. hospital were promised "open-door" treatment. Unfortunately, one of them walked out two weeks after giving up a kidney and hasn't been seen since. The convict's kidney, however, is faithfully performing its blood-purifying duties for its new owner, Nash Castiglia, a 45-year-old courthouse clerk from Aguilar, Colo. "The prisoner didn't tell me why he had volunteered," said Castiglia. "Whatever his motives, I'm very grateful."

The horizon opened by these recent developments in surgery is a broad one. Doctors have already made a start in transplanting other organs. The University of Colorado and Denver V.A. hospital group transplanted four human livers and a spleen this year. A team at the University of Mississippi and another at the University of Pittsburgh each did a lung transplant. The first liver patient in Denver was a three-year-old child who had been born with a seriously defective liver. The other patients in the liver and lung group were middle-aged or elderly, and three had advanced cancer of the organ being replaced. These were massive, complicated and lengthy operations, and all of the lung and liver patients, young and old, died within three weeks after surgery.

Hope for eventual success with these other organs has not died, however. And with continued research the score is sure to improve, even as it has improved in the kidney transplants. Meanwhile, the artificial-kidney machine will continue as an ally, and the Kidney Disease Foundation and government groups are currently planning to set up "artificial-kidney centers" around the country. These would be patterned on the one set up by the University of Washington at the Swedish Hospital in Seattle, where a chosen few with chronic kidney failure plug in once or twice a week to clear their blood and stay alive. The cost is about $15,000 a year per patient. The heartbreaking difficulty at present is that the demand greatly exceeds the supply of artificial kidneys and the skilled personnel to operate them.

Spare kidneys of the flesh-and-blood variety are in good supply, if they can be properly matched up with those who need them. Thousands are in living people who would be glad to give up one for a dying relative, friend or stranger.

Thousands of others could become available at the moment of death—by arrangement with the deceased's family or through his own bequest, as is now done with eye banks for corneal grafts. There is even serious discussion of "organ banks," although the technical problems of preserving organs as large as kidneys, livers and lungs have not yet been solved.

Regardless of its imperfections, the science of replacing hopelessly damaged kidneys has given a new life to those whom it has saved. Thirteen-year-old Royal Davis Jr., of Denver, whose life was despaired of a year ago, now has a kidney from his mother and is back at school playing softball. Celestino Medina, now with his family again, is looking forward to starting a small business, since operating a crane in an iron works is not too strenuous. "But I'm feeling fine and eating like a horse," he said, "and I owe my life to my brother." THE END

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"For Courage and Devotion"

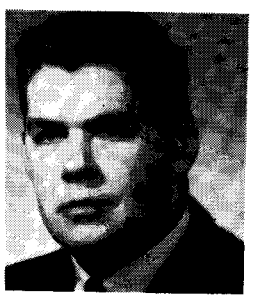
Telephone men and women fulfill a long tradition

The first telephone call ever made was a call for help as Alexander Graham Bell spilled acid on his clothes: "Come here, Mr. Watson, I want you!"

Ever since that fateful evening in 1876, telephone people have been responding to calls for help—and training to supply it.

A tradition of service—a knowledge of first aid—an instinct to help—these keep operators at their posts in fire or flood—send linemen out to battle blizzards or hurricanes—and save lives many times in many ways.

Over the years, the Bell System has awarded 1,896 medals to employees for courage, initiative and accomplishment—for being good neighbors both on the job and off it. Here are some recent winners:



Kenneth E. Ferguson, Installer-Repairman, Newport News, Virginia
En route to a repair job, he came upon a burning house where a blind, bedridden woman lay helpless. Ripping out a window, he and a policeman entered the flaming room. They were forced out by intense heat and smoke. Mr. Ferguson ran to a nearby house for blankets. Wrapped in wet blankets, the two men re-entered the house and rescued the woman.

Mrs. Dorothy Crozier, Operator, San Rafael, California. She took a call from a frantic mother whose small son had stopped breathing. After notifying both ambulance and fire department, Mrs. Crozier realized that traffic was heavy and time short. Over the telephone, she taught the mother mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The boy was breathing when firemen arrived. Doctors credit his life to Mrs. Crozier's quick thinking.

Charles J. Gilman, Communications Serviceman, Bellwood, Illinois
Driving to an assignment, he saw an overturned car and found a man under it bleeding profusely. Cautioning bystanders not to smoke, he helped remove the victim from the wreckage. The man's arm was almost severed below the shoulder and he seemed to be in shock. Mr. Gilman quickly applied a tourniquet and kept pressure on it until an ambulance arrived.

Leonard C. Jones, Supplies Serviceman, Morgantown, West Virginia
He noticed a neighboring house on fire. Rushing to it, he helped a father rescue three young children. Then he plunged back into the burning building and, guided only by cries through the choking smoke, found and saved another child who was hiding under a couch in the blazing living room. Minutes after he left, the wooden house collapsed completely.

Franklin Daniel Gurtner, Station Installer, Auburn, Washington
He heard a request for emergency breathing equipment on his radio monitor and hurried to the address, where a baby was strangling. He found the child's air passage was blocked, cleared it, and successfully administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Then the fire department arrived and applied oxygen to help overcome shock.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

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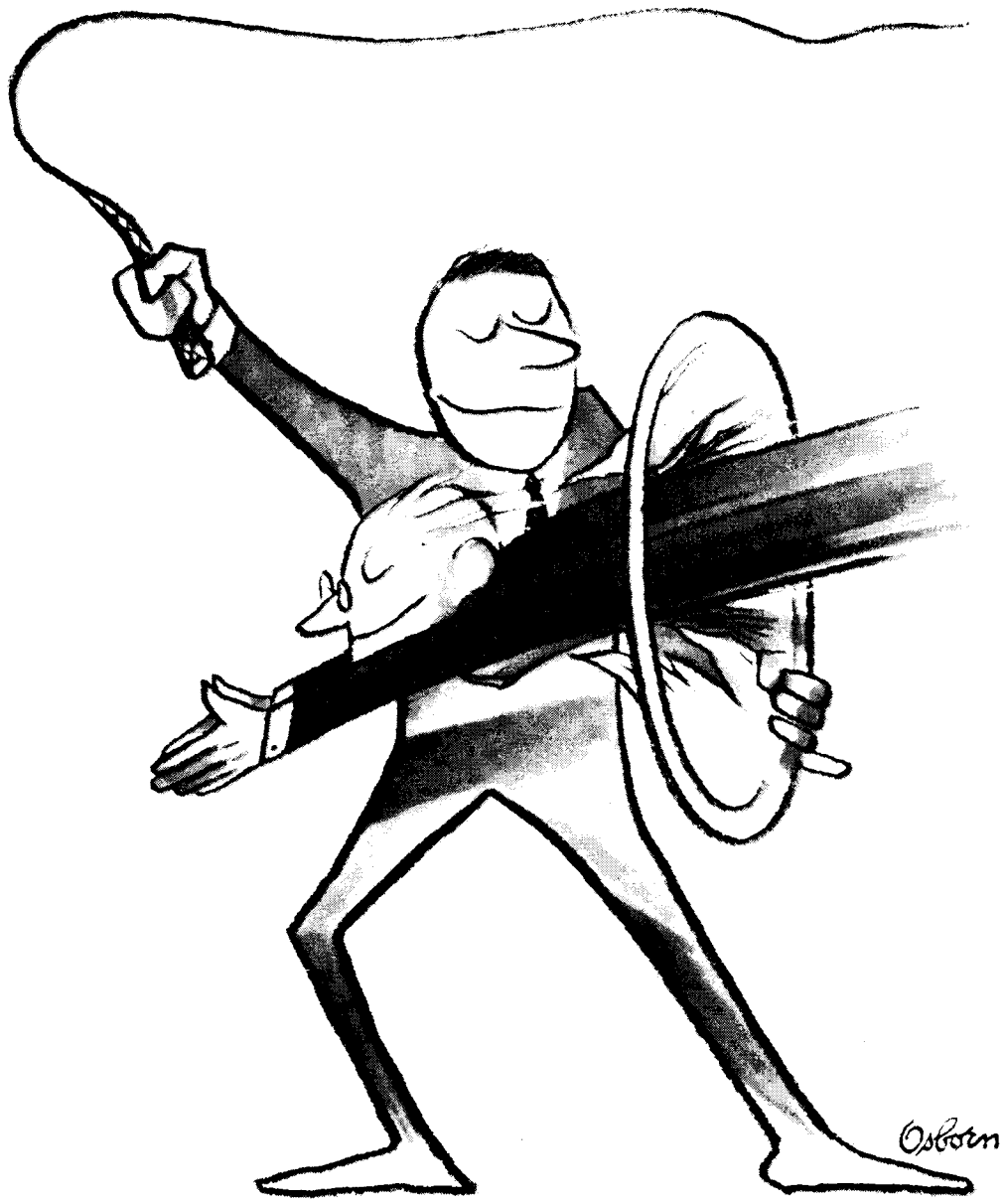
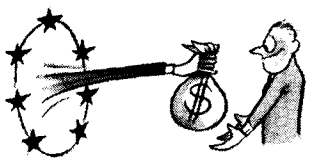
Every ambitious young man should own his own banker



But how?

Nobody lives the good life anymore without the help of a banker. Just ask the man who owns one.

Oh, some people save faithfully for years and end up with a nice little nest egg. Fine. But that takes time, and if you're like most of us, you've



realized that to get the things you want, you'll probably need to borrow some money. Maybe to buy a house or a car, to put the kids through college, to start a business, or any number of other things.

So you need a banker who can make a lot of different kinds of loans when you need them at the lowest interest rates. Who? Where? How?

Pick a "Full Service" banker

The only kind of banker to own is one who works for a "Full Service" bank. "Full Service" means more than checking and savings accounts. It means all kinds of loans, too.

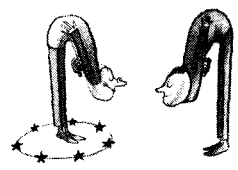
Other types of financial institutions lend money for *some* things. Some make real estate loans. Some make auto loans and others make personal loans. All at varying rates of interest.

But a "Full Service" bank consistently makes lower-cost loans for practically any purposes you can name.

Get to know your banker before you need him

Although a banker is willing (even *eager*) to lend money, he can't pass it out to a complete stranger. You've got to get acquainted. *Acquainted with a banker?* Sure. Like this:

1. Go to your "Full Service" bank, the one where you probably keep your checking account.



2. Pick out one of the bankers (not the pretty teller—one of the desk men) and introduce yourself.

3. Open a savings account (and, if you don't have one, a *checking* account) and make regular deposits.

Ah, you say, I knew there was a catch. But it works. Now you're starting to own your own banker, and the more you do for him, the more he can do for you. Let's face it—few things impress a banker more than money, at least during banking hours.

4. *Now*—when you need a little cash, borrow it from the bank instead of from your savings. Pay it back on time. Do this a few times and, believe us, you're on your way to a long, beautiful friendship with a banker of your own. (But get started *soon*, while there's still a good supply.)

FULL SERVICE BANK

Your Full Service Commercial Bank

A "Full Service" bank is the only kind financial institution that can—by law—offer a complete range of services, including a complete range of loans. You know where it is. It's the bank where you keep your checking and savings account.

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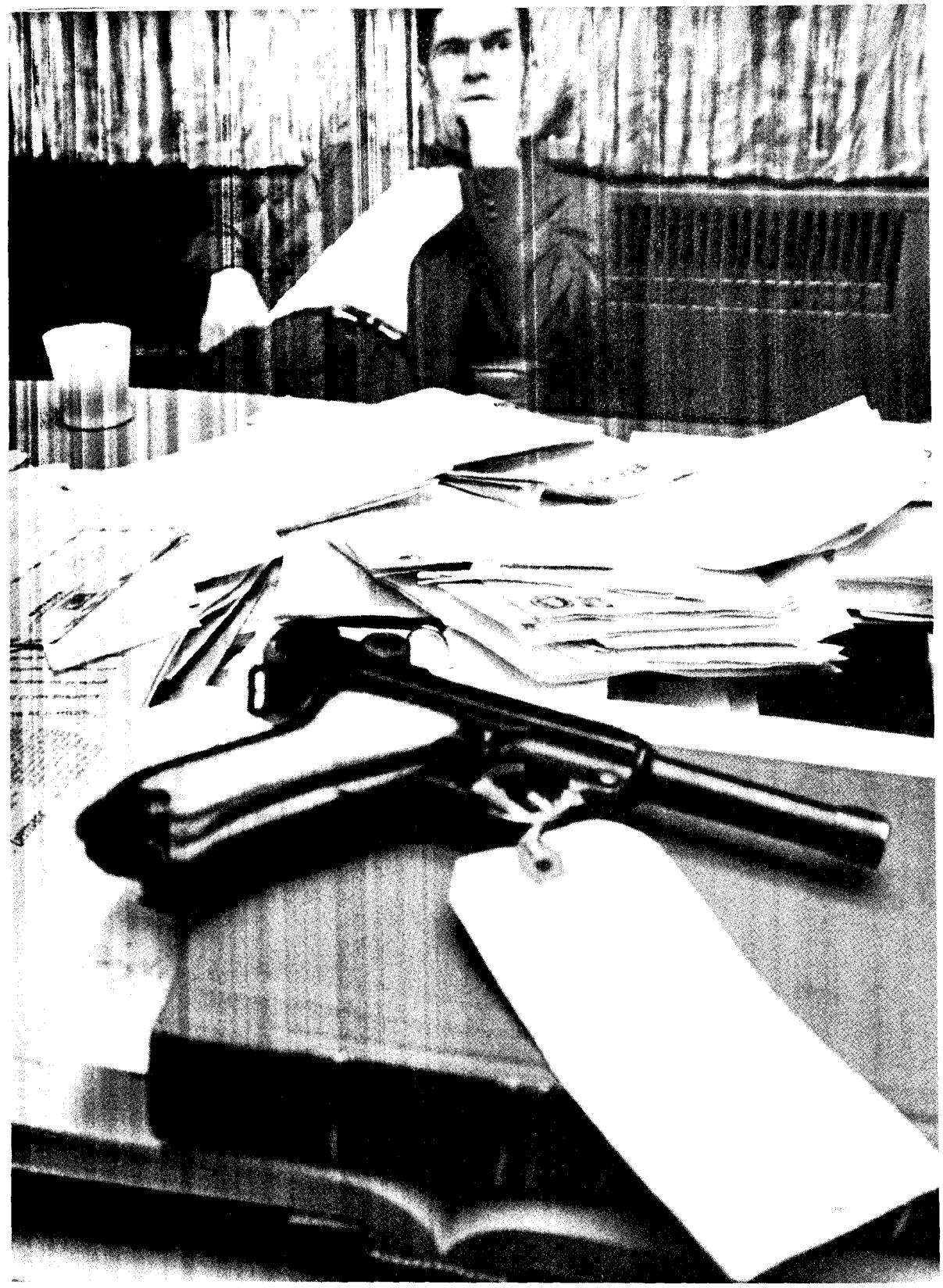
WHY WAS CAROL KILLED?

At first it looked like the act of a maniac. But then came rumors of a fortune involved. And one man told a chilling story soon to unfold in court.



In St. Paul, prosecutor W. B. Randall exhibits pistol bearing murder weapon's plastic grips.

By DONALD JOHN GIESE

The last morning of Carol Thompson's life dawned cloudy and cold. A light snow during the night had blanketed St. Paul, Minn., and the thermometer stood at 30 degrees. She would much rather have stayed in bed, but she had to get breakfast ready, bundle her four children off to school and see her husband off to his law office. The morning of last March 6, in fact, started out just like any other late-winter weekday.

With breakfast finished, the dishes stacked neatly in the sink, her husband in his office, and the children at school, the attractive 34-year-old housewife did what a great many housewives do after the family's departure each morning—she went back to bed.

Her rest was interrupted just before nine A.M. by the ring of the telephone in the kitchen. She slipped on a housecoat and went downstairs. It was her husband calling from his office with a reminder of some family errand she was supposed to do. She said good-bye, hung up the phone and went back upstairs. She got into bed, turned on the radio beside her and started to doze.

As she did so—according to the police reconstruction of the murder—a figure stepped out of the shadows in the basement. It moved quietly up the basement stairs, paused at the first-floor landing, then started up the stairway to the master bedroom in the attractive two-story brick house at 1720 Hillcrest Avenue in the city's upper-class Highland Park district. If Carol Thompson heard any sound at all before a hand slowly turned the knob of her bedroom door, she probably wished frantically for two things—the bedroom plug-in telephone that had recently been removed for later replacement with a new Princess phone, and the family's two-year-old dachshund, Schatzie, which had been recently given away. But as the knob turned and the door opened, she was alone and helpless.

The figure of a man rushed across the room. She leaped from bed. The man struck her with a length of rubber hose. The blow knocked her unconscious. The man picked her up and carried her toward the bathroom. Reviving, she broke away and hurtled down the stairs. She ran for the front door. She could hear him coming close behind her. She turned the lock on the door and pulled. It wouldn't open. Just as she saw that it was held by a chain lock, the intruder caught up with her.

A rain of blows from the butt of a heavy Luger pistol knocked her down, and as she lay on the carpet the pistol butt struck her again and again. Going to the kitchen, the man got a paring knife and plunged it into her throat until the blade broke off. Then he went upstairs to the bathroom and tried to wash off the blood that covered him.

When he returned downstairs a few minutes later, his victim was gone. He rushed to a window and saw her stumbling along the closed door of a garage in the adjoining yard. He fled in panic.

It was just a little after nine A.M. when the doorbell rang at the home of Harry C. Nelson at 1700 Hillcrest. The Nelsons found Carol Thompson, barefoot, clad only in her housecoat, and almost unrecognizable because she was so covered with blood. They helped her lie down, covered her with a blanket and called the police. Dr. Fritz Pearson, a neighbor, also called immediately, came to examine Carol and asked her what had happened. She did not answer.

A police ambulance rushed her to Ancker Hospital. Surgeons worked desperately to save her, but it was far too late. Carol Thompson died shortly before noon of skull fractures and a massive brain hemorrhage. Doctors counted 50 severe wounds on her head and face, plus the knife wounds in her neck. "It was the most brutal beating I've ever

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CAROL'S LIFE HAD BEEN INSURED FOR OVER $1 MILLION.

Lawyer T. Eugene Thompson peers stolidly past portrait of his slain wife on his desk.

seen, and I've seen a lot of them," said one doctor in the city hospital.

While Carol's husband, 35-year-old T. (for Tilmer) Eugene Thompson, waited outside the emergency room, Detective Lt. George Barkley started going through the Thompson home in search of clues. Near the front door he found pools of blood, the handle of a paring knife that had been plunged into the victim's throat (surgeons removed its four-inch blade from her neck), a piece of a plastic pistol grip, and a clip and several cartridges that had evidently fallen from the gun when the grip broke. Upstairs in the bathroom were blood smears—and, unaccountably, a bathtub half full of clear water. More blood smears showed on the garage next door, where Carol Thompson had stumbled in her flight.

As head of the homicide division, Barkley, a slight, dour, balding man of 56, was put in charge of the case. Police Chief Lester E. McAuliffe gave him carte blanche. "Handle it with whatever it takes," McAuliffe ordered.

While police combed the Thompson house and renovators came in to paint and repair, Thompson's relatives took in the widower and his four stunned children—Geoffrey, 14; Patricia, 12; Margaret, 9; and Amy, 6. On Friday, two days after the murder, Thompson met with Barkley at headquarters. The short, blond, boyish-faced attorney said he could offer no help. He had no idea who might have killed his wife, or why, he told Barkley. He said he had called her on the telephone after arriving at his office and she had been all right. Several times during the meeting, Thompson fought to hold back tears. "He was badly shaken," Barkley said.

Detectives continued their routine investigation into the background of the victim. They found no leads. Carol Thompson, the only child of a wealthy plumbing contractor named Otto Swoboda, emerged on the police reports again and again as a "sweet, wonderful person," "a devoted mother and wife," "a lovely woman."

"From what we learned, Carol Thompson apparently didn't have a known enemy in the world," Barkley said. "We checked everywhere and couldn't come up with a thing that might have indicated she was anything but a very popular woman and a devoted mother and wife."

From the reports that began coming into his office only hours after the murder, Barkley ruled out the possibility that Carol Thompson was killed by a burglar or had been the victim of a sex maniac.

Like most veteran police investigators, Barkley plays hunches. His hunch was that the friendly and attractive housewife had been the victim of a premeditated, cold-blooded murder. But why? And why such a sloppy, nearly botched job?

An intensive investigation into the relationship between the victim and her husband showed only that they enjoyed doing things together, taking trips, discussing family plans, playing with their children. Carol had recently accompanied her husband to two bar-association conventions. Close friends of the couple said that they had the usual spats ("What do you mean, $30 for a pair of shoes?"), but that they had never been known to have a really serious quarrel.

Thompson was an elder and a trustee of the Presbyterian church where both he and his wife often sang together in the choir. They never missed Sunday services. The Thompsons and their four children were familiar figures to all the congregation and the minister.

They had met while both were students at St. Paul's Macalester College. They were married in their sophomore year and Carol dropped out. Thompson, the fifth of seven children and raised on a farm near Elmore, Minn., was graduated from Macalester in 1950. He got a job with an insurance company, and then went on to get his law degree in 1955 from the St. Paul College of Law, a night school, graduating second in his class. His colleagues and the judges before whom he practiced considered him a bright, aggressive young lawyer who wa doing extremely well.

The family's finances could hardly have been better. Through proceeds from a large trust fund set up for Carol by her father, and earnings from Thompson's growing practice, the couple jointly reported income of $44,693 in 1962. Thompson's personal net worth at the time of his wife's death was $115,000.

Following the murder, Thompson threw himself into his law practice, which included work as village attorney for suburban North St. Paul as well as the routine criminal and civil work of a busy and promising young attorney. Friends and associates noticed he was losing weight. They felt he was working too hard and grieving too much.

After a time he and the children moved back into their home, and one of Thompson's three sisters, Mrs. Geraldine Gesche, wife of an Elmore farmer, came to keep house and care for the children. "It's not a very comfortable feeling living here after the terrible thing that happened to poor Carol," Mrs. Gesche told me at the time. "We keep the doors locked because we keep thinking that whoever did it might come back."

The investigation of Carol Thompson's murder continued. Barkley shut himself in his office on the third floor of St. Paul's Public Safety Building, and the stack of reports on his crowded desk grew higher and higher, soon numbering in the thousands. Reporters waiting outside his office noticed a number of stranger coming and going. Barkley explain that they were insurance-company investigators "on routine business." Rumors spread that the life of Carol

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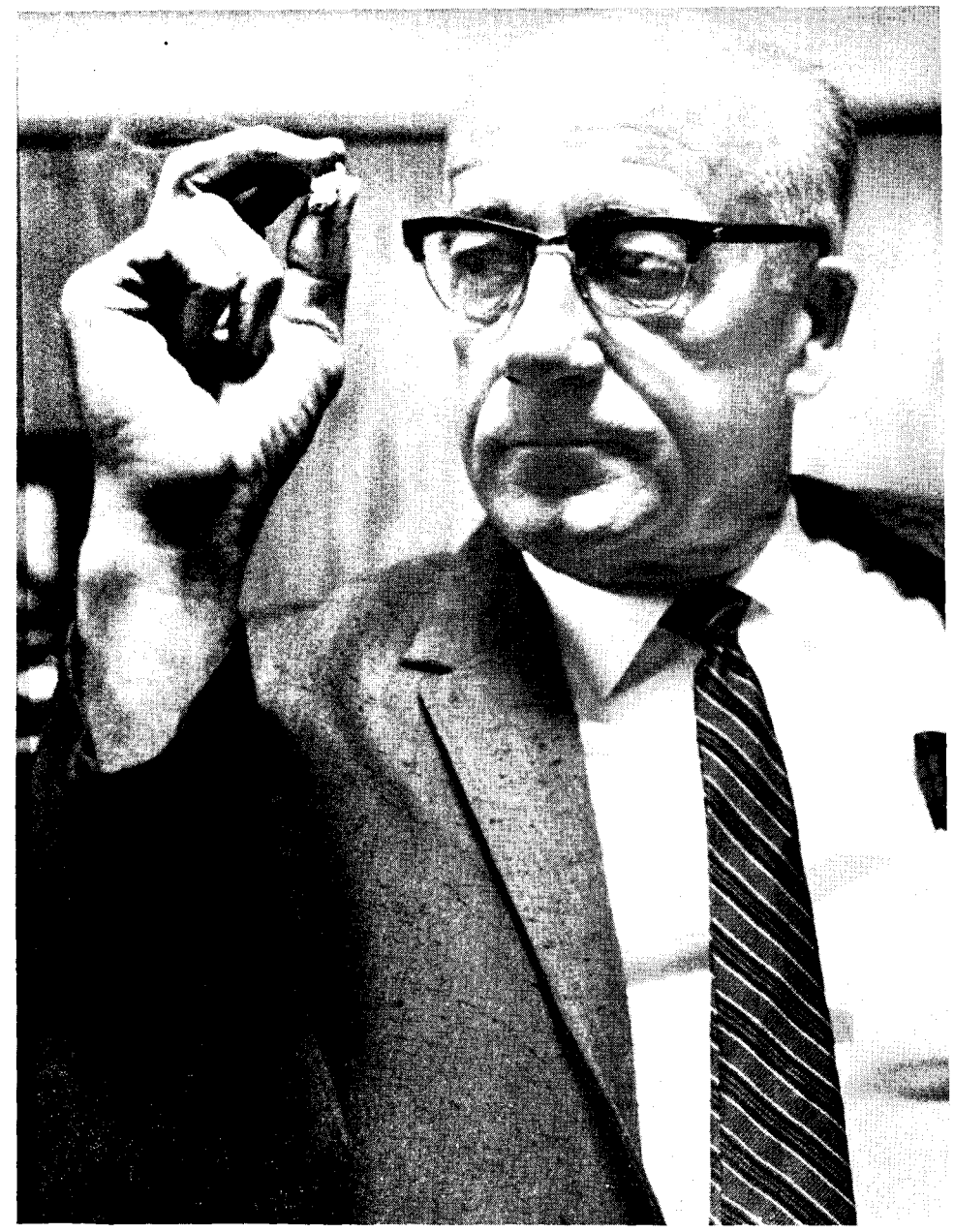
Dick W. C. Anderson said that he was told to kill Carol and make it look an accident.

Police claim Norman Mastrian, who went to college with Thompson, hired the killer.



Detective George Barkley pressed his hunch that Carol's murder was premeditated.

Thompson had been heavily insured—possibly for more than one million dollars.

Newsmen by the dozens called at Thompson's office and his home. At his office a receptionist told them Thompson was "in conference," and at his home his sister, Mrs. Gesche, told them he was either "resting" or "not at home." Since the murder, Thompson had declined to talk with any members of the press. Hundreds of messages from reporters were left at his home and his office, asking that he return the calls. None received a personal reply.

Because of his silence, and the intense public interest in the murder, there were more and more rumors. Finally, on March 26, T. Eugene Thompson released, through a friend and family confidant, a statement to "correct the fanciful, far-fetched stories that some people have been alluding to."

In his prepared statement Thompson disclosed that the total insurance in force on his wife at the time of her death amounted to $1,061,000. Six policies totaling $950,000, were taken out in April, 1962, the statement said. Annual premiums on her insurance amounted to $1,908.15. Thompson was listed as beneficiary or owner on all of the policies. Mrs. Thompson was required to take medical examinations before some of the policies were issued. Thompson's own life was also heavily insured—for $460,000. "We thought this was good protection for ourselves and our children," Thompson stated. The statement added that Carol Thompson was "heir to a substantial amount of money" (believed to be in the neighborhood of a million dollars, the estimated wealth of her parents).

Missing watchdog

The statement went on to correct "stories circulating relative to a large watchdog which was supposedly owned but supposedly got rid of shortly before Carol's death." Thompson's statement explained that the small dachshund family pet was given away in the latter part of January because new carpeting had been installed and it was feared the dog would soil and ruin it, as he had the old carpeting.

Instead of dispelling the rumors, however, Thompson's public statement only added fuel to them. For example, reports circulated that, at the time of his wife's death, Thompson had had a girl friend, and that police had taken a long statement from her. The Thompson murder became the most discussed topic in the Twin Cities. Hundreds of armchair detectives called the editorial offices of the local newspapers to offer their theories.

Calls and letters also flooded the offices of Police Chief McAuliffe and Mayor George Vavoulis, insisting that either the Thompson case should be solved or the responsible police officials should be fired. Mayor Vavoulis reaffirmed his faith in Chief McAuliffe, and McAuliffe reaffirmed his faith in Lt. Barkley. And Barkley continued to sit in his office like a thin, inscrutable sphinx. "It's going to be a long, hot summer," he said, "but I intend to keep comfortable and cool."

Barkley confided to this writer that he had "a feeling—something I can't define—that everything is going to be all right." He said he didn't know when or how it would come, but he expected a "break." "Until we get one, or make one, I'm going to keep working like hell and let time take its toll," he said. "Time is one thing we've got plenty of."

While Barkley played the waiting game, the victim's mother, Mrs. Otto Swoboda, told this writer that her son-in-law—whom she and others close to Thompson affectionately called by his childhood nickname of "Cotton"—"woke up screaming from bad dreams about violent death" several weeks before his wife was murdered. "He seemed to be haunted about something happening to Carol, and shortly before her death she told me she had to wake him from a terrible nightmare," Mrs. Swoboda said.

"Carol said he was going through some kind of torture in his sleep, and when he screamed she woke him and he then told her he had dreamed something terrible had happened. Shortly before our daughter was killed he told me he didn't know what he would do if anything ever happened to her. Then after the murder he was stunned over the freakish, terrible thing that suddenly happened.

"We knew he had Carol's life heavily insured. He told us he felt the mother was more important than the father."

Friends reported that Thompson had told them he was at times "clairvoyant" and possessed acute "perceptive powers" that occasionally allowed him to have premonitions of future events. Intrigued, the press stepped up its efforts to talk with Thompson, but he remained unavailable to reporters.

When asked why Thompson refused to talk with the press, Mrs. Swoboda explained that he had told her and her husband that he had been instructed by his attorneys to "make no statements." His sister, Mrs. Gesche, said he would talk to reporters "when he is ready."

She said Thompson had told her that his interpretation of the law was "that a person need say nothing and must be presumed innocent until proved guilty." Reporters explained to Mrs. Gesche that they did not want to discuss questions of guilt or innocence, but merely wanted to talk with Thompson, who, after all, was the murdered woman's husband. "Well, that is the way he explained it to me," she said. "I am sure you recognize Mr. Thompson's position in the community here, and I assure you he will talk to you when he is ready."

Fleeing attacker, Carol left blood smears on door of next-door neighbor's garage.

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"I PRAY THE GUILTY WILL BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE."

Free on bail, Thompson spends most of his time caring for his four motherless children.

Then in early April, Barkley got the break he had been waiting for. Some days earlier a Minneapolis salesman had told police that the gun used in the murder was his; he recognized its distinctive white-and-black plastic grip from newspaper pictures of the piece found in the Thompson home. The gun had been taken from his apartment three weeks before the murder, he said.

Now, two Minneapolis gunmen arrested for the attempted holdup of a Twin Cities bar confessed that they had stolen the salesman's gun in one of a series of earlier burglaries. Afraid of a possible murder rap, the two gave police information which enabled them to trace the gun's movements through the hands of small-time Minneapolis hoodlums to a man who might have had it at the time of the murder.

On the night of April 18, law officers held a strategy session in the office of William B. Randall, tall, Lincolnesque County Attorney of Ramsey (St. Paul) County. They decided to move quickly on the information they had.

At four A.M. April 19, St. Paul homicide detectives kicked down the door of a suburban Minneapolis home and arrested a curly-haired, 39-year-old college graduate and ex-boxer named Norman Mastrian. Police claimed he was the middleman in the Thompson murder.

At five P.M. the same day, outside a motel in Phoenix, Ariz., police arrested a 35-year-old Minneapolis roofing salesman named Dick W. C. Anderson. St. Paul police alleged that Mastrian had hired Anderson on a "contract" for $3,000 to kill Carol Thompson the morning of March 6. Reportedly "shaking from head to foot," Anderson refused to discuss anything about the Thompson case, but he voluntarily agreed to be returned from Phoenix to St. Paul.

Confronted by Barkley, Mastrian also remained silent. The two men were not strangers, but neither were they friends.

Mastrian had been arrested and questioned in connection with the murder of a St. Paul restaurant operator in 1961. During the interrogation, Mastrian had kept total silence, and his release had finally been obtained by his long-time legal counsel and fellow student at Macalester College, T. Eugene Thompson.

Thompson released the following statement on the day of the arrests: "I am very pleased with the news this morning from St. Paul police and the County Attorney's office that important new developments have taken place concerning the solution of my wife's murder. I pray that the guilty parties will be quickly brought to justice. I telephoned the County Attorney this morning and . . . assured him of my fullest cooperation."

On May first, in a slough on a farm near Elk River, north of St. Paul, police found the Luger pistol used in the murder. On May 10, torn, stained trousers, bearing the name "Anderson" on an inside pocket, were also found near Elk River. In jail, Anderson received word that the net around him was drawing tighter.

Meanwhile, on May 8, a Ramsey County grand jury had indicted Mastrian and Anderson on charges of first-degree murder. They were held in lieu of $100,000 bond each, one of the largest bonds ever set in a criminal case in Minnesota.

Nevertheless, Lt. Barkley claimed the case was only partly solved. Mastrian and Anderson, he explained, had no personal motives for wanting Mrs. Thompson killed. Therefore, Barkley reasoned, someone must have arranged for the two men to commit the murder. The victim's father, Otto Swoboda, agreed with Barkley. "I cannot imagine how these men by themselves can explain the tragedy that happened," he said.

Anderson's lawyer, a Phoenix attorney named Marvin Johnson, implied that his client could "wrap up the Thompson case," but he wanted something in exchange—a reduction in the charge of first-degree murder. Lieutenant Barkley said he would be interested in hearing Anderson's story, but he refused to consider any "deals." After several attempts to set up a meeting had failed, Johnson withdrew from the case and Ramsey County Public Defender Thomas E. Moore was appointed to defend the near-indigent Anderson.

Another round of exchanges began between Lt. Barkley and the Public Defender, but with no greater success. Then in the early evening of June 20, as Barkley was sitting in Chief McAuliffe's office, the phone rang. A deputy at the Ramsey County jail told Barkley that Anderson wanted to see him. Barkley called County Attorney Randall, and both men hurried to the jail. There Anderson told them he wanted to make a full confession—without Public Defender Moore's knowledge and against his advice.

As he unfolded the gory details of the murder, Anderson was sweating profusely and seemed extremely nervous. "But at the same time he appeared relieved," Barkley said.

While Anderson's statement has not been released, the substance of it is known, through reliable sources who were present at the time. Here, then, is what Anderson told Barkley and other law-enforcement officers that night.

Anderson said he was hired by Mastrian to kill Carol Thompson and to make the murder appear an accidental death. According to a carefully laid plan, he entered the Thompson home shortly after five A.M., long before dawn, on the day of the murder. He lay in wait in the basement until other members of the family had left the house. He said he had been briefed on the layout of the house and knew that a family pet, reportedly very attached to Carol Thompson, had been disposed of and that a telephone extension in an upstairs bedroom had been removed. The only phone, he had been told, would be in the kitchen, near the basement stairs.

Anderson said that the plan called for him to remain in the basement until the phone rang. Its ring would bring Carol downstairs from her bedroom and place her with her back to the basement door. The ring would also be the signal for him to sneak up the basement stairs and attack Carol with a length of rubber hose.

Anderson said the mark that would be left when he struck her across the base of the skull was intended to simulate injuries she might have received if she had fallen down in the tub while bathing. He was then supposed to disrobe the victim and carry her to the bathtub. There, using reverse artificial respiration, he was to press air from her lungs while he held her head under water. That would allow the water to enter the lungs in order to make the death appear an accidental drowning.

But as he waited for the phone to ring, Anderson said, he tested several steps on the basement stairs. They squeaked. He was afraid that his victim might hear him if he followed instructions. He decided, instead, to wait until she had returned to her bedroom after the call, and then to attack her there.

The telephone rang on schedule, Anderson said, and he waited until Carol Thompson had returned to bed. Then he went up to the bedroom. She was lounging in bed, listening to the radio. When she saw Anderson she leaped from bed. He struck her and knocked her down, then picked her up and started carrying her to the bathroom for the simulated drowning. But she suddenly revived, broke away from him and fled down the stairs to the front door, screaming, "Help me! Oh, God, help me!"

Anderson said his victim might have escaped out the front door if it had not been bolted and double-locked with a night chain. The chain delayed her just long enough for Anderson to reach her. He then struck her on the head repeatedly with the Luger, which broke under the impact of the blows. At that, he ran to the kitchen, got a paring knife and stabbed her in the neck until the blade broke off.

Sleep after singing

After Anderson had signed his statement, he turned to the several officers who were present and said, "Maybe I'll be able to sleep tonight."

Even as Barkley was hearing the last of Anderson's confession, a first-degree murder warrant was being obtained from Municipal Judge J. Clifford Janes. That warrant, issued at 9:30 P.M., charged Tilmer Eugene Thompson with "effecting" the premeditated murder of his wife.

At 1:30 A.M., June 21, the small, thin, pale attorney was arrested at the Thompson summer home on Forest Lake, 25 miles north of St. Paul. He was taken to the third floor of the Public Safety building in St. Paul, booked on the murder charge and fingerprinted. Identification Officer Arnold Melby recalls that Thompson was "the most relaxed" suspect he'd ever processed.

Led to Barkley's office, Thompson told the homicide chief that it hadn't been necessary to send men to arrest him; that he would have come in if Barkley had called. And he added, "George, you

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know I didn't have anything to do with it (his wife's murder)."

"I don't know anything of the kind," Barkley replied stonily.

Thompson then spent over an hour with his attorneys, after which he was taken to the jail. "He was asleep ten minutes after he entered his cell," a jailer said. The next day he appeared in court and had his bond set at $100,000.

On June 25 Thompson was formally indicted by a Ramsey County grand jury for the murder of his wife. Dick Anderson, whose confession apparently triggered the dramatic arrest of Thompson, was not called to testify. "We didn't need his testimony," Barkley said.

On June 29 Thompson's family arranged financing for the $100,000 bond, and Thompson was released after spending eight days in jail. As he walked out, one of the waiting reporters asked him: "What are you going to tell your kids?" Thompson paused, searched the crowd for the face of the questioner and then replied in an even voice, "I'm going to tell them the truth."

Since then Thompson has been living with his children and a housekeeper at their home in Forest Lake. He has given up his law practice, but he comes to St. Paul nearly every day for conferences with his attorneys and to take care of family business. According to friends, he is gaining back some of the 25 pounds he lost after his wife's murder. He waterskis on the lake and plays with his children, often serving as a moderator in their spirited spelling bees.

On August 19 Thompson formally pleaded not guilty, and the date of his trial was set for September 23. The few people close to him say he is "concerned" about the charges against him, but is facing his trial "calmly and realistically."

Its case apparently built entirely on circumstantial evidence, the state will claim that Thompson hired Mastrian to hire Anderson to kill Thompson's wife on the morning of March 6. The state is expected to claim that Thompson's motive for wanting his wife dead was the million dollars in insurance on her life—which has not been paid, although Thompson filed claim against the insurance companies in May. In his defense Thompson is expected to claim he had nothing to do with the murder of his wife, and that the charge against him is the result of a bizarre string of circumstances and the untrue statements of men who are attempting to implicate him in desperate efforts to save themselves.

St. Paul, called a "citadel of crime" during the 1930's, has had its share of sensational murders but never one that aroused the interest of the entire city as has the killing last March of pretty Carol Thompson. Yet, ironically, if that murder had followed the script police claim was meticulously planned for over a year, St. Paul might not have had another murder at all—only the unfortunate drowning of a young housewife in a bathtub. THE END

Working at home, Thompson keeps new extension phone at desk. Telephone in foreground is one Carol answered the day she died.

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WHAT'S GOING ON AT SCHOOL?

The vast annual migration back to school can mean many different things. It can mean a bitter riot over racial integration, or it can mean simply that there's some peace and quiet around the house in the morning. It can mean the end of a summer romance, or the first thuds of football, or that chilling announcement: "The children have no fall clothes." Above all, it means that some 50 million youngsters, more than a quarter of our entire population, are resuming the endless struggle to find out what's happening in the world around them.

The struggle, as Martin Mayer points out on page 24, is not going well. At a time when the frontiers of knowledge are being transcended every day, the gap between what we know and what we need to know keeps widening—but we pass on our ignorance to our children. At a time when our national survival depends on atomic weapons, the scientific knowledge behind these weapons is a complete mystery to most of us. So is the complex economic machinery that affects almost every aspect of our lives. So are the languages spoken in most of the world. Yet while we persist in teaching obsolete ideas in some fields, we too often forget to teach some old ideas that are still valuable. Many a parent might be willing to leave nuclear physics to the experts if his child could at least understand what he reads or do long division without tears—not to mention lost arts such as English grammar.

Part of the answer, as always, is money. We need more schools, more teachers, more everything—particularly in the slums and backlands where millions of children are condemned to poverty through ignorance. But this is not just a matter of modern buildings and modern gadgets. We also need better teachers, teachers with the skill and incentive to learn and use the new methods that Mayer describes. We need better administrators, who devote more of their attention to what the children learn and less to the budget for a new basketball court. We also need—let's admit it—better parents, parents who will support schools as a place for learning, not just a community baby-sitting center devoted mainly to athletics, social activities and job training.

When it comes to money, we're already providing a good deal—six percent of our national income—and we like to think that we do better for our children than any other people in the world. But there is one nation that spends a still higher share on education—the Soviet Union. And although Soviet education may concentrate heavily on Communist indoctrination, it also concentrates heavily on science, engineering and foreign languages, with a bare minimum of frills. It's easy, of course, to overrate the Soviets, just as we once underrated them. It's easy to claim that we must improve our schools for the sake of competing with the Russians. But that misses the whole point of the failures of our schools. We don't educate our children for the sake of fighting the Cold War—or for the sake of their getting a better job. We educate them to know what they are—and what they can become.

HOW TO KNOW YOUR ECONOMIC ABC'S

Last year Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges wrote an article for the *Post* complaining of the ignorance of most Americans in economics (WE'RE FLUNKING OUR ECONOMIC ABC's, *Post*, Mar. 10, 1962). "Hardly one person in twenty has the sketchiest idea of how our economy functions," the secretary said.

The article stirred so much comment and brought so many inquiries to the Commerce Department that the department decided to publish a booklet explaining our economy in simple terms. The result was a pamphlet titled DO YOU KNOW YOUR ECONOMIC ABC's?, published last July by the Government Printing Office.

The response to the booklet has been tremendous, and the department received many compliments. The first printing quickly sold out. A second printing was ordered and a third is contemplated. A leading economist, Dr. John R. Coleman of The Carnegie Institute of Technology, called the booklet "interesting, accurate and imaginative." The U. S. Chamber of Commerce wrote the Commerce Department: "This is one of the rare instances in which we have departed from our policy of not citing publications of non-Chamber agencies and organizations, but we heard so many favorable comments about the publication, we thought this departure was warranted."

We recommend DO YOU KNOW YOUR ECONOMIC ABC's? to everyone who would like to understand how our economy works. The booklet sells for 20 cents a copy, or 15 cents each in orders of 100 or more. The address is Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.

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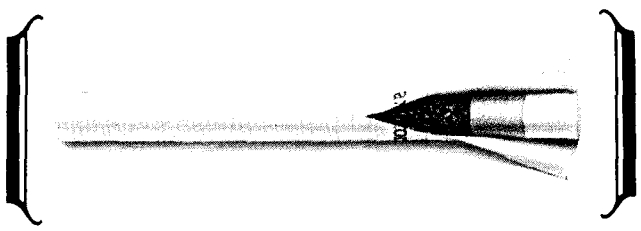

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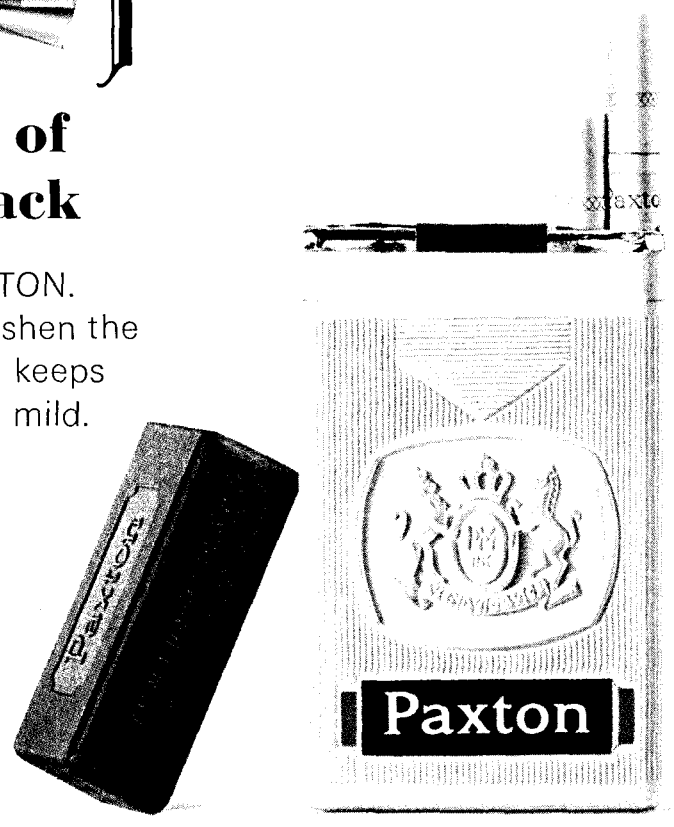

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